

Memoryhouse

"Little Expressionless Animals"

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Softly held the light beneath your skin, your skin
Never drew a breath between our names, our names
As you come aware that something's left, it's left
Everybody knows that you are dead, you're dead

I can feel this place becoming what it never was
Do we embrace the hours, as if we never lost
One lonely resignation; tethered to your thoughts
I'm dreaming through these motions, in hopes that it
will last

And I won't follow you back
I won't follow you back
I won't follow you back...
I won't follow you back home.

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