

# Trespassers William, Weakening

Time isn't short anymore  
Moments that turn into worlds in your hands  
How do you feel when you wake  
Spells that are weaker the longer they take  
But I wait  
Waiting for you's nice  
Like there is no doubt in my mind  
Waiting for you's nice  
Like there is no doubt in my mind  
It doesn't hurt anymore  
Love that is stubborn and becomes a part  
Of who you are  
You know I look for the wear  
Signs of it fading, expecting it there  
Tell me where  
Waiting for you's nice  
Like there is no doubt in my mind  
Imagining you's nice  
Like there is no doubt in my mind