

## Desire Froze Here

Afterhours

Nothing to say and nowhere  
No way to say it  
We wear all of our regrets  
Yet fail to display it

We lie our goodbye  
Like we don't know  
It's a sicken scarlet simple bandaged  
Tourniquet to keep the silence secret

Bending with every breeze, you're a  
Tall disperate flower, you're a  
Waving suicidal  
Desolate hour

Pantomime  
Is your tragedy  
It's a thin line here between you sorrow  
And your cunning

Desire, desire froze here  
Just looks like love from a distance  
Desire, desire froze here  
Just the path of least resistance

Sooner or later time goes  
Leaves you behind  
You're just an ancient language  
No-one can find

Pantomiming your tragedy  
With the winter and the splinters  
A disintegrating thing

Desire, desire froze here...