Volumes

Tiny Moving Parts

Help me count to ten backwards but not too fast Help me measure out how much time has passed I need a better understanding A focal point and a glass of whiskey A formulated plot to make these thoughts stop

I sit around, I think about How loud this silence can sound But these drinks make me happy Temporarily 'til morning

I sit around, I think about How loud this silence can sound But these drinks make me happy Temporarily until the morning

Until it comes back again Until it comes back again

I swear the volumes multiply When you're in bed fast asleep inside And honestly I haven't felt alive in a while Cut the ties, lose the limbs They wear you down As they wear me down too Cut the ties, they wear you down And I still miss you

I sit around I think about How loud this silence can sound But these drinks make me happy Temporarily 'til morning

Please come back again I need you more than anything And if this place escapes my head I will pretend Keep pretending to Touch the rain clouds Pull the tears out Let the volumes Drown themselves out Touch the rain clouds Pull the tears out Let the volumes Drown themselves out

Help me count to ten backwards but not too fast Help me count to ten backwards but not too fast Help me count to ten backwards but not too fast

Touch the rain clouds Pull the tears out Let the volumes Drown themselves out Touch the rain clouds Pull the tears out Let the volumes Drown themselves out