

What are these memories triggered by smell?  
By cold... pixels in our minds...  
Of places we would rather be,  
Why do we detach ourselves...  
From the wilderness? From the open skies?  
From all the chances we could of always had.  
But you can't see me... Did you ever really?  
See inside of the head rush.

Words are all we have.

Your singular words have no meaning,  
Shallow pools of rain water,  
At the bottom of my stomach,  
Words are all we have.  
Stone figure, stiff face,  
Oh Isn't it just a case of who can hold it  
together for the longest.  
But could you see me,  
Is there a possibility?  
Can't know until you've tried.

Take me somewhere the stars will meet the earth,  
Oh won't you come out from wherever you are,  
Oh you don't need to be afraid,  
Oh you don't need to be afraid!