

Rust

Airways

The rust on my mirror changes the way I see myself
The noise that the neighbors make when they scrape it off
I wanna forget it all right before I lose myself
The smell of my home is a drone that just won't get lost

As I'm lying at night in my bed
It goes spiraling round and around in my head
And the rush of the blood when we met
The familiar sound that was drowned by the end

And I'm hoping it won't be long
I'm hoping it won't be long
And I just came to say

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