

Myriad

"Stretched Over"

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Hearts growing dim, thoughts are thin, we slide
She's in the way, in the wake of our devise
And all this time we'd seen her
We never thought we'd meet her
But the time has come
She's barely clothed, ribs kicked in, our means
Ache giving in, hell stretches over me
We slide, we slide, and we know
As we walk the line
We slide, we slide, and we know
We slide, and all this time we'd seen her
We slide, we knew we'd never meet her
We slide, we slide and we know

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