

# Oblivion

SOHN

As the lines that we've drawn have begun to shift  
Nothing I say will keep you safe from this  
Like a filter of light passing through my fists  
Nothing I can do will hold the love you give

In simpler times I'd hold it back  
In simpler times I'd accept that  
But I've come so far on the wrong track

In simpler times I'd hold it back  
In simpler times I'd never think that  
But I've come so far on the wrong track  
I'm sorry but I can't accept that