

# Colony 5, Fix

Falling in love, like in a plastic bag  
Suffocating, lungs deprived of air  
Have to back off, I have to take care  
Not prone to romance, not Byron's heir

Here is my heart -- take it and explain (how it works)  
It has stopped my soul from love  
Too many times before (too many quirks)

Rumours of hollow shells  
Whispers in my head

Dismal affairs, like infected scars  
Unable to mend, unwilling to open up  
Another afternoon in Wayne's coffee shop  
Not trying to love you, but trying to stop