

Joastelle

They Ate Isengard

Don't know, it's just been so quiet lately when you're around,
I've seem to've lost myself completely this time, but I don't mind

She is full of expectations I could never satisfy

I can hear her exhalation and can only fantasize

There's a room full of people but there's nobody home

The curtain's on the floor, the good ones die aloneAnd as we gathered all the silver from the snow,

There was a moment when the moonlight hit our plough,

And we bledThere's our only fear floating up the stairs,

Hold your hand in mine, sway away the nightJoastelle, It's like the heavens never cared enough

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