Stalking this tender house

Caving the melodies

I could be stealing pictures from your heart

Of why you’re staying

All is in stories to tell

Not them with no ideas

All things are harder the first time you try them

So let’s get old with it

Secrets are houses on fire, an invisible glow

That stays were it is, with the water pipe running on it

Not to expire and no one knows

Taking the stairways slowly, so no one can see you run from it all

Graving this tender life

Caught in our shaky hands

Runs through our minds while the sunshine is taking a dance

With thoughts from the dark rooms

No possible passive ideas

The days is still here and you can´t run away from it

Games being played every minute of your time

So gather them forces

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