

The Great Fiction, Goodbye Heraclitus

We've been terse, but
It's been a beautiful time
Blame it on forces
But that don't explain our minds
I'd give you the world but you know I can't
So I stick to the chocolate
And all of the other cheap things you like
Cause I won't leave first

This is mine, not yours
I can't give it
An empty hand full of a backwards sense of trust
Sometimes, sometimes
What you want is not what I
No, no, no

We can blame it on forces
But it's been a beautiful time
It's been a beautiful time
It's been a beautiful time