

Camilla Rhodes, The Endless Chain Of Tedious Days

You know that thing that you do, die, that lights up my eyes.

This is your last chance.

No more pretending that I am not a victim.

Wake up, give up, your convictions.

You gave up your convictions.

How I'd love to tell you how beautiful you look under the water.

No more honeyed words from your lips.

I choke back tears, you choke back the barrel of a gun.

Is this all you have to offer?

Just another perfect girl, in this perfect world.

Fortune seems to smile upon you, starve your eyes these tears of sadness.

Leave me to cry alone.

Here's your last kiss, the end of a summer nights embrace.

Your reflection approaches.

Your wings they break the sky.