

# Sonny Moore, Copaface2

how i crave the way the world spins under me  
but i sleep instead  
grip a shallow shake with crippled company  
who speak in my head  
the more messes i made the closer i came home  
from my roam  
understoods are few though im speaking in simple tongue

copaface  
now find my way back home

how i crave the wind the world gives spinning  
though i dream instead  
south shallow song my box is closing  
over my head  
binge purge all day fuck strangers ill never know  
how cold  
understoods are few  
so im speaking in difficult tongue

copaface  
now find my way back home