

BT, Circles

i'm on my knees
and shes on her last defense
though the tempest may breathe
we know we're on our last pretense

our love is cyclical
it moves in circles
shifting and convolving
goes round again
it shelters like nightfall
sinks us in circles

pray the dark of night sees the sun
again...

if i believe,
tell me we'll eventually matter
if i believe,
tell me we'll eventually matter
again

so here comes the rain
it falls on my face again
though i'm tempted to start
after considering i stop again

we break the dark seal
unhide whats been hidden
reacting to the unreal
trust me i know how it feels, yeah...

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