

To Hold An Ocean

Snowmine

Please whisper lines of books that I should have read
Can you still my hand that never rests?
Tell me how it is again

But why I am still afraid of silence I think I may never know
Instead we fill the air with violence
Just to reap the grain we sow

Don't worry we're just thinking something
Cup your hands on your mouth to hold an ocean
You can't worry we're just thinking something
Cup your hands on your mouth to hold an ocean