

Without A Sound

Triggerfinger

From light pole to light pole the shadows we lead
Only the pattern of our feet
Until they run into the ground
Without a sound

Against a backdrop of slowly melting snow
Too good to hold on, too painful to let go
Too hard to carry this around
Without a sound

The slightest touch will be too strong
If we could just get along
Your hand searches, mine wants to be found
Without a sound