Storm. Sparks. Structure.

Faderhead

The storm inside your eyes,
The fire in your smile,
The special state of mind,
Don't let the structure whither.

The storm inside your eyes,
The fire in your smile,
The sparks that shine so bright,
Erosion makes you slither.

A sinner, a saint:
The clear distinctions fade.
Relentless self-complaint,
Don't let the structure whither.
A sinner, a saint:
Existing morals break.
Predicted lowering of state,
Erosion makes you slither.

Storm. Sparks.
Severed, torn apart.
Storm. Sparks.
Don't let the structure whither. x2

The storm inside your eyes,
The fire in your smile,
The special state of mind,
Don't let the structure whither.

A sinner, a saint
Existing morals break.
Predicted lowering of state,
Erosion makes you slither.

Storm. Sparks.
Severed, torn apart.
Storm. Sparks.
Don't let the structure whither. x4

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