

The Spill Canvas, Charcoal Grey Above

Water collects on my eyelashes
And I am screaming my fears to the charcoal grey above
And I'll dig all the sand dollars and seashells for myself
Your hands will never, ever touch them
The wind hits the rocks
The soundtrack to my thoughts
Just walk away, don't even think about it
You wouldn't understand if you tried
And all these things belong to me
The shore and all its beauty
And as the waves crash over me
My body is tumbling to the bottom of the sea
And all these things belong to me
The shore and all its beauty
And as the waves crash over me
My body is tumbling to the bottom of the sea
I want to sink eternally
I want to sink eternally
You're the sand beneath my feet
The sand beneath my feet
Last, but not least, I will repeat
You are the sand beneath my feet
Last, but not least, I will repeat
You are the sand beneath my feet
Sand beneath my feet
Sand beneath my feet