

Thirteen Senses, A Lot Of Silence Here

It seems predictable but I don't have a clue
Of what you want right now
Talk is measured in the same width every time
But what I want is time

This is the last straw and I feel like letting go
Any state of mind can be traded in with you

It seems predictable; a lot of silence here
But what I want is here
The skies above are just reflections in your eyes
We're out of touch and time

This is the last straw and I feel like letting go
Any state of mind can be traded in with you

You're telling it like it is
Showing us how it is
Telling us what is broken
Showing us what is fixed
It's complicated; I don't want to bring you down

You're telling it like it is
Showing us how it is
Telling us what is broken
Showing us what is fixed