

Cinder "Bound"

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Never felt at ease that much with the Minus touch,
when you're wading in the rain.
Stuck between the coldest place and a silent face.
An underlying restlessness commits itself when
you're trying to explain.
You let the words out gently but they fall too hard, and
they're doing it again.

Time, taking all the things I leave.
Trying hard to make me breath.
Breaking all the things I need,
When you're waiting for the truth to change.

I always find that life goes by so frictionless when your
head is in the sand.
Become a resident martyr on my island.
I've lost my magic hat that makes my head think
straight, but I'm trying to regain, a little piece of the
man I lost and it's all because it is happening again.

It never happens again,
When you're trying to be sane.

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