

# Our Bodies Will Never Be Found

LostAlone

A serpent feeling when you walk and the snow remembers  
Every step a trail of thought and introspection  
I can't sleep today  
Got feelings but I don't know how hard they are to trace  
A lucid dream a quarry of thoughts for my taking  
Simple sounds that make up noise a static prison  
I don't know the name for feeling this deranged  
I got to make the right impression  
This is the moment of our lives  
I'm going to store it in my mind  
Bottle your echo for a keepsake  
Drink voice numb the heartache  
And our bodies will never be found  
Were more beautiful on our own  
And this is our lifestyle  
A tempered reason a vanished thought a rescue mission  
I quicken pace so as not to distort the initial vision  
How hard it is to learn the meanings and the words