

Linoleum, Restriction

Why can't you see those hands are cold are grey
When her imperfections hide away
And in the half-light you can
Barely see that face
Maybe it's better that way

As you fall into waiting arms
That loosen their embrace
Finding comfort in restriction
Eternally replace

Why don't you know what's going on here
The same things happen every few years

As you fall into waiting arms
That loosen their embrace
Finding comfort in restriction
Eternally replace

Why can't you see those hands are cold and grey
Their imperfections hide away
At times you realize you
Barely knew that name
Maybe it's better that way

As you fall into waiting arms
That loosen their embrace
Finding comfort in restriction
Eternally replace