

Modesty Panel, Picturesque

Don't stand so where I can't see
When my back is to you I can't breathe
My eyes are fading out but I can't sleep
REM is coming deep and sinking
The knots in my back start unleashing
My lungs will start to drip with your pure gin
My lips are soaking wet
This is beyond catharsis
Suffocate my heart with this
Cardiac arrest
Try to run and lift off the ground
My arms are sore from running round
And in this dream we're finding out about life
My eyes are happy
Dry rolling, lucid into the sky
So tell me why when I wake up
My lids are soaking wet
And this is all I get
For walking this far
Just to forget
If I could walk this far
I just might happen
To find regret
And this is all I get