

The Bled, My Cyanide Catharsis

This scalpel makes a map across my back.
Carve a short cut to your suitcase lips.
There's no saving us tonight.
Our pulse will flutter like a dial tone.
As you touch my hand for one last time, the car engine hums us to sleep.
The lies.
Your subtle teeth.
Tonight is the rest of our lives.
A carbon monoxide lullaby.
Evacuate.
Abandon this breath.
Pull myself apart.
Just to feel something real.
I close my eyes i turn my back for one last time.
I hold my breath i fall asleep inside your arms.
I close my eyes i turn my back for one last time.
I hold my breath i fall asleep inside your arms.
Your eyes reflect my regrets.
All the feelings you cant afford and the ones i cant control have collided.
Now i'm a mess.
I've tried my best to hide it.
Now it's obvious.
I wear it in these wounds that never heal.
There's no saving us tonight