

Catatonic

...And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead

We had so many dreams
We had so many breaks
Who were we trying to save?
What were we trying to say?
Where are we meant to go?
What are we meant to do?
Why are we standing still
When all about us move?

Catatonic
Looking for something new
In eclipses reason
A catatonic

I see dying in your palms
I see nothing in your eyes
I see torment in your past
See boredom in your glass
A scene of us a line
So endlessly remote
Nothing to conceal
Or fill the depth we feel

We're catatonic
Looking for something new
In eclipses reason
A catatonic
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