

Start & Pause

Hopesfall

The tight lipped fever found her way again with one embrace
A rapid pulse could give it away
And she'll move on to where
We must have been millenniums ahead of comprehending
Synchronized time collapsing and she'll move on
With foreheads numb we move to feel
And set the clocks aside
We move to synchronize in stares, in start and pause
Oh my God we were not intended for this tight lipped fever that
found her way again
Tongues explode in our archaic demise
Time forgave everything within her to discover disguise
A convenient lapse of a memory.