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 disguse a convenient lapse of a memory.