

Dead Spaces

Strung Out

These lines on my face give up the time.
This blood running through my veins is life like wine.
Drink to our last kiss and write a book about the mess.
A life in vulgar poetry, a testament in rhyme.
Incinerate while we can.

So now I sit alone in the dark in the house we used to play the
part.
Empty rooms and photographs shout back in silence.
Dead spaces echo an attack for the love of what we used to both
call home.

Wave a white flag and count me out.
Recognize how sanity would feel.
The space between these lines that I could never quite reveal.
In the blink of an eye that's just too short to suffocate and k
ill.

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part.
Empty rooms and photographs shout back in silence.
Dead spaces echo an attack for the love of what we used to both
call home.

It's been two weeks without a sign of anyone.
I left the world behind cuz I don't wanna believe in love.
Anxiety of a future we cannot command
too broken for the test, too toxic for a stand.

So I laid down and lost myself to the things I could not live d
own.
We are the wings of doves too broke to fly, to carry on.
So I laid down and lost myself to the things I could not live d
own.
We are the wings of doves too broke to fly, to carry on.
TO CARRY ON!

So now I sit alone in the dark in the house we used to play.
Empty rooms and photographs in silence.
As the memories come rushing back dead spaces echo an attack.
All for the love we left in silence.