

Poison The Well, Mid Air Love Message

Kisses are never safe when residue of old love is left
how could I feel lesser when someone better
walks around / waiting for you to call out
As your cold hand grasps mine I feel unright
and privileged to see in your eyes
in your eyes / same chemical as stars
Deformed fingers leave trails of hearts in writing
could three words be the end to births only meaning
Crying to sleep is my remedy
urgently trying to stand on broken / confused legs
Am I looking for reasons not to be happy
emotions catch up with me / I'm too fast for them