

Paris Paloma, yeti (feat. Old Sea Brigade)

Our paths will never cross again
And that's the way you wanted it
You never could care less about
The way we ended up
We swim in different circles now
I saw your tracks in snowy ground
And didn't want to follow them
As you fell off the earth

Sightings few and far between
I have no words when they tell me
A figure spotted roaming in
The icy mountain wilds
There was a time I felt for you
Would collect these words like drops of dew
And savour on my tongue
In season dry

And I don't know you
I used to like to pretend to
We're nothing but myths now
That neither of us believe in

You hear how I achieved good ends
Out of the mouths of mutual friends
And shrug and raise your eyebrows
In the way you always have
And with that too they carry rumours of
When someone last saw my movements
A shadow treading through the willows
In the forest land
Messages that reach our ears
Are met with an indifference
I never thought I wouldn't care about you

But here we are
Flung to earth's corners far
We're nothing but myths now
That neither of us believe in

My tongue's forgotten how
To shape your name, the way it sounds
We're nothing but myths now
That neither of us believe in

No muscle memory
No lingering taste
no persistent impulse
To pick up your trace

I left you no note
You left me no sign
Of where I plan to go
Of what you've gone to find

Sweet indifference
Gentle apathy
Wholesome, quiet dispassion
Restful neutrality

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That neither of us believe in
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