

Poets of the Fall "Shallow"

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More in my face than is my taste
I grow so weary, I'll surrender
To what they say let them lead the way
Till I can no longer remember

My darling dreams pre-written scenes
Whatever felt my own
So, to save face, I'll take my place
Where I may safely feel alone

Glad the waters are so shallow
When the river runs so cold
Glad the waters are so shallow
When the river runs cold

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I'm quick to wait and so to hate
They call me gracious for my patience
And I feel proud under that shroud
And all the while it's all evasion

Some humor here to fend off fear
And I'm a little more lost, oh dear
So to save face, I'll hold my place
So, I may safely feel alone

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