

Afterhours "Desire Froze Here"

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Nothing to say and nowhere
No way to say it
We wear all of our regrets
Yet fail to display it

We lie our goodbye
Like we don't know
It's a siken scarlet simple bandaged
Tourniquet to keep the silence secret

Bending with every breeze, you're a
Tall disperate flower, you're a
Waving suicidal
Desolate hour

Pantomime
Is your tragedy
It's a thin line here between you sorrow
And your cunning

Desire, desire froze here
Just looks like love from a distance
Desire, desire froze here
Just the path of least resistance

Sooner or later time goes
Leaves you behind
You're just an ancient language
No-one can find

Pantomiming your tragedy
With the winter and the splinters
A disintegrating thing

Desire, desire froze here...

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