

Sometimes

Solar Fake

Tearing down the monument
That's been a sign of what you stand for
The stones it's made from are too old to survive this
The future years in icy rain
When we'll be gone

You bear the torment sometimes
Hardly trusting yourself, sometimes
Standing motionless sometimes, when the fury takes control
Pretending glory for the blind, sometimes

Diving through an underpass
Running fast between the raindrops
Tracking down your intuition
Inverting words that we believed
And we are gone