

Anachronism

Crywolf

Your ghosts are real
I feel them in my lungs
Breath them in and out as I
Breath you in and out as I'm...

Resting on your bones
Bowing to your throne
I wanna see what you see in the comfort of your skull
I'm rising and I'm falling and I'm losing all control
Never feel again
Never see your faults

I'm weaker than you know
Fading just below
Screaming out with concrete sounds, I'm losing all control
And I could be the fire inside of your collapsing home
I could be the storm that tears down everything you hold

I remember when
You were just a breeze upon my face
All of my regrets had gone away
It was nothing more, nothing more than you