

Days confused
Ruined by a past you hardly knew
The frost in your eyes
Irritated streams on others lost

These memories, it seems, cause cracks and one gets unglued
These tendrils proceed to strangle her reason too

Held apart
Every time is lost
But maybe once in a while
You'll catch 'em

When all the walls are brick
And all the racing's fixed
You'll change expression

Damned if you
Didn't hide your face I'm sure they knew
When thoughts cross your heart
Bypass all the strain of being you

When most people dream, their subconscious locks on you
You're wrapped in your scene, and blanket of things you drew

Don't be frightened, someone caught you napping
A knock on the door in advance didn't help this time

Every Sunday you look out the window
To count the tracks in the snow till they get back

Should it be so hard to have a nice day?
Should it be so hard to have a nice time?

Don't feel so worthless in the meanwhile [x2]