

A Broken Frame

Eloy

face that shaped dreams
lost in a broken frame
colour is fading but for now
seems all the same
the smile i loved in the mornings
now miles away
once restrained and then winning
once so open and next discreet

hear the drizzle of the rain
window's creaking
are there foot-steps in the hall
no a tap must be leaking
I'm lonely

all these noisy little nothings, silly nothings
drive me insane, it's scary
can you imagine just how i feel
i'm slipping i'm drowning
can't help it can't stop it can't i believe in something
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the bit of certainty i had
undermined and shaken
it's fading
the walls of sand are finally breaking
i'm slipping i'm drowning

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nothing is collapsing it's all unchanged
but it is stuck in a broken frame
there's still a balance that will remain
and won't slip out of a broken frame

no further will i drift away
abandoning my course
i start it now
i'll catch a wave back to the shore not so far away
i start it now

can't help it can't stop it can't i believe in something...