

# The Honorary Title, Revealing Too Much

Accentuated by the mobile dungeon of fluorescence  
As I fall out of love, this wasn't supposed to happen  
Not according to you  
Please don't allow your voice to fade  
Don't fall so weak to fault or blame  
To give yourself reason for an end  
We'd have our own subway car in the middle of the night  
I'd work the same job and play the same bars on every weekend  
As the graffiti scrolls by  
Please don't allow your voice to fade  
Don't fall so weak to fault or blame  
To give yourself reason for an end  
And at the end of your love you pin my shoulders against the mattress  
Arching your frame with your stomach pushed outward  
Your head titling back with your mouth partially open  
The sounds slur and elevate slowly in volume  
When you wake up with your family gathered around  
Remember that our love was true  
And I will not allow you to destroy yourself  
I hope that I'm not revealing too much