Atropine

Amaran

Bathroom mirror laughs so hard, Scribbled lipstick shouting truth Years of whatever, a decaying youth

And I'm sorry,
But I think I cannot love you
At least not tonight
No, I think I cannot love you
I think I'd rather fight

Rusty eyes and sleepy heart What comes together comes apart But all she ever stole The myth of love to make her whole

Grasping for air,
In a room full of cyanide
It's only a matter of time,
Before it all comes crashing down

In another story,
You could have been the heroine
It could have been a fairytale
You could have flaunted rosy cheeks,
Instead of fading into pale

Grasping for air,
In a room full of cyanide
It's only a matter of time,
Before it all comes crashing down

Hoping for, for a miracle And I waited here to watch you Watch you brace yourself For when it all comes crashing

And you think
That they might cry
But you, you will be careless
You'll be an angel,
Busy learning how to fly

Never sleep and never rest, Not with those cramps Inside your chest Never without nightly sin, Atropine, your heroine

Grasping for air,
In a room full of cyanide
It's only a matter of time,
Before it all comes crashing down

Hoping for, for a miracle
And I waited here to watch you,
Watch you brace yourself
Fisten when like agree comes crashing