

Move your hands
If move them you must at a steady pace
Ever so lightly
Wander off accordingly
Leave not a single trace

Close your eyes
If close them you must momentarily
Only for me now open wide
And let them reside in the awakening of life

Patiently hauling the weight of our infancy
I remember every sound
Every single heartbreaking sound

Heavenly memories cut like a knife
Carving it's way through the remains of us
Lately it seems everything that we touch
Gradually turns to the softest of dust
We have revalued the worst parts in us
We have betrayed the delusion of trust
Lately it seems everything that we touch
Gradually turns into piles of dust
Sweet soft dust

But everything that you took from me
Was mine to give
And everything that you thought you gave
Wasn't there at all