

Went to War

Amason

Went to war for a lovable feeling
Tearing another instinct apart
Held two piece, a silver quarter, while I was speeding
Never wash yourself up ashore

Better off with the water cut off
The only living proof I got
Is just the sand that I was made of
Got tired building it up
I found the quiet place I lost, it's just a cell upon the river

Clenched to places where the bottom line
Is scattered with a rain cloud
I still hope to fall
I'm not running, I'm not failing, nor i'm evading
Wonder where the nerves are still numb

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