

Glass Casket, In Between the Sheets

And this is where I stay, in between the in between.

No more cold winter days.

No more sudden tragedies.

If you really want to know me take away the human heart and stab it with something not so sharp.

Twist like her finger in my hair she's got a brand new white canvas on her face for me to splatter with paint.

She's got nothing more than what was left running down her throat.

The best of us was left in your sheets,

restoring things here in between defining what everything means to me.

The truth's sometimes so hard to see, in my passive uncertainty,
it's a chorus with no melody.

She's got a brand new white canvas on her face.

The best of us was left in your sheets.