

# Wire Forms

## First Signs Of Frost

Your indecency is now exposed  
a cheap shot at fame is all you have left to show  
your words still haunt me  
I'm a ghost to this world  
I can't honour this life we try to rebuild  
Coz things just won't be the same  
from now on  
All dignity is lost  
someone throw me a line  
I can't drown in here  
as my mortification is filling up to the brim  
without any care for overflow  
Coz things just won't be the same  
from now on  
You can't mould us into a shape  
that won't form

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