

Wearing Thin

Further Seems Forever

This is the last time I'll try to reach you
and my guess is, you'll just ignore it, just ignore me
Without a passing glance
without the slightest sigh
without moving your hands
without the softest cry.

If I'd say
go your own way, I'll be with you
make mistakes and I'll forgive you
home is waiting here for you when you return.

Rain reveals the foundation
and this one's wearing thin
and shifting in the sand.

And the water does its damage
with its endless beating pulse
heralding the end

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without moving your hands
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