

Michal, Tissue Paper Wings

My white knight rode away
With his sword in his side
And a crown of thorns on his head

My guardian angel has forgotten how to fly
Says his wings feel like lead

In hindsight, I know everything was wrong
I'll fix it every night inside my head
I'll fix it every night until I'm dead
But you are gone
You are gone

My white knight rode away
With his sword in his side
And no one caught me when I fell
Or comforted me when I cried

I care so much but my apathy grows every day
I can't express my empathy for everyone
In any other way

I guess it meant a lot to me
I guess that it could never be
I guess I took you for a friend and not an enemy

I guess it meant a lot to me
I guess that it could never be
I guess I took you for more than you meant yourself to be

I feel alone
I am alone
I've always been....
....alone

You are gone