

Dashboard Confessional, This Bitter Pill

Walking away.
It's not the same as running.
Is it to you now that you've run this in the ground.
And you say take this.
This medicine is just what you deserve.
Swallow, choke, and die.

And this bitter pill is leaving you
with such an angry mouth.
One that's void of all discretion
such an awful tearing sound.
With it's measure only equal by the power of my stare
glaring over you and over you this feeling of despair
is never wearing out.

It's wearing off
and it's leaving you with such a heavy heart
and a head to match.
The bottle is waiting
the cap is twisted begging to be used
and so are you.