

Trace Errant

Khoiba

Hey you lukewarm
So have a try and you'll fit to my form
Or let them die right next to you
Let them just shrink up and wait for my turn

Helium cools your palm
'Cause I can place there a bit of my gore
Here on night rime, on night rime

Low words locked in ageing heart
You would never hear even when it gets dark
They die right next to you
Let them just shrink up and wait for my turn
Here on night rime, on night rime
On night rime

Undefined desert
Is now pining to reach my dirt
Striving after the rite
So you can raise up the grace of my guide

Helium starts to burn
This is the sign that I've wasted my turn
Here on night rime, on night rime
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Preserve my entrails in brine
Stick on a name
The trace errant
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