

Feel your fists mud when you grind them to sand
Travel around just to beg you for sin
Wish you had more time to give in to signs
Play with the thoughts you infested in mine

You're restless inside
Insist I don't try
I'll fish for more time

Rush in too hard just to push you away
Fall back apart when you're honest to start
Push me away but you want me to say all that you want
Grind your gravel to sand

Wishing demands
Kissing to feel my garbage is real