

In Haze

Iceage

Come aid your wounded limbs
I know that you're hurt
Don't hide your bleeding hands
You know it is overt
One barrier to hold you back
Is that not the truth
Acknowledge and move on
This is for speed and youth
Her eyes
Her face
Appears
In haze I'm a beaten heart
Over fields I chase
A war goes on
Over the losts grace
What might have held us back
Is now a dead soul
It is a barren shell
Who's writhing in its hole
All the leaves are brown
And the sky is gray
A war goes on
Over the losts grace

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