

## Two Dead Minutes

## Blood Red Shoes

Feel it creep across your shoulders  
It's water running through your hands  
Out of focus like a Polaroid  
Spinning round and round the room

Look at the clock  
Keep watching til it stops  
Time is still  
Nothing here is real  
In our past lives  
Eating up inside  
The weight you hold  
When you're left behind

Look at the clock  
Keep watching til it stops  
Time is still  
Nothing here is real  
In our past lives  
Eating up inside  
The weight you hold  
When your hands are tied

Muscle memory is moving you  
Asleep and walking on both feet  
Empty glasses as you lose yourself  
Chasing thoughts to find the peak

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