

Behind The Sun "Running Water"

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There is nothing left to hold on to
Because I've outlived all my fears
All my worldly obligations have been fulfilled
No more reasons to remain here

I could live out my days in this familiar cage
Content to know these thoughts are mine
But after all these years I have no face left to save
Just a random collection of lines

I'm burning pages to fill the ink again
These flames consume my days
This delicate self-medication
In only one direction conveys

I could live out my days in this familiar cage
Content to know these thoughts are mine
But after all these years I have no face left to save
Just a random collection of lines
And when I break these chains that hold me down
They can never be repaired
I know reality is distorted through these lenses
Will I see it any better once I'm there?
Who needs running water, I've got space and time
If those two hands pull me forward I'll be fine

All these years of contemplation
Seem more distant than a foreign land
I see these notes I wrote myself on these four walls
In a language I don't understand

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