

Nana Grizol

"Arthur Hall"

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Just above my head, I can hear your heart beating
But I would not stand to let you in
So I forgot what you long for
And now what your terror is
And stand side by side
In the end we'll decide

When the pictures too scared for the work or
Well it's for the walls we could never break down
Well this place is left empty
There's too many places
For the ones who can't hang around
Yeah your hum hem home

Or hum home hem
Is there something that seeps slowly from your skin?

Or oh does it drip drolly from your sense of
What's a sin? I know that it's never been easy
But so many things, oh they've just never been
Oh, no no no.

But it's true your heart, it was always a pure one
You can feel it in each second guess
But the things you prescribed for your self-preservation
Were mildly destructive at best, we were patient

And wondered sometimes, "where you headed?"
But oh no, no we never knew
Despite all the things that you dreaded
To find something fresh, something real, something
true.

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