

Souvenir

Gazpacho

Time draws its lines with frantic pace
Lines in her palm and in her face
Map the cuts in marble dreaming
The choice in staying hurt or leaving

Collect new memories
Trust in what you feel
Time will draw its lines with frantic pace
Map the cuts that heal
Map the cuts that bleed

Time draws its lines with frantic pace
Feel it flowing through your veins
Fly away or escape within
The walls are paper thin

Collect new memories
Trust in what is real
Time will draw its lines with frantic pace
Map the cuts that heal
Map the cuts that bleed

In darkness you will need a light
An empty stage to ease your flight
I know she said it died that day
Nothing really left to say

Collect new memories
Trust in what you need
Time will draw its lines with frantic pace
Map the cuts that heal
Map the cuts that bleed

Collect new memories
Time is what you need
Watch it drawing lines with frantic pace
Map what you believe
Map the cuts that heal