

Systematic, Somewhere In Between

Pulls me under
Held me over
Sets the tones to lose
A taste of anger
No remainder
Of the things we'd choose
Crumpled over
My composer
Just a skeleton
It turns me inward
But it figures
Forever's a dirty word.
Emotions wear my sleeve
This might be the last...
One or two ease the pain
It's nothing that we talk about.
No recollection
Of complexion
Could not place his face
I plead redemption
Or collection
Put me into place.
One or two ease the pain
It's nothing that we talk about.
Ease the pain.
Emotions wear my sleeve
This might be the last...
One or two ease the pain
It's nothing that we talk about.
This might be the last...