

The Lines

Faderhead

Every picture tells a thousand words
It's the image inside that hurts
Would you shine into my empty soul
Time to take what is left - and go

Spinning the tales
And bending the nails
Watching the photoframes
Fall from my walls
Lost count of the trains
Leading towards you
But the lines end too soon

Every picture tells a thousand words
It's the echo in your mind that hurts
Forever's always just a footstep away
Forever is a moment trapped by frame