

Die Monster Die, Sympathy

I still don't know if I could see her...
Coat of illusion, coffin lined with fur...
And there's no reason to begin,
In this twisted shape I'm in...
It's all wearing thin

And it's easier now not to try,
Dissappointment always finds its way inside...
Happens every time

Shards of broken glass are falling from my knees...
Oh, what a color indecision bleeds...
And we never got to go too far,
On the back porch where you are remembering...
Can't go back again

Sympathy might be an easy high
Easier than asking why it all burned down
Nothing left inside; now it's all a lie