

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 over body's
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