

Nothing Is Written

Cults

Past tried to speak to me
I don't wanna hear your reasons
They won't make sense to me
Ranting familiar feelings, we go

'Round and 'round, we're chasin' a memory
We gain some ground then downward trajectory
'Round and 'round, we keep on turning
A month of somedays come

Days turning into weeks
I know that it won't be easy
The way it's meant to be
Lost, searching for the meaning, we go

'Round and 'round, we're chasin' a memory
We gain some ground then downward trajectory
'Round and 'round, we keep on turning
A month of somedays come

Nothing is written and nothing is set
We've got some things that I would rather forget
Love is a given and love is a bet
I'll make a promise, won't be giving up yet

'Round and 'round, we're chasin' a memory
We gain some ground then downward trajectory
'Round and 'round, we keep on turning
A month of somedays come