

Quicksand, Omission

I, said,
Why do I always have to spell it out for you?
Our story is always changing.
We change it to hide the pain.
And when the truth rears,
its ugly head, it's all too late.
Too late for the omission,
that you kept inside and wished it wasn't you.

Does it seem like the same man?
Doesn't seem the same at all.
I can feel myself fall,
falling, down.

You can wave goodbye to your bad side,
and suppress the feelings that could hurt you mind.
There is no need for lies if the news ain't breaking.
Framework falling,
down on the downside,
built on a weak spot,
facts hiding in your mind,
wait until the bomb drops.
We have more sense than lies.
The story is in our eyes.

Does it seem like the same man?
Doesn't seem the same at all.
I can feel myself fall,
falling, down on the downside, built on a weak spot,
facts hiding in your mind, wait until the bomb drops.

It doesn't seem like the same man?
Doesn't seem the same at all.
I can feel myself fall,
falling, down.