

# Rival Schools, Holding Sand

Sew a late seed  
And so inside  
A cast out, unwanted son  
A crawl to what you want  
Sit down, you fault, you run away from anyone  
And where you live, I feel most on  
A corner of space that you don't run  
And guard off, I pass you by  
Makes no impression as you stand  
Makes no impression holding sand  
A waif across the sea, a loss  
Because you can think straight  
It's your calling  
Wasted mourning  
You wish it was your hand sliding down her back  
Call, this is the first thing that you can solve  
As the weight comes off again  
Always the last to remember a name  
Makes no impression as you stand  
Makes no impression holding sand  
You had your captive fan, and then what?  
She saw your face and it tied your hands  
Made no impression on me  
Only left out holding sand  
And it runs through  
Shows in your face and runs through your hands