

Lyke Giants

"The Reins"

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The Thin Light Strays Past,
These Margins We Set,
It Allures My Grasp,
And Escapes My Mind,
Now Our Space Is Dead,
Just A Faucet Is Left,
Now Our Space Is Dead,
Just A Faucet Is Left.

We Hold The Reins, Through The Night, Through The Night.
We Hold The Reins, Through The Night, Through The Night.
We Hold The Reins, Through The Night, Through The Night.
We Hold The Reins, Through The Night, Through The Night.

This Murmur Marches On,
And Itches At My Heart,
It Thrives In The Dark,
To Cripple My Mind,
Now Our Space Is Dead,
Just A Faucet Is Left,
Now Our Space Is Dead,
Just A Faucet Is Left.

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