Second To Numb

Kings Of Convenience

He won't touch you anymore,
Staying at his side.
Half indifferent, half afraid,
It will only make you cry.What is given can't be returned.
The cards are in our hands.
All that is living can be hurt,
And that's the end of innocence.Second round found you beating death,
The miracle of life.
Once each of you caught your breath,
A question simmers inside.How far away from being in
Can there be stated of love?
How to put it is you're bound within.
What matter is it made of?What will we become?
What will we become?
What will we become?
Second to numb.

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