

The Fall

Bryce Vine

I remember when you slipped away
Like, sand inside the pocket, couldn't stop it once it started
Babe, sex went from a blessing to a phase
A formless expressive, plastic
Slanted, broken, bent and fitted wrong
A slo-mo incision, you're vicious
I miss when you were my favorite song
Now I don't know the lyrics anymore

And I know we're both better off
Even though it doesn't feel that way at all
When a new one does come along
I'm just hoping I'll be ready for the fall
I'm just hoping I'll be ready for the fall

Wicker from the candles you would burn
I still smell your cigarettes in all my favorite shirts
But, just another lesson I should learn
A game for the reckless, Tetris
Battleship is sunk, I'm drunk and high
My head's desecrated
My heart is still alive
I wore out all my welcomes
I'm done with being selfish

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