

Fumes

Nightbox

Our breath exhales dust,
There's no room for breathing.

Our minds turn to rust,
There's no space for dreaming.

Your glass full of tears,
For you to drink tonight.
So don't ask if we're near,
To the never ending light.
(To the never ending light)

Your fumes have been inhaled,
Your touch has never failed,
Your fumes make my head spin,
I feel your whispers crawl up my skin.

We could breathe easily,
Our trees burned to the ground.
Stay in the clouds with me,
We'll watch the sun dip down.

I felt so alive,
You put me in motion.
Take my hand,
Let's dive,
Into the blackest of oceans.

Your fumes have been inhaled,
Your touch has never failed,
Your fumes make my head spin,
I feel your whispers crawl up my skin.

Woah, woah, woah, woah.
Woah, woah, woah, woah.
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

(Repeat chorus)

Lyrics submitted by JN.

Lyrics provided by
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