

Poets Of The Fall, Shallow

More in my face
Than is my taste
I grow so weary I'll surrender

To what they say
Let them lead the way
Till' I can no longer remember

My darling dreams
Prewritten scenes
Whatever felt my own

So to save face
I'll take my place
Where I may safely feel alone

Glad the waters are so shallow
When the river runs so cold

I'm quick to wait
Too slow to take
They call me gracious for my patience

And I feel proud
Under that shroud
And all the while it's all evasion

Some humor here
To fend off fear
And I'm a little more lost, oh dear

So to save face
I'll hold my place
So I may safely feel alone