

Comin Around

Faithless

Both physical and sensory
My entity
Indivisible from nature's hoard of treasure
This identity

Vast, beyond measure
I share with the Oceans
Dark matter
And you
And you

Mirrors
Smoke and mirrors
We're here, yes
But really not

Vacant
With so much room inside
In such a hurry
With nowhere to stop
With nowhere to stop

In such a hurry
With nowhere to stop
In such a hurry
With nowhere to stop

All our lives we wake up chasing the wind
Catching shadows and losing our dreams
But if all you want is out
I'm comin' around

To myself
It's been years and I could use the help
To carry us back to that place
But if all you want is out I'm comin' around

I'm comin' around
I'm comin' around

Mirrors
Smoke and mirrors
It's hard to face myself
It's hard to face myself

Vacant
With so much room inside
It's hard to stop yourself
It's hard to deal with myself

All our lives we wake up chasing the wind
Catching shadows and losing our dreams
But if all you want is out
I'm comin' around

To myself
It's been years and I could use the help

Show me where's the window to escape
'Cause if all you want is out I'm comin' around

I'm comin' around