

Trespassers William, Untitled

It is too late to feel like a numb skin
Say that you've harpooned me, am I a prize then
I am lost as the sea, you tell me what I see
Love was supposed to save me
Love was supposed to save me

It is too dim to read, and there's no moon
Our love always rhymes like a poem
This mirror seems wrong you decide what I am

Love was supposed to save me
Love was supposed to save me

You chose the rose with the thorn
You chose the sky with the storm
I'll take the lover that lies
My piece of divine til everything dies

Love was supposed to save me
Love was supposed to save me