

Lagwagon "Narrow Straits"

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i want to mute the scene
stop the clocks, turn them off
and feel your silence
shut their mouths, block my ears
and i wanna hear
of some way or down and out
and all else is separation
my watches when you heave
for the last
in a conscious moment
i could live in uncertain regret
here in the past
my choose blanks memories and more
you clearly made me think that i had something to live
for
buried in the dirt
so I will dig and pull the fleet

for once I believe
and may you pray for me
our worlds ran parallel
an indefinite promise to meet
divided
and a colored frustration
as i enter the vault you breach
unsubsidized
hit firm

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