

The Hot Lies, Suspended Smiles

I won't fake this like you want me to.
My smile suspended now,
Where nothing is colourful.
Paint cracks shape the sky.
I'm dying in this hospital,
Anaesthetised.
This soundtrack is not romantic,
It's not romantic.
Clarity lost, desire.
Steal a second,
Say goodbye.
What words would be,
Could give escape?
We dance in time,
To this serenade.
As needles skip,
And stitch our coffins tight,
If we could sing
Above a whisper,
Would we wake this whole place?
Wake this whole place.
Fit the pieces
With immortal hands.
You're so addictive,
Will I see you again?
Count the losses,
On the second hand.
You're so addictive,
Will I see you?
Like nothing I've ever dreamed,
We'll get out tonight.
These black skies, city lights,
Taking us home.