

14 quiet days
These hours just slept in your place
White sand and a vague sense of youth
How can I get through?
It's a violent truth that I'm like you

16 lonely hours, no sun or depth
15 dreams of you all alone
But still far from reach
Crosses traced in white sand
It's a violent truth that I'm like you

You said the first time was so perfect
But the rest was all just wrong
You said there too many gone too long