

Astral Projection

Creep

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