

Backwards Marathon

Between the Buried and Me

The early loves seems to become jaded...
I'm never expecting this...
Glance towards the mirror,
Imagination towards the stars...
The endless desire for my one and only true love...
This will never change I predict...
But I do get tired...
If only they knew what push we have given...
For this music...
This happiness that keeps us all sane...
Cold nights seem to force questions, not wanting to accept these thoughts...
I have worked and will keep working...
To keep the tradition of my one true motive in life...
Music...
My only love...
Once building drum boxes and pretending to be the artist...
I guess I'm here but it feels weird...
So weird...
To know how weird all this can be...
It seems to never work out like I planned...
Like we planned.

One day it will come together...
First place desire in the backwards marathon...
That's all we can ask for...

It's raining...
It's raining...
It's raining...
It's raining...
When the sun comes up, it's still raining.
Slowly grow...
Weeds turn into...
Smiling trance...
Never mentioned.

The early love seems to become jaded...
I'm never expecting this...
Dance for the mirror,
Imagination towards the stars...
The endless desire for my one and only true love...
Dreams won't let go...
Thoughts will not change...
Can't watch it fly away...