

Cold as the sun on a winter's morning,
your resolve still lies shivering heap of ill-
sighted plans so you think so it shall be.
Dwelling on all that's happened now since that day you were lucid
and saw things all too clear it was easy now it's grown dark.
But even though the wood surrounds you it doesn't mean your heart should fail you now,
when the end is just within your reach.
Pushing you up against the wall you feel there's no one to cushion you from the fall,
you stumble spending all your strength in vain.
Holding onto the cherished notion,
things were different back then you lapse into, the old you with all you see before your eyes.
Even though the wood surrounds you it doesn't mean your heart should fail you now,
when the end is just within your reach.
Take it easy just chill chill chill, you've got a penchant for pulling through these things,
it's alright, it's okay.
But even though the wood surrounds you it doesn't mean your heart should fail you now,
when the end is just within your reach.
It's alright.