

Versus The Mirror, Boy Gets What He Wants

It's hard to make these letters look as beautiful as you
a word too soft, too frail to be uttered
or be placed in your dreams

my blood was an untrusty ink tonight

with lips and hands that will never meet again
please understand that these are the years
and i just can't bare to see them wasted

my blood was an untrusty ink tonight
on the back of photographs
these words fall short of our last goodbye

when gold-capped irony
brings the pain of light
as the seasons change
as the seasons change

bottoms up you fuckers
this is your last release
your libations are undead to me
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