

YouInSeries, A Guides' Wills And Wishes

I've been speaking out nothings.

(A motion for more sounds to rest)

Keeping you safe, metting you off when they've been leaving the light on.

Perusing your call and doubting the most honest of guides.

"You'll find your way home soon".

No one really knows we're fleeing from sleep,

exposing you all wrong.

Pressing you find a voice behind you.

We are the noises to dawn.

Well I promised that,

well I promised you.

I've already lost you.

I've already lost you.

Bring me to sigh in relief,

I'll blend soon to...

You'll find your way soon.

You'll find your way soon.

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