

Breathing Underwater

Closure in Moscow

It's in the way you're moving
Why is it so unclear?
It's in the way you move and we speak in tongues
Maybe it's true what they say?
That life is never life again
Piece by piece we try to remain
All I could eat was decay
Now I'm struggling with such great expectations
I keep going through the motions
Scratching my insides and you're all showing teeth
You'll never be content
Perforations, closing eyes
We're breathing underwater
Line by line, it's not too late
We're biding time