

There's no more wind to be found  
In the sails  
Hands full of falling stars  
And comet tails  
Rivers of sand  
All entwined through my hands  
To know what they've seen  
Well my burden's all pale

I'll make an hourglass from my fingers  
I know I'm only passing through

I don't want to pretend  
That I'm stronger for it all  
I don't want to pretend  
That the sadness is gone  
'Cause I want to know that I'm steady on my feet  
I don't want to pretend  
So be shrill, be real to me

There's no respite to be found  
In the waves  
Each rise and retreat will scrub the blood away

I'll make an hourglass from my fingers  
I know I'm only passing through

I don't want to pretend  
That I'm stronger for it all  
I don't want to pretend  
That the sadness is gone  
'Cause I want to know that I'm steady on my feet  
I don't want to pretend  
So be shrill, be real to me

I don't want to pretend  
That I'm stronger for it all  
I don't want to pretend that the sadness is gone  
I don't want to pretend  
That I'm stronger for it all  
I don't want to pretend that the sadness is gone  
'Cause I want to know that I'm steady on my feet  
I don't want to pretend  
So be shrill, be real to me