

Pacifier / Shihad, Bone Orchard

get the sinking feeling
you're behind my head again
and the more I weed, the more it grows
and here I am, hung by my toes
the time spent set in cement
spent wasting my time
when i could have been pulling it down

it's my release

held down, entangled
it's a web of my own making
and this desolation's shaking me apart
build it up, paste it up, stick it up
stuck up. f**ked. such a shame
my defences have become my own restrictions

my love
talk to me
it's a bone orchard
you cast your shadow
on my heart
it's a bone orchard