

Versus The Mirror, Smoke It To The Rope

Can you feel my legs begin to shake
just as the aether that is
under these sheets
the space between
this jealous air
and my final attempt to

sleep until you're back from tomorrow
until i end today

this should be me with untitled eyes
the smoke billows from your lips
wishing for miles underneath this sky
wishing for a halo will only bleed you dry

sleep until you're back from tomorrow
until i end today
sleep until you're back from tomorrow
stifle my breath again

don't you wish that this was your name (here)
and i was dreaming of your hand

i guess i'm a sucker at heart
i'm just a sucker at heart
i guess i'm a sucker at heart
i'm just a sucker at heart
i guess i'm a sucker at heart
i'm just a sucker at heart
i guess i'm a sucker at heart
i'm just a lying fucker at heart