

pickup/answer

atlas

(Hello?)

Please pick up your phone
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Between phone calls and sleeping
I haven't had much time to work
But then again you haven't answered lately so my time is worse
Used on attempting to contact you
Than it is on music or planning on the new things I can't forget
So I'll just waste away in bed, mentally deteriorate
Keep on placing value on the things I used to claim to hate
And no longer is virtue is just an idea I'm perplexed by
'Cause fortune and luck cannot be purchased at a Best Buy
So maybe I'll try again, find your number, type it in
Maybe you'll pick up your phone or maybe you'll just sigh and grin
Knowing that an answer might entice me to come back to you
Knowing that my heart shows signs of use and it's not factory new
I'm sorry for whatever sins I committed in past lives that made you hate me
so much to just cast aside
Any kind of love or kindness that you ever had for me
I would call it blasphemy but clearly, that's the past to me, so -

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Between music and school, I haven't had much time to think
But then again my brain's been on the fritz so I've been fast asleep
Dreaming of the days when I can hold your hand and laugh with you
Dreaming of the days when I still had some kind of class with you
Missing all the times we had before it got disastrous
Wishing I could travel back in time and try to capture it
No longer broken hearted feels like we only started
Then our ties were cut loose with a cold and sharp end of a blade
The likes of which I'm sure you know I've seen before
Chasing lighthouses through the sky and probably bleeding more
Those were days far away, long ago can't see them now
But sometimes they appear in a night sky when it's freezing out
And believe me, I'll be running fast behind them
Til' the day I somehow die and leave behind my empty silence
I'll never be broken hearted another day of my life
'Cause that hearts been ripped from my chest and I left it right by your side, so -

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