

Kirsty Hawkshaw, State Of Grace

You know it makes no difference
Whether we talk or not
And it's much harder going in there sometimes
And jumping down from the top.

But if you talk to me,
I will listen to you
With my eyes, my ears, my heart

Till we both reach a state of grace
I will pull you out of the model secrets
Till we both trust the coast is clear
Information goes to yourself
This information breeding danger
Breeding danger

You know it makes no difference
If you remember times that i forgot
Sometimes we meet nostalgia
But there's a need for not

Taking consciousness for granted
I need to hear your good self
So don't expect me to give into it
I don't want to go back down
My senses worth not one

Till we both reach a state of grace
I will pull you out of the model secrets
Till we both trust the coast is clear
Information gets to yourself
This information breeding danger
Breeding danger