

She's now my new sun.  
She don't speak but somehow calls me.

Automated exchanges make us not lovers,  
But feigners, we are only strangers.

Not estranged to regret,  
Not estranged to what follows our faulty steps.

Ocean tides move to the voice of the moon,  
Strange how we move.  
How strange that I move to the voice of the moon,  
Love ringing out of tune.

Regret once kept me from her door,  
But every time wore off more and more.  
So now we're back here,  
Playing sincere with a new set of bones.  
We are strange.

Not estranged to regret.  
Not estranged to what follows our faulty steps.

Ocean tides move to the voice of the moon,  
Strange how we move.  
How strange that I move to the voice of the moon,  
Love ringing out of tune.

Leave your bad limbs behind,  
For they are conduits to the heart.