

Weaver At The Loom, You Can't Escape Them;

Call me a coward, it's so fitting.
I flee from open doors.
They are creaking,
cracking open, and I will never escape them all.

I will proceed in fear for what is yet to come,
I don't know, but I'll carry on.
I'll carry on.
I'm farther and farther from all that I once held.

Call me a coward, it's so fitting.
I flee from open doors.
They are creaking, cracking open,
And there is no way I'll ever escape them all.

I've tried so hard to conspire against the ever present threat time has on me.
It is threatening what I call home.
I hold tighter and tighter but I know
I've never been that strong.

Call me a coward it's so fitting.
I flee from open doors.
They are creaking, cracking open,
And there is no way I'll ever escape them all.

I said I would sail the roughest of seas
To find some peace, but I'm backing out again.
'cause I want my oceans in a spoon
Where they're short and shallow;
Something that I can swallow.