

Diaries

Iwan Rheon

She clung to herself
On a cold autumn morning
Now the summer has gone
We can remember the names
Of cities we've lost
And tablets with diaries
Courageous in fame
With the forecast to blame

Cause in the waves
We all look the same
Preachers and pimps
Killers and saints
These crushing winds
Could damage the humans tonight

Fill all the holes
And empty the beaches
Cause the car that you drove
Is now swimming away
And all that we know
Is back in our minds again
To stay in our homes
And love to the grave

Cause in the waves
We all look the same
Preachers and pimps
Killers and saints
These crushing winds
Could damage the humans tonight

Throw your lifeline
Don't fade away
The answers to your dreams
Are falling with the rain
There's nothing more than life
Don't feel this pain
The budding leaves on trees
They always feel the same

(The answers to your dreams are falling with the rain)

On this island alone
With nothing but waves for beats
The birds sing along
And transport her away
To memories of home
Like fragments of diaries
You stay in your homes
And love to the grave

Cause in the waves
We all look the same
Preachers and pimps
Killers and saints
These crushing winds

Could damage the humans tonight

Throw your life a line
Don't fade away
The answer to your dreams
Are falling with the rain
There's nothing more than life
Don't feel this pain
The budding leaves on trees
They always feel the same