

# From Autumn To Ashes, All I Taste Is What's Her

The tears suspend.

Smiles are not more than (empty love)

Locked doors can keep you alone

Forever paint words (from your lips) in a house that's no longer your home

Take the dreams I know (as my own) and it worsens weekends

Thanks again for my misery. And you run with fake friends

I'm sick of your sad songs and sing alongs.

I kind of like it when things are wrong.

Straight from left end,

They'll shout corrections,

And I'll decline, I'll decline

A source of comfort or some protection

And I'll decline

Smiles are not more than (empty love)

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In your throat

You will see

Surface relocated

Therapy.

All I taste of today

Is the shame (of) my whore prey

All I know are apologies

Do you feel the shame?