

## Went to War

Amason

Went to war for a lovable feeling  
Tearing another instinct apart  
Held two piece, a silver quarter, while I was speeding  
Never wash yourself up ashore

Better off with the water cut off  
The only living proof I got  
Is just the sand that I was made of  
Got tired building it up  
I found the quiet place I lost, it's just a cell upon the river

Clenched to places where the bottom line  
Is scattered with a rain cloud  
I still hope to fall  
I'm not running, I'm not failing, nor i'm evading  
Wonder where the nerves are still numb

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