

# Across Five Aprils, Faith Shaped Pills

I read your mind 1000 times.  
Long tales of things that bump in the night.  
Rusted holes in the walls, we paint black everything.  
Day dreamer, deceiver, lay waste the true believer.  
I want you to feel all the pain.  
Their words are safety.  
Give you a taste of everything.  
Handfuls of maybes.  
Dont think that you should wear that ring.  
Were all just babies,  
And if you could save me,  
Id give you space inside of me.  
Theres nothing weak inside of me.  
Theres nothing weak inside me.  
Nothing weak,  
Nothing weak,  
Nothing weak, inside me.  
There is no truth. There is no rhyme.  
This shit will happen every time.  
Rusted holes in the walls, we paint black everything.  
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I want you to feel all the pain.  
Their words are safety.  
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Handfuls of maybes.  
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