Backwards Marathon

Between the Buried and Me

The early love seems to become jaded
I'm never expecting this
Glance towards the mirror,
Imagination towards the stars
The endless desire for my one and only true love
This will never change I predict
But I do get tired
If only they knew what push we have given
For this music
This happiness that keeps us all sane
Cold nights seem to force questions
Not wanting to accept these thoughts
I have worked and will keep working
To keep the tradition of my one true motive in life
Music
My only love
Once building drum boxes and pretending to be an artist
I guess I'm here but it feels weird
So weird
To know how weird all this can be
It seems to never work out like I planned
Like we plannedOne day it will all come together
First place desire in the backwards marathon
Thats all we can ask forIt's raining...it's raining...it's raining...it's raining
When the sun comes up, it's still raining
Slowly we grow
Weeds turn into
Smiling trance
Never mentionedThe early love seems to become jaded
I'm never expecting this
Dance for the mirror
Imagination towards the stars
The endless desire for my one and only true love
Dreams won't let go
Thoughts will not change
Can't watch it fly away

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