

For an Unborn

Moddi

If it's part of the plan that we add up in twos
then it comes to a point where you cannot choose
with the world at your feet you're all set to explore
but grow weak as you're there and you don't know in whose lines to enroll
without a name, a god, a goal you don't know how you got there or who was there first
were you there just to please her or to quench your thirst?
was it will or an instinct run out of control?
'cause today everything's brought back by a picture that you can't recall:
lovers on a brass bed feeling nothing at all someone should stand behind to catch the fall
at the end of the day you were once just as small
and like your father you'll suddenly find that you've grown
today you wake up to take the blame for what can't be undone
and with every step you are hauled back home
'cause the smallest of lies can turn black with ease
what you thought was the cure turned into a disease
and you gave her your heart only to help her grow
a tumor inside her patiently waiting for the first snow to fall
lovers on a brass bed doing nothing at all

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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