

# Luminance

Cave In

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  
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.