

Cease to Know

Eluvium

Why does the color
Move away from my mind
The first place I rest
Is the last of its kind
Growing my thoughts
On tethers borrowed by time
My eyes choose to blur
And my body unwinds

There's feelings I've left
In the past I would guess
That they weren't fulfilled
Or that they were a mess
Now the energy in
All the things that I touch
Controlling my mind
Making me think too much
I'll have to have problems
With the things that I know
I'll go to the movies
I won't lose control

I've come to see you on (4x)