

Proximity

Ancient Bards

In the decline of affection
There's the intimate reflection
Of the ruthless imperfection
Of this brotherly connection
Opposites' attraction

Can't you see our portion belongs to us
He's not here, he led us to this moment of truth
We can't help it, we're two sides of fate
It's our fault, there's feelings we can't hide anymore

In front of each other but so far apart
I feel this proximity that shreds me in two
In the way I'm drawn to you
In the way I'm pulled from you
Malaureum