

We Don't Cross Fingers...

Tiny Moving Parts

The sea that drowned itself has overflowed and frozen, now's our time to walk
.
We use these clouds and clocks to tell us everything we know about time.

And it starts with the riverbanks,
talking to themselves knowing nothings going to change
unless they move onward to somewhere else,
the love is withheld,
under reflections with help from the sun,
it shows who've we become.

We've lost some love
yet we stay strong
we've lost some young
and we stay strong.

We followed wrong tracks,
we followed wrong paths
and I hate to say "I'm weak."
We followed wrong tracks
we followed wrong paths,
or at least what they seem to be.

Don't stop comforting me
because I'm sad and lonely
and I don't mind the twigs in your mittens.
They feel like home
a scratch across the nose
sharp as father's paws
just like mom's just not as bold.

We don't cross fingers we cross claws,
We held it all together, but torn apart by winter.
now we got to find where I hide.

Sleep in shadows
don't talk to anyone,
staple your mouth shut,
and please stay strong.

All you had to do was follow us
look what you did to yourself.

This is the part we're nervous about
because I'm tired
of running in careless directions,
you always promised me everlasting life,
we'll look at us now.
A sequel is not needed for this story
because this is the end.
This is farewell.
This is goodbye.
I never loved anyone with this amount of heart before
and I never knew a bear like you could tear us apart.