

Untitled

Architects

The long walk home,
back to a no name town.
Where people pass me by
in red and white lines.
Your only son can't make you proud.
The moon and stars, this frozen clock.

And if in years to come we can talk like friends,
can I close my eyes and wake up then?
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can I close my eyes and wake up then?

Drown out the sound of adulthood
with songs that fell from out of space.
At seventeen I wouldn't dare to dream
because hope's a dangerous thing.
Hope's a dangerous thing.

I won't thank god, I'll thank my friends,
for sticking by till we're home again.
What matters most to me belongs to you,
because hope's a dangerous thing.
Hope's a dangerous thing.

I pinch myself to see,
that if this curtain drops, this isn't me.
Pack my bags, no time to waste.
We leave no trace of us.
Still my pillow rings.

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