

Only Crime, Xanthology

She pounds out a frantic pulse
We count up all the baseless laws to get by
But she's grown
She's grown so cold and left between
Haunted by what might have been
In a different life
Surrounded by what never was

In life alone
We feel these claws upon us
We're so alone
Rejection desiccates these eyes

The dawn strips the shapes to gray
The destitute resign that way
Just the same
They'll never be the same
But now she's miles away from those involved