Situations Like These

Icon of Coil

Serenity is the devil
We caress our solitude
Conversations with silence
A stick right through our mindEmbraced by shimmering water
We could die for a brief of the wind
Slowly we suffocate
In the vain of eternityWe've never been close to them
The distance is our shield
The texture of our bodies
An alliance of broken dreamsWe'll flout away with the tide
In situations like these
Feel the storm builds up inside

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