Minute Land

We Shot the Moon

I've been pieced by the sword of Venus
And I've loved with a limp ever since
There's no bandages that fit
there's no bandages for this
Three of silence they bring out my weakness
floods of memories circle my head
Painting pictures right on me
Of a life I didn't see

I'm running your race
Came in second place
I turn the minute hand
Pretend that nothing's wrong
To prove that life moves on
In a minute land that's all and you'd be gone

I am down in the deepest of believe of trenches

Mining for strengthen to believe
You're a great thief stealing from me
Leaving black holes in my dreams

I'm running your race
Came in second place
I turn the minute hand
Pretend that nothing's wrong
I turn the minute hand
To prove that life moves on
In am minute land I wouldn't be your pawn.

You've really messed this up
When does it ever stop

Lyrics Submitted by Tabbydog

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/