

Microphones, The "Sand"

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I'd like to believe,
In one thing that you say to me.
Would you like, to leave?
When I try to talk it off,
Just turns out to be.

Turn on the stove,
In the little tiny rooms that our friend calls a home.
My head fills with heat,
From the knife in your hand to my...

I'd like to understand,
What you think about and why it seems so bad.
It's only escape,
From everything I know I'm weak.
Know that I'm sad.

Turn on the stove,
In the little tiny rooms that our friend calls a home.
My head fills with heat,
From the knife in your hand to my...

Sand.

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