

# Halou, I Am Warm

My legacy, a string of losses  
My god, I ask  
How can you do this?  
You made the sun  
The world, your canvas  
With all this I can see how I'm unimportant

In this dream  
I am warm  
There are hands in my hair  
And it's good to be there

I wave my hand and nothing happens  
I set my scene and I can't play it  
I'd leave it to you but  
It would turn out backwards  
I'd like to believe you're not just reckless

And you are  
Nostalgic while you are still living this  
And it all  
Snuck up while you weren't looking  
And you are  
Nostalgic while you are still living this  
And you're sure  
This is how you know you're living