

Epicure, Sunlight

I want to be the sunlight, streaming through your window,
first thing in the morning when you wake.
I want to be the airplane that you hijack,
and then ride into the ground.

I know I'm nothing much to speak of,
I'm broken in so many places,
I don't think even you can fix it.

I don't want to be your drugs; I want to be your rehabilitation,
I want to be the reason for you to wake.
I want you to be the one holding my hand,
when im closing my eyes'
For the last time.

I'm broken in so many places,
I don't even think you can fix it,
and my hopes rest, where your pretty face is'
Here is my heart, be gentle when you are breaking it...