

Flames In "Another Day In Quicksand"

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The other side of the platinum door
another day in quicksand
Still feel close to nowhere
I hope this is the right way
How come you see me as an enemy?
We just think in different words
I see beauty in dead flowers
I let the tide show me what's next
But all you do is fade away
There's no shame in being the fool
I've been to places you'll never find
The empty plate that you call home
Won't bring glimmer to future years
By myself, staring into space
You're just bored of the silence it makes

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