

# Violet Indiana, Little Echo

Looking back safe in the future,  
I can see the love that I was to call my sanity  
Is just slipping away.  
Lonely life that offers empty self destruction and seduction tenderness.  
Overcame my way  
Those days, have fallen behind me.  
Those days, start calling behind me.

Everyday a desert would be the world I see caving in on me  
Looking in to me  
Disguising and guiding through blindness and my own insecurity  
Those days, have fallen behind me.  
Those days, start calling behind me.