Cyclefly, Lost Opinion

Hollow hands that twist and shape us.
And timeless plans that mold then breaks us.
It's a lost opinion in a jaded story.
Will tomorrow's plans release our frozen doubt,
When all the empty plans have left you fading out.
It's a lost opinion in a jaded story.
In our elements we drown, through the emptiness we've found.
For a final look at the things we've took,
It's the same shole.
In our element we drown, through the emptiness we've found.
For a final look at the things we've took,
It's the same hole, it's the same hole, it's the same hole.
Hollow hands that twist and shape us now.
And timeless plans that mold and,
In our elements we drown, through the emptiness we've found.
For a finaly look at the things we've took,
It's the same hole.
It's a lost opinion in a jaded story.
In our elements we drown through the emptiness we've found.
For a final look at the things we've took,
It's the same hole.
In our elements we drown through the emptiness.
We've found for a final look at the things we've took,
It's the same hole, it's the same hole,
It's the same hole, it's the same hole,
It's the same hole, it's the same hole.