

White Water In The Morning

Iwrestledabearonce

It's all happening
It's all starting again
So cover your hair in your eyes
I am sorry I didn't notice him
Standing there
He's over behind the books
Startling man
His mouth's wide open
But there's no sound coming from his throat
I'm playing around with dirty finger
It's getting to the point again
We're all going to perish out loud
That only you and I could hear
The wind will blow us over
Walking, radiating
The wind it's creating a pitch
Let it sing, let it sing
Let it sing to you in hell
Let 'em sing, let 'em sing
Let 'em sing to you in hell
Shadows cannot hold hands
Shadows exaggerate them
Shadows cannot hold hands