

Blame the City!, The Equivocator

Words can't express the outcome of this fucking mess.
Words can't express anything when your lungs don't work.
This place is a wreck and you know it, but I'm still trying to talk you.
You fucking know better than this, and I know better than to argue.
I have never broken down, I have never given in.
I will never pull you down, never drag you in.
You said "everything's going to be fine",
but from all the thieves and liars, the heart you took was mine.
Fuck! With sour milk and sour thoughts, we're singing songs in parking lots.
Will you still love me when the medication wears off?
No? I didn't think so, that's okay. That's okay.