

10 Petits Indiens

"Insects"

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Hindered by innocence
The timid turn to prey
Swallowed in her smile
Unaware
Turning ears deaf to pain
Willing and weak are one in the same
Watch as your rapid seasons start to change
All of the seasons that fought you
All of the reasons that got you here in the first place

Love in time grows stagnant
The innocence we have lost
New grains of time will not rewind

Injuries strain from her perfect art of guile
Swindling her space
In despair
Shed a tear of mock sincerity
Condescending hearts can display
Cracks as your zone if comfort starts to fray
Humbling to sit back and watch through
All of the actions that got you
Clearly no mercy

Love in time grows stagnant
The innocence we have lost
New grains of time will not rewind

Through patience I'm viewing from outside
Such a shame your pride
Left you in a state of pure denial

Love in time grows stagnant
The innocence we have lost
New grains of time will not rewind

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