

stalemate

the convictions which I pray to
the pride that is my being's core
are not there behind the eyes inside the mirror
I have exhausted every word
every motion, every thought I own
but all tomorrows I can see feel wrong

wrapping broken glass around my feet
stepping to your beat
I have given my song to your silence
in the vortex of your borderline
each wound is so sublime
I can't hear my voice (anymore)

restricted to reaction
I confess there is no defense
for this stalemate I am unwilling to end
sober moments growing fewer
because I cannot bear the shame
of waiting for you to seal my fate

wrapping broken glass around my feet
stepping to your beat
I have given my song to your silence
in the vortex of your borderline
each wound is so sublime
I can't hear my voice (anymore)

I have exhausted every word
every thought and every motion
(I've given everything to you)

wrapping broken glass around my feet
stepping to your beat
I have given my song to your silence
in the vortex of your borderline
each wound is so sublime
I can't hear my voice (anymore)

curtain call

spit rejection at the world on auto-fire
distance any fibre pure from my fixation's rise
head held high I'll fall behind on purpose
never say goodbye

save one shell for myself
the void of disenchantment is too sterile
for hope to ignite
save one shell for myself
when those loved are all safe and far gone
curtain call

silver lining long transformed into a noose
so that my sickness can't become the anathema of June
pristine smiles more than deserve my dying
never say goodbye

save one shell for myself
the void of disenchantment is too sterile
for hope to ignite
save one shell for myself
when those loved are all safe and far gone
curtain call

through the ether, a dying song
chose the tether, a self-righteous one
from the nether to where you belong
let me fade so your light remains strong
from the nether to where you belong
can you see now? what took you so long?

forgive me, forget me
curtain call
this sickness can't become the anathema of June

the apocalypse now smiling
never say goodbye

save one shell for myself...

fragments

speaking words so full of weight
yet your actions never correlate
as moments fade
you couldn't do things that I do, could you?
if you could save us now, then would you, would you?

when I look into your face, dead-end information
when I look into your face, there is no salvation
when I look into your face, each second is a seizure
when I look into your face, I break

there are fantasies you crave
feel their pulse inside of every breath you take
I can't pervade
you couldn't choose us if you had to, could you?
you wouldn't save us now, then, would you, would you?

when I look into your face, dead-end information
when I look into your face, there is no salvation
when I look into your face, each second is a seizure
when I look into your face, I break

emotions
finding no space in your constants
asphyxiated by imbalance
for a second I feel young
then undone

when I look into your face, dead-end information
when I look into your face, there is no salvation
when I look into your face, each second is a seizure
when I look into your face, I break

bleeder

of late your reality bears a distinctive lack of empathy
yet you ask for understanding, tears falling on command
convince me I'm the one in debt to all of your demands

so you steal and you're on the run again
(we've been here before)
you'll come back when you feel the need again
(to make me your whore)
as you rise from my broken back again
(our past unfolds)
into a noose around my neck

of late my integrity despairs at your lack of decency
yet your ego still devours, feeding on my light
uncaring that your will to live is diluting mine

so you steal and you're on the run again
(we've been here before)
you'll come back when you feel the need again
(to make me your whore)
as you rise from my broken back again
(our past unfolds)
into a noose around my neck

and when there's nothing more to take
you'll be the martyr at my wake
selling my memory as your own pain
stealing the flowers from my grave

so you steal and you're on the run again
(we've been here before)
you'll come back when you feel the need again
(to make me your whore)
as you rise from my broken back again
(our past unfolds)
into a noose around my neck