

You play my nerves like strings all upside down.
Try to keep straight, my limbs are bonding now.
Since a few Aprils ago,
Endless chase to send away this tireless persistence of days.

With the touch of your words,
I saw a devil sneak between my fingers, it's much too familiar.
With the touch of your words, I've learned to reverse.
It's gotten me nowhere!

A deep shade of horizon gold...
Now constellations remind me I am home.
We were lit from the west, our silhouettes,
Yet a sight of industrial-
ness as the silence wins over every word.

With the touch of your words,
I saw a devil sneak between my fingers, it's much too familiar.
With the touch of your words, I've learned to reverse.
It's gotten me nowhere!

What am I supposed to think about wondering round inside out?
(It's gotten me nowhere!)

Patterns don't feel right, still speaking like you know what I'm all about.

We were lit from the west, our silhouettes,
Yet a sight of industrial-
ness as the silence wins over every word.

With the touch of your words,
I saw a devil sneak between my fingers, it's much too familiar.
With the touch of your words, I've learned to reverse.
It's gotten me nowhere!

We were lit from the west, our silhouettes,
Yet a sight of industrial-
ness as the silence wins over every word.