

Frames, Locusts

Don't go outside tonight
the locusts fill the sky
cant hurt us anymore
and the devils work is never done
and the gypsy curse you wore
as we raise our glasses to our mouths
and its all for one

and the bells that rang in hope
we thought we'd one day perish on
are still swinging from the ropes
and the words you never spoke
and the tune you never wrote
I'm moving off, I'm packing up

have gathered up and need a song

I'm willing to be wrong..
now your giving up the ghost
and the tune you never wrote
to the one who meant the most
and the words you never spoke
and one day when she least expects she'll know
won't write itself or wait for evermore
I'm moving off, I'm packing up

I'm willing to be wrong..