

# Twelve Tribes, Luma

It's hard enough to pretend  
That this quasi-cosmetic  
Relationship's immune system is automatic  
I've been so tragically fooled  
Into believing that time is healing our wounds  
While the remedy is looking at me looking at you

Pictures won't get me though this  
Phone calls only make things worse  
Permanent rescue from excuses better left unsaid  
You hide your heart behind the thought of each sentence  
Pictures won't get me through this  
Phone calls only make things worse  
You try to make it easier  
But it won't stop me

What did you say  
When it was already too late  
What did you say  
It's not what you think  
What did you say when you try to speak  
You suffocate

This conversation always ends in a hole  
An apology is ended before it's begun  
Your words hung by an umbilical cord  
At any given second this womb could explode

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When it was already too late  
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You suffocate

This is the love you say you want  
This is the love you still don't know  
This is the love you say you want  
This is the love that leaves your heart broken