

Astray

I Am Kloot

Times move so fast, and now there does not seem to be any
Once it felt that there was more than plenty
Do believe that something somewhere sent me To you, astray
And the bald raging flame of your heart is making me stay And I admit that I have spent some time in confusion
Not knowing what is or is not illusion
Riddled with myself and destruction Astray
And the bald raging flame of your heart is making me stay And flux, we move, crawl across the sky like the
weather
To think that she once thought that I was clever
But I was do or die, not now or never Astray
Still the bald raging flame of your heart is making me stay

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