Your Apocalypse

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 goDraggin 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 knownAnd 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 dayDragging 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 undoneSo in my dreams, I am sure,
my apocalypse is yours
so my friend, count me in
If I come to you again, to drag alongAnd 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://damnlyrics.com/