

Braid, Radish White Icicle

you said
take everything
i can't give it back

i've got a half shirt
i've got a whole heart
not cool
but off to a good start
you've got a sweatshirt
with a sainthood.

and i'll wear it out
while we're out
you can't help me now i'm so sorry
if things get carried away.

now i feel a little insane
and there's nothing here but time
and it's killing me to stay
and i can't go back
cause there's nothing left

feels like your choking me