

Salting the silence,
boiling my blood.
Giving and honest
is not thick enough.
And now have you gone easy,
let your lines get caught?
Some sink and some carry
and you will not -
no you will not know
if its hold you
'till your set straight
where you're going to.
You'll not know 'till it breaks us,
pulls you under,
if you'll give up.
You'll not know.

For what is is this comfort?
Is it asking too much,
when you hold me in hunger
and I feel your touch?
When I feel your touch,
I know where the day ends.
All my lines meet the horizons.
I know, I know, I know,
I can do this,
And the hard days I won't miss.
I know, I know, I know, I know
like it's scarred in,
where my place is;
where I'm going.
I know, I know, I know,
I'm a lost one.
And its too late.
I'm far gone.