

# To Hold An Ocean

Snowmine

Please whisper lines of books that I should have read  
Can you still my hand that never rests?  
Tell me how it is again

But why I am still afraid of silence I think I may never know  
Instead we fill the air with violence  
Just to reap the grain we sow

Don't worry we're just thinking something  
Cup your hands on your mouth to hold an ocean  
You can't worry we're just thinking something  
Cup your hands on your mouth to hold an ocean