Lost Opinion

Cyclefly

Hollow hands that twist and shape us
And timeless plans that mold then breaks us
It's a lost opinion in a jaded storyWill tomorrow's plans release our frozen doubt
When all the empty plans have left you fading out
It's a lost opinion in a jaded storyIn our elements we drown
Through the emptiness we've found
For a final look at the things we've took
It's the same holeIn our element we drown
Through the emptiness we've found
For a final look at the things we've took
It's the same hole
It's the same hole, it's the same holeHollow hands that twist and shape us now
And timeless plans that mold andIn our elements we drown
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