

Amaran, Atropine

Bathroom mirror laughs so hard
Scribbled lipstick shouting truth
Years of whatever, decaying youth

And I'm sorry but I think
I cannot love you
At least not tonight
No I think I cannot love you
I think I'd rather fight

Rusty eyes and sleepy heart
What comes together comes apart
But all she ever stole
The myth of love to make her whole

Grasping for air in
a room full of cyanide
It's only a matter of time
Before it all comes
Crashing down
Hoping for, for a miracle
And I waited here to watch you
Watch you brace yourself
For when it all comes crashing

Another story
You could have been a heroine
It could have been a fairytale
You could have
flaunted rosy cheeks
Instead of fading into pale

And you think that
they might cry
But you, you will be careless
You'll be an angel
Busy learning how to fly

Never sleep and never rest
Not with those
cramps inside your chest
Never without nightly sin
Atropine, your heroine