Lynch Pilson, Closer To None

I've been- called away
A dying wish, a broken gift astray
Conscience- not the same
Encircling me like wind against the rain

But you'll see me calling Calling out It's what I gotta do And the day is coming Coming down

(Hide my head in a hole)
I don't wanna see
(Destination's out of control)
Oh- I- Don't wanna see
(Cold face into the sun)
It don't have to be
CLOSER TO NONE

Can't escape the burning Where the ashes bloom Can't erode the trembling flame that's Still a part of you

Reeling from reaction Letting go the high Tried to rape the bleeding light that's Keeping you alive

Do you hear me calling Calling out There's not a lot to lose Cuz the day is coming Coming down

(Hide my head in a hole)
I don't wanna see
(Destination's out of control)
Oh- I- Don't wanna see
(Cold face into the sun)
It don't have to be
CLOSER TO NONE

I don't wanna see It don't have to be CLOSER TO NONE