

Temporary

LØREN

I'm fading in the sun
My stomach will turn me inside out
Was there something I could try

Ignore the call to arms
Deafening but just not quite loud enough
It's never loud enough
As far as I recall

Just like a hole in the wall
To save you from what you want
This (This) is (is) arbitrary
This (This) is (is) temporary

A pile of stones in a pond
Like the bricks you lay your head on
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Run out of oxygen
If I could I'd get you just as far
Take the words apart

I lack the evidence
Ruined all but the constant misery
And I can hear them call
My hesitant withdrawal

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