

Luke Pickett, Empty Corridors

As I fall, and you turn away.
You walk down corridors miles away from heart.
As I breathe, as I surrender...
I hear the sound of whispering.
Replace these veins, with these stomach aches and butterflies that long to tear away.
Screaming, I'll tear out, I'll tear out,
I'll tear out your heart.
With the lights out, I hope you never leave my side.
I promise to leave my weapons left by the bedside.
As you stand pressed up on the wall, they march in outfit with lullabies that long to hurt us all.
Now I'm your escape route, but I could be so much more.
With the lights out, I hope you never leave my side.
I promise to leave my weapons left by the bedside.
This time I won't bleed, if you forsaken me... I'll tear out your heart.
You were there and I was with you, longing for you.
You broke the locks, I grabbed on to you. Lost in these rooms...
What did I see?