

Volumes

Tiny Moving Parts

Help me count to ten backwards but not too fast
Help me measure out how much time has passed
I need a better understanding
A focal point and a glass of whiskey
A formulated plot to make these thoughts stop

I sit around, I think about
How loud this silence can sound
But these drinks make me happy
Temporarily 'til morning

I sit around, I think about
How loud this silence can sound
But these drinks make me happy
Temporarily until the morning

Until it comes back again
Until it comes back again

I swear the volumes multiply
When you're in bed fast asleep inside
And honestly I haven't felt alive in a while
Cut the ties, lose the limbs
They wear you down
As they wear me down too
Cut the ties, they wear you down
And I still miss you

I sit around I think about
How loud this silence can sound
But these drinks make me happy
Temporarily 'til morning

Please come back again
I need you more than anything
And if this place escapes my head
I will pretend
Keep pretending to
Touch the rain clouds
Pull the tears out
Let the volumes
Drown themselves out
Touch the rain clouds
Pull the tears out
Let the volumes
Drown themselves out

Help me count to ten backwards but not too fast
Help me count to ten backwards but not too fast
Help me count to ten backwards but not too fast

Touch the rain clouds
Pull the tears out
Let the volumes
Drown themselves out
Touch the rain clouds
Pull the tears out

Let the volumes
Drown themselves out