

# Pinesong

## Fine Frenzy@@a

The time has come for giving up  
I have lost  
I wanted once to become what  
I cannot

Why come to me so full of dreams?  
Well, go on  
With feathered keys  
You're mocking me  
I am locked  
It's easier to pine  
To pine

But  
I can feel it  
Through the fields of graves  
A beating heart  
While  
Rolling hills are  
Roaming through my veins  
And open arms  
And all is full of smoke

Ah, pining  
Ah, pining  
Ah, pining, ah

The words you speak  
Stir things in me that I thought  
Were gone  
Their faint white heat  
Melts centuries  
Deep in  
Frost

I can feel it  
Through the fields of graves  
A beating heart  
While  
Rolling hills are

Roaming through my veins  
And open arms  
And all is full of  
Hope

(Ah, pining...)  
Ah

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