

The Blackout Pact, If You Dress Up Like Halloween

Lost touch of the sense that used to feel the morning
These arms still heavy from what carried us before
Could use a breath from the old and familiar
Before we tire out
Still sinking fast without this line

We'll let this play again

A last chance at falling out
A half cry from the bottom up won't make a sound
We'll follow my lead tonight

We'll let this play again

Bring back the same old sense that used to feed the evening
Another night of loosened tongues and swimming heads
Could use a breath from the old and familiar
Before we tire out
Still sinking fast without this line

We're screaming out
We'll fall in or fall out