

Luckdown, ...To End Her

you run,
you're running from the hands.
the hands that hold
your time.
slowly fading,
brings this gleam into my eye.

as I feel my words slip down my throat,
not worth repeating.
I hear them fall away.

you run,
you're running from the hands.
the hands that hold
me tight.
slowly fading,
brings this gleam into my eye.

as I feel my words slip down my throat,
not worth repeating.
I hear them fall away.