

Loom "Webs"

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It comes with reason
And when we question, we question with sincerity
Run through webs of grass and trees
Only to wake, only to wake
Glued to the sun like a ceiling,
Waiting as we drip into the night
Glued to the sun like a ceiling,
Waiting as we drip into the night
It comes with reason
And when we question, we question with sincerity
Run through webs of grass and trees
Only to wake, only to wake
But when it all collides and goes under
It's never permanent
It's never permanent
Tears stream down my neck
Falling into place, falling into place
When I finally realize, we knew all along
When I finally realize, we knew all along

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