

WRONG CIRCLE

SPIRIT OF THE BEEHIVE

Staring over my back
To trace a fading line
I don't know where I am
No shape, no second try

Pick up the phone
The little death is all I want
To be alone
To shake myself awake at night

Stretching out and thin
I feel the pull from under
Sink into a spin
And never react

Ran all the way home
I want to believe in another life
The one we're meant to be in
If hell is a mirror then I can't pretend I mean it
And when you're gone I'll keep the light on like we were together