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 meTo you, astray
And the bald raging flame of your heart is making me stayAnd I admit that I have spent some time in confusion
Not knowing what is or is not illusion
Riddled with myself and destructionAstray
And the bald raging flame of your heart is making me stayAnd 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 neverAstray
Still the bald raging flame of your heart is making me stay

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