Kenna, Sunday After You

i named a sunday after you
when this place was burning down
i swear this is the first time i ever lied to you
and its funny and its sick
how this house is falling down
i swear my mind was transported to the otherside

and nothings what it seems anymore
nothings what it seems anymore

i come running
through the worlds that you have built
its clear my fear is tourmented by your lying eyes
and its lovely
i live out every pretence
i swear my heart is broken by your words again
again, again, again

and nothings what it seems anymore
nothings what it seems anymore
my life aint what it seems
living out tired dreams
where nothings what it seems anymore

again...overtake
over again...
take it out again
overtake, over again and again and again and again...
and nothings what it seems anymore
nothings what it seems anymore
my life aint what it seems
living out tired dreams
where nothings what it seems anymore
yeah...