

Cold Enough to Climb

Tiny Ruins

Sky was smoker pink
We'd driven seven hours
Your rocky face, my thorny frown
Talking nothing sitting down
Stopping by a field of cows

The spooky light cold enough to climb
Inside your arms in my mind
That's where I left myself behind
We stay 'til we don't feel a thing
We stay 'til we don't feel a thing

We're building towns out of ink
We realise pixelated towers
But to think the world inside
Is just beyond our powers
When I go, give me chills

The spooky light cold enough to climb
Inside your arms in my mind
That's where I leave myself behind
We stay 'til we don't feel a thing
We stay 'til we don't feel a thing