

# Astral Projection

Creeper

Last January  
I held my breath and begged for a life less laced with tragedy  
You never wanted me  
And the space in between became just like a dream  
Though I never left, only in part  
From the top of my lungs to the pit of your heart

"Do you really want to wake alone?  
Don't you want to go home?"

Ever waiting for the end, for this to die  
And the sky to fall below  
I grieve the loss of who I was in vain  
My nights disintegrate into you

Do you see me the way that I see you in other people's eyes?  
Purple and true, I do this all for you  
The space in between, it died just like a dream  
Why fall in love to fall apart?  
From the top of my lungs to the pit of your heart

"Do you really want to wake alone?  
Don't you want to go home?"

Ever waiting for the end, for this to die  
And the sky to fall below  
I grieve the loss of who I was in vain  
My nights disintegrate into you

And we all wilt and fade  
Tragic and trite, we dissipate  
And we all wilt and fade  
Tragic and trite, we dissipate

And we all wilt and fade  
Tragic and trite, we dissipate  
And we all wilt and fade  
Tragic and trite, we dissipate

That place between sleeping and awake  
That half dreaming space is where I'll always keep you