

JJ72, Desertion

Pebbles bleed as the love recedes
A waste of breath all this stoic stealth
Beyond popped hills we see
The meeting point of our history

Impressions of life
Confusion is rife

Tell a lie then intensify
All your thoughts of hate to articulate
On popped hills we see
The meeting point of our history

Impressions of life
Confusion is rife