

Fairweather, I Dread The Time When Your Mouth

I must confess that nothings changed for now.
While knives that line sweet conversations still find a way,
into our beds while we sleep.
Can't you see that there's an ocean that drawn a line,
between our bodies and our minds, we look for ghost,
and that's what we find.
Will we bury who we loved or is the ground,
to cold to break?
Well we slept our way through knowing what to do.