

I'm sitting by the pond
5am fog
In and out my lungs
As I'm questioning god
I'm picking at the grass
Blades sharper than glass
But that's okay the morning dew
Washes off my blood like new

Who knew
That you'd
Turn me into this girl
But I love it
It's tragic
This aesthetic
Look at me
I'm so poetic

So ethereal almost ghostly
I feel like a beauty
So ethereal almost ghostly
Glowing like I'm holy, holy
Ah, ah
So ethereal, so ethereal
Ah, ah
So ethereal, so ethereal

I finally felt alive
When you buried me deep
Under starry skies
Even willows they weep
Comfort in the darkness
Softening the sharpness
Embrace the pain
Cause it'll hurt my heart less

Who knew
That you'd
Turn me into this girl
But I love it
It's tragic
This aesthetic
Look at me
I'm so poetic

So ethereal almost ghostly
I feel like a beauty
So ethereal almost ghostly
Glowing like I'm holy, holy
Ah, ah
So ethereal, so ethereal
Ah, ah
So ethereal, so ethereal

Floating
Glowing
Gates are finally open

Cracks let light in
Beauty in the broken

So ethereal almost ghostly
I feel like a beauty
So ethereal almost ghostly
Glowing like I'm holy, holy
Ah, ah
So ethereal, so ethereal
Ah, ah
So ethereal, so ethereal

Ah, ah
So ethereal, so ethereal