

Trainwreck, Dust From Our Fingertips

we're shipwrecked, we're shipwrecked, we're ghosttowns, graveyards, whatsoever
still haunted ghosts condemned to repeat the past, you can't deny your past or simply fade, we're a
could have been, oh my god we're so far gone, so distant now, a fading lull echoing our
temporary connection, this is dead dust falling from fingertips, and now it's time to
carry on, i can feel it in my bones, and now it's time to go home, i can feel it in my bones,
but i'm not sure where home is anymore, i just want to forget, i just can't forget.