

Lost Ocean, Still Life

Headlights crawl by a blur of white power lines form proof of life immersed in sleep the city sits below
I cant help this feeling; i need it, this love inside. you know that i see it; you feel it, this apathy inside
A constant upon the ocean floor as footsteps appear they never disappear because of you
I cant help this feeling; i need it, this love inside. you know that i see it; you feel it, this love inside