

Twelve Tribes, Milk And Mice Pocket Knife

Did you imagine it would end this way?
Applaud me this time,
I've done it a shot of you has never sold so cheap
tragedy has never gone for less.
A promise fits so warm and here
I've spent a lonely night.
while attraction's playing my song:
these sour wings will dirty our flight.
I said to myself, it's only moving on the inside
it's only beginning to show.
Your delicate, I'm your distraction.
Did you ever imagine it would end?
pull the trigger, don't give up on me.
I won't leave here walking sideways.
a shot of you has never sold so cheap
tragedy has never gone for less.
show me your face, I'm sorry you hurt
just lower the death you dream of,
I'll keep you sick on my drug
The first time we held hands.
didn't it smell?
And when I first gave you flowers,
didn't they bleed?
Did we sing that day?
Dance?
I remember I could smell the stems,
things just seemed to go on and on and on.