

# Cave In, Woodwork

My Roman numeral came  
As "one" and "I" are both the same  
She curves just like the wick  
Of a burning candle's dancing flame  
These vultures were in love,  
Always circling high above  
Picked each other apart,  
Hungry for the other's heart  
Real fun, let's all underachieve  
Failed to dispel the myth  
Every time is always ending with  
The sharp end of a star  
Stabbing me right through my heart  
She's gone and I'm beyond  
A color scheme of loneliness  
Now my Roman numeral is lost  
As "one" and "I" are now divorced  
Your wishes are my command  
Real fun, let's all underachieve  
Crawling out of rotted woodwork  
It stings to breathe  
When I don't even know what to do with myself  
Real fun, let's all underachieve