

Contained in my cotton crib  
When I feel no turbulence  
The ocean sleeps upon a shelf and it feeds my apathy  
I can feel it in the night  
Like rain upon my skin inside a winter  
But you began to splinter

If I decide to recognize my thorns

'Cause every time I see your face in a cloud I feel no violence  
So tilt the water 'til it turns me around  
To my own asylum  
Dry in the day and fading away in the night

I feel the sun before its light  
And it fades away into the night  
I was afraid, I feed myself  
I cleared the shelf and killed the shame  
But I can feel it in the night  
Collect the rocks and throw them overboard  
To shake the muddy waters

And clear myself from hiding every thorn

'Cause every time I see your face in a cloud I feel no violence  
So tilt the water 'til it turns me around  
To my own asylum  
Dry in the day and fading away in the night

And we grow, before we go over the window  
You're just a fool for him

'Cause every time I see your face in a cloud I feel no violence  
So tilt the water 'til it turns me around  
To my own asylum  
Dry in the day and fading away in the night