

Quiet Passenger Pt. 1

Zao

Sweating through cold, grey, clay skin.
Asleep with blank, wide eyes.
Sweating through cold, grey, clay skin.
Asleep with blank, wide eyes.
And at night I fear my own way to lose it.
And if you think that I'm alone you'll never prove it.
Numbness fades into pins and needles, depression and irrational fears.
And at night I fear my own way to lose it.
And if you think that I'm alone you'll never prove it.
And at night I fear my own way to lose it.
And if you think that I'm alone you'll never prove it.