

Sunna

"The Blankets Were The Stairs"

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Lost Myself
When Pain From Your Heart
Left it's Trace
In Written Words
Held Like A Seam
I Have No Hand To Heal
I Can't Imagine
Your Emotions
Wrapped Around
Inferior
Hold That Iron
Inferior
My Hand To Heal
Your Wounds Won't Heal
My Longing For Your Warm Embrace
Why Can't It See
Their Thinking To Me
My Sense Of One Is Open
Time To Run
And Drink Like Astiocles
So Sideways
Inferior
Hold That Iron
Late Again
My Breathing Is Leaving After Yours
Stay One Time
Holding Things I Know Your Asking For
You're Always There
Inferior My
Time To Let It Go
My Brother
Hold That Iron
Time To Collide
Your Face Is Strong
Your Eyes Want To Unfold
Inside Of Me
Inferior
Hold That Iron
Late Again
My Breathing Is Leaving After Yours
Stay One Time

Holding Thing I Know You're Asking For
Throw Away
For These Things Can Go No Longer

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