

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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