

## The Honeymoon Suite

Creepier

We got hollow hearts and heavy heads. We never will get better.  
Mid July and dead inside.  
I feel the expectation in conversation, wether it's forever or not.  
Alive, but dead inside.

So let's get Hexed, let's hangout.  
Tell me your truth and crash on the couch.  
Let's get Hexed, let's hangout.  
I wish me away.

You can hold a hand for the thousandth time and still feel alone in the skin.  
I try. I'm dead inside.  
You breathe me out like a cigarette. I breathe you out just to breathe you in.  
I'm alive, but dead inside.

You sip your coke, I barely breathe.  
You're sweet to me but you rot my teeth.

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Tell me your truth and crash on the couch.  
Let's get Hexed, let's hangout.  
I wish me away.

You are a sweet sleep I am a nosebleed.  
Your taste is aniseed, your love is just not enough.

A shard of past. Your lip balm.  
I carved your name with it into my palm.  
My 'bad luck charm'.

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