

LostAlone, Our bodies will never be found

A serpent feeling when you walk and the snow remembers
Every step a trail of thought and introspection
I cant sleep today
Got feelings but I dont know how hard they are to trace
A lucid dream a quarry of thoughts for my taking
Simple sounds that make up noise a static prison
I dont know the name for feeling this deranged
I got to make the right impression
This is the moment of our lives
Im going to store it in my mind
Bottle your echo for a keepsake
Drink voice numb the heartache
And our bodies will never be found
Were more beautiful on our own
And this is our lifestyle
A tempered reason a vanished thought a rescue mission
I quicken pace so as not to distort the initial vision
How hard it is to learn the meanings and the words
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