

David Fonseca, Haunted Home

You want to drink my soul
'Till your heart is full
What happens when it's full and it splashes?
You've built all these rooftops
And painted them all in blue
If all this set just burns up will you paint the ashes?

Do you really want to see?
Because I'll let you in
With me

You shiver when the wind blows
Through doors that lost their keys
There's too little to rescue, too little to hang on to
I thought that maybe we could try to
Clear and rebuild this haunted home
I'll be glad to help you just tell me what to do

Why don't you tell me what to do?
Maybe you're scared too
I've been here before
Next thing you'll see
You'll feel
So small

I will disappoint you
And I don't care if I do
I belong to those who got shattered, battered,
Bruises and scars that I've hidden you could never heal
This grey house where I come from
Some great love will tear it down
If you no longer love me why should it matter?

Tell me why should it matter?
I can't ask you to stay
I can't find the words to say
Why don't you just leave?

Just leave