

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

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