

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