

Mad At Gravity, Histotypeats

All I know is fading
Anxiously awaiting
Furtively frustrating
Endlessly parading down

All I feel is falling
Clutching sky but stalling
When the past comes calling
Will it seem appalling now?

Histotypeats
Flows through clean sheets
Born to be broken
Memory fades
From black to grey shades
Born to be broken

Will you remember this?

All I know is older
Look over your shoulder
Though the nights are colder
Still I'm growing bolder now.. now...

Histotypeats
Flows through clean sheets
Born to be broken
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Will you remember this?
Will you remember this?

Through blackened eyes
I realize
Foresight's only
As far as you can peer into the past

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Will you remember this?
Will you remember this?