

# Your Apocalypse (Acoustic)

## Crooked Fingers

In my dreams every time  
your apocalypse is mine  
With you 'live', with you 'die'  
Keep you near me for all time to last the end of days  
to never let you go Draggin by, times a blur  
saddest song I never heard  
Softly played, sweet and low  
Here's the love I never show you  
cold that drifts away  
Never to be known And like a Great Lake draining  
echoes in the space you're leaving  
I cant sleep at all for miles away, game on  
over lines and out of reach  
I leave what's done alone, end the day Dragging by, times a blur  
Saddest song I never heard  
softly played, sweet and low  
There's the promises I've sold you,  
rolled to slip away, to coldly come undone So in my dreams, I am sure,  
my apocalypse is yours  
so my friend, count me in  
If I come to you again, to drag along And like a Great Lake draining  
echoes in the space you're leaving  
I cant sleep at all  
The road away is taking you, from me, only  
leave what's done alone  
and on the days we gave all  
on the traces all i keep  
Burning down the light of all those empathies  
We end our days \*\*some parts i couldnt quite make out, sorry \*\*

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>