

Loathe

Arm's Length

Running water's cold outside this time of year
It grabs you by the throat
Some rocks and pillows float
Now slip away as I draw near
And hope your head finds home

To and fro
I'll be silent when you go
I don't move a muscle
But you're breaking all my bones

Serenity has stolen
These fragile aching hands
Couldn't count a dozen hopes
Please stand outside my window
And scare me in my sleep
'Cause this ease is getting old
('Cause this ease is getting old)

To and fro
I'll be silent when you go
I don't move a muscle
But you're breaking all my bones

Drained and alone
Just like everyone you know
Show me the ropes
Hang my head if you condone

My consciousness is calloused
As I try to push away
The hands that held my own

All for one has never balanced
I'll have you know
What's mine is yours, what's yours is mine to loathe