

The Waking Hour

Symphorce

The time has come, the sun has set
We're lost where colors are turning black
As we move further down the line
You stabbed me in the back!
You mislead your pride with the turning of the tide

At the walking hour, on just the other day
I told myself this would go away
At the walking hour, I've wasted so much time
I'm wide awake with only one face in my mind

The broken words we tried to say
Our memories, a silent blade
Lost in confusion before it's began
We're wounded, blind and afraid

Every time your lips speak words
Both a blessing and a curse