

Slow Coming Day

"Tight Wire And Cold Hands"

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And he finds himself waking up in a different bed, in a
different bed

With a crook in his neck and sleep in his eyes

He turns to sigh, he turns to sigh

He's running too fast to know how far he slid away, he
slid away

It's one step over the ledge, you're fading fast into
dead ends

And tell me why you stand with tight wire and cold
hands

Her open wound, their bodies lie all alone

They lie all alone tonight

The sharp knife, it cuts through

Deep through the skin, deep through her skin

She's running too fast to know how far she slid away,
she slid away

It's one step over the ledge, you're fading fast into
dead ends

And tell me why you stand with tight wire and cold
hands

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