

Belson, The Meins Of An End

I won't say the words again.
Even if I mean to.
I think I'd rather leave both our hands
Holding mixed opinions,
Withholding lungs, and unanswered questions.
It's not a lack of cause that
Calls for a blank stare.
You use your tongue for all but talking;
I won't say a thing of it.
I can't get over this, so I'll get over you.
Division sits between us.
I've made the decision for you.
I'm not afraid to say you're not
The best thing to come my way.
You were just the favorite.
You're delicate,
And desolate.
And I've grown weary.
Let's let the bitter taste linger
A little longer now.
Give a year and see if there's change.
I'll let the bitter linger.
You were just the favorite.
You are just a regret.