

Automatic Loveletter, Hush

This is as quiet as it gets
Hush down now
Go to sleep
We were once perfect, me and you
We'll never leave this room

Hush, you color my eyes red
Your love's not live, it's dead
This letter's written itself inside out again
When the rivers turn to roads
And lovers become trends
Hush, this is where it ends

This is the calming before the storm
It's absolution
It's always incomplete
It's always bittersweet

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And lovers become trends
Hush, this is where it ends

I won't make a sound so you don't wake
You don't wake, you don't wake
You don't wake

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