

# Versus The Mirror, Fear Will Keep Them In Line

You are immersed in your own guilty pleasure  
Your tongue will never reach the bottom of the bottle

Do I make you wet?  
I can surely guess that your eyes  
Will never open again  
Perspiration seeping through  
There's nothing left but receiving for all we do

What happened to my confidence?  
I disappear as the paper breathes me in.

It's clear to see you're becoming short of breath  
I know this all too well  
I'm frightened to see what you've become  
Ten stories told as the tears fall

What happened to my confidence?  
I disappear as the paper breathes me in.  
I'll get through this  
Your comatose kiss  
I better watch my back  
Cuz that cut was close

Breathe in breathe out  
A smile sparked contingent on all my effort to comfort you  
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