

Mouths Join In The Cold

Adair

In the snow, angels lay. Mouths join in the cold.
Whispers lie as they say you will never go.
Memories, empty sheets, they will smother me.
Wrap me up, the deceased, underneath the frozen sea.

Murder me.

I'm sorry that I can't seem to forget you.
I'm sorry that I ever let you down.
Does this epic ever have an ending?
It just begins again, right now.

Worlds away. Empty flights. You can drop your guns.
Souvenirs. Foreign nights. The damage has been done.
With no trace. With no trace. I will disappear.
Fade away, with no face, like I was never here.

It just begins.
Over and over.

She sold you out, she sold you out.
And now you'll never be the same.

(Finale)

Now that we're done,
Now that we're over,
I find myself back at the start,
In Eden with you three years ago.

The edge of our lives,
The edge of a knife that
Cut from across the world.
The five becomes ten, the ten: forever.

And as this new life
Begins from a distance,
I'm staring across the sky.
Longing for you.

Longing for all we left behind.