

The Bled, Nothing We Say Leaves This Room

Your eyes being to stare at the polygraph machine
as you become aware of the satellites that call her name.
It's as if the ocean swallowed the city lights that we fell in love with.
Paralyzed and paranoid, we withdraw the hands we held.
This is beginning to get ugly, dear.
You feed me to the lions.
Now the tongue becomes the bridge between broken teeth.
Now you feed me to the lions.
How we reach for the arms but only clasp the knees.
How we reach for each other only to die alone.
How we reach for the stars only to swim right through.
How we strive to connect only to fall apart.
Just between me and you I felt the rapture in your arms.
Just between me and you I think I'm dying in your arms.