

Oceansize, Unfamiliar

During the laceration all you wanna do is cry
At last that realisation how quickly fresh blood dries
Needs little explanation, 'sgonna take a lot of time
Ideas above our station are below the fog in my mind
When I see I see my signs

It's the same face presenting the same lie
If you keep walking sideways, if you keep changing your mind
When i see i see my signs

And obsolete your voices are

They say that silence it sometimes pays
In war silence it sometimes pays

Souls and windows stops existing
And holes where his eyes used to be
Needle and thread hold together his love for the dead
And all who sail in her

Saw the seashore, unfamiliar
The water and oil, unfamiliar
Success and toil, unfamiliar
Unaccustomed, unfamiliar