

It's a powerful thing to be in love
Enough to traumatize
The look of somber eyes, it's all that I
Know, not here
You froze, but it's not fear
Questioning everything
Wondering why
Everyone contemplates the eye
Never honing in on the lie, that is
Or why that is
I'll try, at this
Or die, if I miss
Diving, head first into a pool full of gorgeous knives
That pour disguise
That poor disguise, with hindsight
No door behind the limelight
You often ask yourself if it's alright
To feel so drained of life
Without them right
There with you
They'll bare with you
They'll stare with you
Looking up at the same future with different eyes
Contemplating the reason why
The seasons die
The reason I
Can be with
Somebody I can see with
Things I can't conceal
Asking if it's real
Asking you if it's real
Is this real?