

Narrow Straits

Lagwagon

I want to mute the scene
Stop the clocks, turn them off
And feel your silence
Shut their mouths, block my ears
And I wanna hear
Of some way or down and out
And all else is separation
My watches when you heave
For the last
In a conscious moment
I could live in uncertain regret
Here in the past
My choose blanks memories and more
You clearly made me think that I had something to live for
Buried in the dirt
So I will dig and pull the fleet
For once I believe
And may you pray for me
Our worlds ran parallel
An indefinite promise to meet
Divided
And a colored frustration
As I enter the vault you breach
Unsubsidied
Hit firm