

Codeseven, Pathetic Justice

gold ring
my heart string
I have nothing
but a gold ring

I took a pastel picture
my head was in a jar
and I know just where she keeps it
to keep her friends this close
there's a crack in the crystal glass
and I know that this will all pass

She took it apart with a piece of the picture
now I can't get back to that place
and I know that when she sees it
she keeps her friends this close
there's a crack in the crystal glass
and it holds the memories of our past

gold ring
my heart string
I am nothing
but an old dream