

Machines

The Soft Moon

I would dig a thousand holes to lay next to you
I would dig a thousand more if I needed to
I look around the grave for an escape route of old routines
There doesn't seem to be any other way
'Cause I've started falling apart, I'm not savoring life
I've forgotten how good it could be to feel alive
Crazy as it sounds you won't feel as low as you feel right now
At least that's what I've been told by everyone
I whisper empty sounds in your ear and hope that you won't let go
Take the pieces and build them skywards
'Cause I've started falling apart, I'm not savoring life
I've forgotten how good it could be to feel alive
I've started falling apart, I'm not savoring life
Take the pieces and build them skywards

I've forgotten how good it could be to feel alive
Take the pieces and build them skywards
I've started falling apart, I'm not savoring life
Take the pieces and build them skywards
I've forgotten how good it could be to feel alive
Take the pieces and build them skywards
I've started falling apart, I'm not savoring life
Take the pieces and build them skywards
I've forgotten how good it could be to feel alive
Take the pieces and build them skywards
Take the pieces and build them skywards
And take the pieces and build them skywards
And take the pieces and build them up to the sky

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