

## 7 Years

### Blood Red Shoes

Speak so softly, afraid to use the name  
Tongue tied quietly, just turn and walk away  
A future perfect, with holes torn in the sides  
Consciously quick, to labor on the lie

These marks left by you  
Ghost who went too soon  
Hold me under  
Like you always do  
This scratch made for you  
Come together soon  
Just like always  
Waste away these days

The cracks in the picture, never could turn a blind eye  
Nothing so innocent, would occupy your mind  
So we'll repeat the process further and further apart  
Sleep more feel less, lay down in the dark

These marks left by you  
Ghost who went too soon  
Hold me under  
Like you always do  
This scratch made for you  
Come together soon  
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Waste away these days