

Wintersleep "Trace Decay"

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We were made to let go
Why do you cling to the
falling leaves and
'for sale' things
We're imaginary,
we've always been
We've always been

Have they taken your
mind away from me?
Just a trick of the eyes,
a guise, a scheme
I got nothing to keep,
nothing to leave
Nothing to leave

You will find me in the
valleys, in the gullies
of your mind
Pigeon blood-red, cut and
carat in the eyelids of your
blindest memory

Memories,
memories,
memories

At a party with nobody who
will love you but the wine
Gobbled pills that the doctor
should have never prescribed
Scattered letters to the
boyfriends you have
never identified with
Surreptitious, spilling kisses
you could never quite deny

Memories,
memories,
memories

