

Front Porch Step, Poison

They say the heart only wants what it can't have,
So I guess your hand, in mine, will never fit.
'cause if I could find my heart inside this empty, dying, chest,
Then you would find that I'd give you all of it.

You stole the matches from my book.
Put out the fire in my eyes.
You cause a thunder in my veins when you're around.
You make me wish that I would die.

I can't hear you calling out my name,
But I still feel your breath across my neck, driving me insane.
But you don't love me, so how do you explain?
You walk away from my life but you live inside my brain.

I thought you came to kiss my lips,
But you brought your shovel and your tarp.
The voice that once became the light unto my dark,
Soon became your tool to break my heart.

Eat my heart for breakfast.
Taste its tainted blood.
Feel your precious poison start to fill its makers veins
So you can start to feel your so called love.