

Nonpoint, Moutains

One more problem. how you've got them. All tied up with a million things to do. Two more problems. how i've got them. One is someone else. Two is you. I hate that it had to come to this so fast. How else will we know if we will last?

Making mountains out of mole hills, taking fountains past them fill. Making mountains out of mole hills, and making me want to kill.

Every wonder, every question, everything that i'm not so sure is real. Every funny look, every stop and stare, every doubt in my mind that you still care. I hate that it came to this so fast. How else could I know if we could last?

Making mountains out of mole hills, taking fountains past them fill. Making mountains out of mole hills, and making me want to kill.

Making mountains. Taking fountains. Shaking ground with tiny problems. Co-Created from the way you give direction with affection

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