

Magnetic tapes are old bloodstreams
for this recording calm machine.
We're serving all the jaded hearts
of those without a place to start.
And washing them all of mistake; ill confidence could never fake
e
the notes and bolts that ring this song:
expired tales of love gone wrong.

Why do I stay the same?
Why do I hear your name on every street, on every path?
Luminance.

Why do I hear your name?
Why do I feel the same in every dream I ever have?
Luminance.

Standing in a freezing place beyond,
until your heart has stopped its chime.
Branded with an order number, and washing them all of mistake.