Sleep Paralysis

Oh, carve your name in a tree Or just run your fingers through wet concrete, yeah Leave a mark, a mark worth leaving What's self with, the moment's fleeting Oh, carve your name in a tree Or just run your fingers through wet concrete, yeah Leave a mark, a mark worth leaving What's self with, the moment's fleeting

The sand runs through your fingers It's gone but the feeling lingers

Oh, I've been out in a street Mixed with sleep paralysis I can't scream, no But I can't watch, can't watch them leaving I wake up and wind up leaving

Who knows where these dreams come from I know what I can't become

Hold my hand wherever you are, oh oh Take me there, no matter how far out we'll go

Bad Suns