

## Eleven, Twelve

Canterbury

We don't live, we're tired with aching muscles. We don't live, we're tied up, they've tied us up to strings. I've come full circle, in my head it doesn't seem that detailed.

We don't live, we're tired, we're always sleeping. We don't live we're tied up, well here we go again. On the run and i'm tired but im restless. It's catching up i can feel it when the wind blows. Maybe all that i need is to surrender, and feel some burn from the fire in the unknown.

Now my love, it's time to grow old a rich man. Now my dear, come if you want an adventure.

They don't live, they're tired with angry voices. They don't live, they're tied up, they'd cut them if they ran. I'm wasting time, thats all i have, so its more like i'm wasting life.

They don't live, they're tired, i've seen them sleeping. Just wake up, wake up, you're living in a dream. I'm the seeds that will one day be a jungle. I'm the clouds that will one day bring you thunder. Im a ghost, you're the house that i'm haunting. You're the flame, i'm the fire in the unknown.

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