

soil

quannnic

You tell me what you believe in
I push it away
I won't let you control me
The witches, they laugh
Oh, how I wish I were home
The things I couldn't hold
I see you're certain, well
You need a certain hell
To decompose your mind, I need to see it go inside

You know I try to learn
I tried to make him breathe again
I try to learn
I tried to make him breathe again

It works out, it works out always
I fall for whatever you make
It always gets captured in frames
The praxis you practice, it fades

You know I try to learn
I tried to make him breathe again
I try to learn
I tried to make him breathe again