

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
understood 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
understood are few
so im speaking in difficult tongue

copaface
now find my way back home