

Sonny Moore "Copaface Part 2"

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How I crave the way the world spins under me,
But I sleep instead.
Grip a shallow shake,
With crippled company...
Who speak in my head.
The more messes I made,
The closer I came home...
From my roam.
Understands are few,
Though I'm speaking in simple tongue.

Copaface.
Now find my way back home.

How I crave the wind the world gives spinning,
Though I dream instead.
South shallow song my box is closing...
Over my head
Binge;
Purge all day.
Fuck strangers,
I'll never know.
How cold.
Understands are few,
So I'm speaking in difficult tongue.

Copaface.
Now find my way back home.

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