

# 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 planned One day it will all come together  
First place desire in the backwards marathon  
That's all we can ask for It'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 mentioned The 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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