

## Thursday "Hole In The World"

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In this blackout, inertia will hold our thoughts  
And the exit sign offers no light to see by  
Can we cast our shadows alone in the dark?  
I can't see without you

When the world is crashing down  
Part with it, start again  
When the world is crashing down  
These notes will fold themselves

Standing at the margin's edge  
To see where the daybreak ends  
You can find compassion here  
But the page turns too fast

We fell in this hole that opened up  
Giving up on hope, living without love  
We still type black lines  
When the world is crashing down  
These notes will fold themselves

Adjust the aperture to focus on the negative  
Like phosphors in these darkrooms ignite  
Like dodging faces in the corner of the print  
Frame by frame, this hole is opening it up  
And we fall in

There is no [Incomprehensible] as whole  
[Incomprehensible]

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