

# The Morning Of, The New Is In

It feels like a lover,  
I won't see in the morning.  
So I keep my eyes open through the night.  
I take these things for more than what they're worth.  
Call me a hopeless romantic, call me just plain pathetic,  
I am what I feel, and tonight I don't feel that much.  
The new is in, the new is in.  
I'm feeling better all ready.  
I shed my skin, I shed my skin.  
My head is starting to steady.  
I'm sorry I won't be reachable for days,  
I'm cutting myself off.  
Please leave me be in my misery,  
I'm making amends with my conscious.  
So, come next year I won't be reachable for days,  
Because I'm taking time to let this story write it's page.  
I'm now convinced that there will be no other way.  
Break apart the boy I used to be,  
And build the man that I've become.  
I am a saint in sinners clothing,  
Watch me save the world.  
I am a saint in sinners skin,  
Now let the healing begin.  
Let the healing begin.  
I can look myself in the eye now,  
I can feel some magic happening.  
I can breathe on my own now,  
I can feel my body sinking in.  
Sinking in, sinking in