

Rain again, little red blood chains
Running down the wall before it hangs
Thinking over a page
Time looks like the dust got caught, remained

Ads are beat into the earth
Sometimes I ponder what's worth
Thinking over my birth
Looking at the problem that's occurred

Hold me still, think I will
Turn make believe
I cut my lines, lost my shine
Grow from seeds

Green eyes like in an aquarium
You write down everything you've thought
Staring straight into the sun
Sun spots in your eyes were never fun

Hold me still, think I will
Turn make believe
I cut my lines, lost my shine
Grow from seeds

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And when we're through, I'll still dig you
Sent through the crowd, a daily groove
When we're done, I'll kiss the sun
Sun spots in your eyes were never much fun