

Press Return, Scarlet

These lips are all blistered,
all blistered and cut
I keep tonguing the wounds
but they never close up
And my skin's drying up from the nights I don't sleep
And your hearts drying up from those secrets you keep

forget what they told you
everything has change
and why are the stars calling my name
sanguine mirrors
dispatched for the save
but the horses and apostles
are idle in caves

ships with no sails
remain dead weight for days
no sight of shore
no home or range.

what is a man that can promise no good
cause he's heard it before
and wouldn't lie if he could
action/reaction:
the law of self defense.
finding out nothin's real
breaking innocence.
so never mind about
all my good intents
for to myself i have convinced
that to know what you know
means that you know all of this.

ships with no sails
wind up dead wood in days
they're right on the shore
but home's not the same

what is a man who sacrificed his time
for the simple reason
that he never questioned "why?"
action/reaction
the laws are all broken
living as though nothing's real
means always losing focus
so nevermind about
all your good intents
because now ive finally noticed
that to know what you know
means you know none of this