

Enchanting ourselves and trying to preserve
The signals we transmit through fingertips
It does not do to dwell on dreams
Desperately seeking to find something real
The hours are lingering losing momentum
Dismembered a memory of what once was close to me
Enchanting ourselves and trying to preserve
The signals we transmit through fingertips

Though
Without a doubt, I am complete
This is unbroken, there's no defeat
I am not abandoned, we have belief
I am blessed

To hold tight and fight
Following all our own advice
Treasuring time, as time well spent
No distance will disturb this
Gathering the pieces
Making the montage