

Hopesfall, Start And Pause

the tight lipped fever found her way
again with one embrace a rapid pulse
could give it away. and she'll move on, she'll move on
you must have been milleniums ahead of comprehending
synchronized time collapsing, time collapsing
and she'll move on and on...
with foreheads numb we move to feel ...
and set the clocks aside we'll
stare, n' we'll start and pause.
oh my god we were not intended for this
tight lipped fever that found her way again.
tongues explode in our archaic demise.
and she'll move on and on...
with foreheads numb we move to feel ...
and set the clocks aside we'll
stare, n' we'll start and pause.
time forgave everything within her to
discover disguise a convenient lapse of
a memory.