

# The End And The Beginning

Devics

this delay is what you gave me  
but that was fine  
cause I would rather wait  
than go down that road  
the road I know so well  
like mud or quicksand  
I was stuck but now I'm in your hand

is it getting cold  
I could try to move it more  
are we getting old  
I don't notice anymore

and what about the bones  
hidden in a box  
if everything I owned  
turned this into rocks

is this getting close  
I could try to move it more  
are we going home  
I can't stay here anymore

and how long will this go  
until it changes  
how long before you know  
that I love you  
and how long til it goes  
and turns to nothing