

Annuals, Talking

The answer is useless
As the question is obvious
It's so senseless
To never comprehend and just get stuck
Love, nothing waits for us
I was never one for talking
You of anyone should know
That I could never keep you walking
Could never heat your frigid soul
Don't let your life decay through you
Don't stitch this lie to you to make it true
It's my ocean
As I dig up your grave
To ask you when, love
You're getting home again
I was never one for talking
You of anyone should know
That I could never keep you walking
Could never heat your frigid soul
Don't let your life decay through you
Don't stitch this lie to you to make it true
Just make it true