

Semiconstructive Criticism

Circa Survive

Leave out the meaning this time
Let tensions evolve
Intimate groove confused
In childish tantrums (we do a childish dance)
Your feelings were sacrificed For a greater cause,
and if you forget what you saw, you'll be forgiven
But there isn't a chance,
That I could do this on my own.
Now our perceptions have grown
branches and petals of paper and metal,
amber tinfoil forrest confines us
And we disconnect like this is the end
For everybody else's sake
Set your mental alarm