

# quicksand

Jetta

Armour

These metal bars that hold us

Still

Yeah we harbour

Tell me, where do feelings grow?

We sank

So fast

Quicksand

And I let go

Of your hand

In high and low demanding

And I hope it goes to plan

Quicksand, quicksand, quicksand

And I wonder

These memories that hold us

Still

Six feet under

So tell me, where do feelings go?

We sank

So fast

Quicksand

And I let go

Of your hand

In high and low demanding

And I hope it goes to plan

We sank

So fast

Quicksand

And I let go

Of your hand

In high and low demanding

And I hope it goes to plan