

Currents

Times of Grace

Lost in a dream
Dark waves crash over me
Can't seem to find my way out
This cyclic motion is madness
Each day, all the same
Currents flood through my head
Keep turning me, spinning me, pulling me

Cut this cord, set me free
Currents keep pulling me
Darkness crash over me
Currents keep pulling me

It's hard to see
Chemicals take hold of me
Feeling so alone

As the daylight fades before me
The light, it escapes my eyes
Inside the cyclic descent
Don't care if I live or die

Cut this cord, set me free
Currents keep pulling me
Swallowed I cannot breathe
Currents keep pulling me

Pulling me, pulling me
Pulling me, pulling me
Pulling me, pulling me
Pulling me

Look to the sky
Can you see the sun?
Look to the sky
We've come undone

Pulling me, pulling me
Pulling me, pulling me
Pulling me, pulling me
Pulling me

Pulling me, pulling me
Pulling me, pulling me
Pulling me, pulling me
Pulling me