

Dreams From Gin "Stoic"

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Staring over the vantage
To get a minor advantage
Watching dotted snow flakes
Stirs up my headaches
All the people have formed around bits of dust
They spend their lives being pushed around
By every single gust

All your life will go
Your Home won't be your home
The names will hang around
The words will slip and fall down

Mumbling over the sleet
The words cut across my cheeks
Moving farther takes me further
From the peace
Without a place my pace seems
Far from complete
The blank stares the steady looks
They move me to my feet

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