

Move your hands  
If move them you must at a steady pace  
Ever so lightly  
Wander off accordingly  
Leave not a single trace

Close your eyes  
If close them you must momentarily  
Only for me now open wide  
And let them reside in the awakening of life

Patiently hauling the weight of our infancy  
I remember every sound  
Every single heartbreaking sound

Heavenly memories cut like a knife  
Carving it's way through the remains of us  
Lately it seems everything that we touch  
Gradually turns to the softest of dust  
We have revalued the worst parts in us  
We have betrayed the delusion of trust  
Lately it seems everything that we touch  
Gradually turns into piles of dust  
Sweet soft dust

But everything that you took from me  
Was mine to give  
And everything that you thought you gave  
Wasn't there at all