

# Situations Like These

## Icon of Coil

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

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