

Anathema

"Birth Of A Mile"

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Never found our way out again
Cause to trace this blood trail is more than I can bear
This is my spring I finally fixed the car, floored out of
here
I'll find out who my friends are, the ones waiting
tomorrow morning
I pushed this away so hard, this is my spring, fixed the
car today
I wish I were lighter, the weariness weighs too heavily
on me.
This is my spring still cold enough for snow from
planes tracing seams
Across the sky overhead seed the soil left to fallow too
long
With pamphlets proclaiming "falls finally dead"

The steering wheel never mine to turn
Now it turns on any tangent but around
That's something you still have to learn
With the muffler my memory removed
I'm spared the sound, never found our way out again;
Never found our way out again
Cause to trace this blood trail is more than I can bear
From planes tracing seams across the sky overhead
Seed the soil left to fallow too long
With pamphlets proclaiming "falls finally dead"

"just like! Growing up!"

So much like growing up falling becomes fallen and
buried alive
But buoyancy keeps it up survive, keeps it alive (x 7)

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