East West, Vacant

The night bleeds day,
with every breath I take
reality brings,
bright eyes, smooth skin.

So what is left from this,
a bottle of broken self.
In a moment it'll all be gone,
til the next time when it all comes back.

Come on,
feed a lie,
watch the birth,
kiss the dirt.
kiss it.

Next time has come and gone,
what will bring the end,
a promise thrown into the night,
or a little reminder.

So what is left from this,
a bottle of broken self.
In a moment it'll all be gone,
til the next time when it all comes back.

feed a lie,
watch the birth,
kiss the dirt.
kiss it.

Searching through these pieces,
looking for your shadow.
Getting closer all the time.

Countless words,
in a sea of explanation,
flailing to grasp,
a rock (to stand).

Shoulda let you go

Searching through these pieces,
looking for your shadow.
Getting closer all the time.

feed a lie,
watch the birth.
kiss the dirt.