

The End And The Beginning

Devics

this delay is what you gave me
but that was fine
cause I would rather wait
than go down that road
the road I know so well
like mud or quicksand
I was stuck but now I'm in your hand

is it getting cold
I could try to move it more
are we getting old
I don't notice anymore

and what about the bones
hidden in a box
if everything I owned
turned this into rocks

is this getting close
I could try to move it more
are we going home
I can't stay here anymore

and how long will this go
until it changes
how long before you know
that I love you
and how long til it goes
and turns to nothing