

Name Taken, A Year Spent Cold

So cool and sweet, soft to the last curve of your lips
Oh does this feel the same?
No this can't be cause this feels cheap
Once young but now old, my heart was better sold,
a heart better sold...

So how did I hold you this long,
maybe you were still running and
I couldn't see it, I was too in love to notice,
what a fool I am and still becoming,
well are you laughing?

So now what have we? Is this it? Is this it?
Cheers to farewell and a year spent cold
So far I'm obvious. Is this it? Is this it?
Praise to goodbyes and to parting souls

So cool and sweet, soft to the last curve of your lips
Did you stop listening?
This gash has run deep I'm in between
insanity and hope's edge
...yeah

So now what have we? Is this it? Is this it?
Cheers to farewell and a year spent cold
So far I'm obvious. Is this it? Is this it?
Praise to goodbyes and to parting souls

Well I wear this well; I'm aware
Applaud as you like, beat your wrist twice
A small pain rose to a swell, I can't bear
Applaud as you like, beat your wrist twice

I'm sick of watching your lips
So sick of watching your lips move past me
Is this for keeps?
I'm sick or watching your lips
So sick of watching your lips move with out me