

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