

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