

Paisley

Hopesfall

Could i beg of myself the blame
maybe a little more (...
...) maybe a little more
stretch to my neck
and i could see above it all
days go so slow
i'm finding time with no devotion

we prance around unfavorably
where's the cure for
the bored and lonely
if not for you
there's no glory
in stargazing battles
of the bored and lonely

feel this night
an ending,
an entrance in sight
i know how to feel two circuits