

# From Autumn To Ashes, Milligram Smile

All my hopes and all of my dreams  
Everything falling in between  
Seems to me that the memories  
(They) mean more to you than they do to me.  
Through the sky and into your eyes.  
(And I see everything falling in between)  
Sew the lips right into your smile.  
I'm OK with faking this,  
I'll fake everything just to slip your kiss.  
(If I'm a writer, and I'm a poet, I might love you,  
But never show it  
You should forget me, this is a long tour,  
And I'll be back but, not in time for...)  
(If all we speak is rational thought)  
Everyday I pray for the sadness.  
(My) eyes are black, my throat full of sickness  
(Then I'll be listening but not for long)  
Everyday I pray for the sadness.  
(My) eyes are black, my throat full of sickness  
(The words I write, are cheap and trite,  
But they're drawn on the back of your door  
Surrounded by, numbers that,  
Remind of the ones before)  
All my hopes and all of my dreams  
Everything falling in between  
Seems to me that the memories  
(They) mean more to you than they do to me.  
Through the sky and into your eyes.  
(And I see everything falling in between)  
Sew the lips right into your smile.  
I'm OK with faking this,  
I'll fake everything just to slip your kiss.  
(The words I write, are cheap and trite,  
But they're drawn on the back of your door  
Surrounded by, numbers that,  
Remind of the ones before)  
My lips are cold.  
The truth is told.