

The Only Honest Lovesong

Boys Night Out

The air tears at my skin, robbing my veins of the life I had hoped to have.

You killed a part of me tonight and left the frozen air to finish the job.

Now I realize

The cowardice you kept behind your bloodshot eyes
And awkward frame was calling the shots.

And I was left depleted

Grinning like a retard who thought you were there
When you had retreated.

I'm slowing down

Into a shallow circle

While my heartbeat fills the gaps
Between sporadic and failing gasps.

I'm face down in the mud

With eyes still bruised and purple
While my heartbeat fills the gaps
Between sporadic and failing gasps.

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I'm face down in the mud

With eyes still bruised and purple
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I swear on my life that if I could take this knife out of my back, I would, I would.

But between the loss of blood and the loss of my trust in you
I don't think it'd do any good.

Now I realize

The cowardice you kept behind your bloodshot eyes
And awkward frame was calling the shots.

And I was left depleted

Grinning like a retard who thought you were there
When you had retreated.

I'm slowing down

Into a shallow circle

While my heartbeat fills the gaps
Between sporadic and failing gasps.

If love existed, we wouldn't be so soft and easy to ruin.

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