

Park Ave., Lachrymose Obsequious Vehement E

Love, four words, explode above a mnemonic device
To remember how it feels when I am with you
The glass can't hide, my wounds will find the salt around the rim
And this sting won't help this bleeding heart forget you
Perfect lines like space and time extend across my room
But they don't help me get any closer to you
But open the door and the clouds come in
And find you sleeping on the floor
Get used to the numbness, you won't have to feel that anymore
But maybe I'd be better off if I just answer quickly
And make no distinction
If it's going up or coming down, it gets confused with progress
It is only motion
And all this time still hanging on into such codependence
I will fall completely
And all the lines you drew for me to walk
Well, I walked them well, didn't I?
It is one less tongue that bends to say your name
As I drive away the love songs play on my lonely radio
But I shut them off because all they do is make me miss you so much more
And so remains these twisted days
I spend time by myself
And attempt to make this failing heart continue to beat
So open your mouth and the smoke pours in, tastes so lonely
We are so bored, just breathe in the numbness
You won't have to feel that anymore
But maybe I'd be better off if I just end this quickly
It is not romantic
I am just giving up and shutting down
I am just so sick of thinking my head is broken
And in this aching bed we are lying on you
Get your forced confession, I am fucking lonely
And all the lines you drew for me to walk
Well, I walked them well, didn't I?
Now there is one less tongue that will bend to say your name