

Strangers

Purescence

You think that you can make

things easy on yourself

But in truth you make them harder everyday.

Full well I know your folly

Full well you'll guess my aim

If I could be the one you sometimes turn to
in times of need with your heavy regret

I know that I would triumph

I know that I would stay

Don't wanna walk through the eye
of any needle

Don't wanna watch the sand just fade
to grey

Full well I know my schisms

Full well you'll guess my own