

# Hopesfall, Start & Pause

The tight lipped fever found her way again with one embrace  
A rapid pulse could give it away  
And she'll move on to where  
We must have been milleniums ahead of comprehending  
Synchronized time collapsing and she'll move on  
With foreheads numb we move to feel  
And set the clocks aside  
We move to synchronize in stares, in 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  
Time forgave everything within her to discover disguise  
A convenient lapse of a memory