

See It Through

Dwellings

See it fall apart in your own hands

See it fall apart in your own hands

What you called this was romance

Well, no more

Well, no more

(Well, no more, no)

'Cause I don't like to talk about shit that's fake

And I won't want to talk about hand made faith

Is there anything at all that you'd like to say

That doesn't pertain to something insane? (Yeah, yeah)

Or is it cool to accept it?

Your own son isn't what you expected (No, no)

To my surprise, I cauterize the fact that I might be

Co-dependent on something but religion (Yeah, yeah)

I thought you were leaving, why haven't you gone?

I still feel your presence on me

Is this what you meant by keeping a close eye?

Well I've been trying to...

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Well, no more

Drugs, do they even make a difference?

For instance sometimes, I can't even operate

Corroborating with my chemicals sometimes makes my entrails feel betrayed

They feel betrayed, and in turn, there's a sense of hate towards my...

Drugs, do they even make a difference?

For instance sometimes, I can't even operate

Corroborating with my chemicals sometimes makes my entrails feel betrayed

Makes my mind feel okay

Keeps bad thoughts at bay

And in turn there's a sense of hate towards my drugs

Do they even make a difference?

For instance sometimes, I can't even operate

Corroborating with my chemicals sometimes makes my entrails feel betrayed

They feel betrayed, they feel betrayed

I need restrain

When in turn, there's a sense of hate towards my drugs

Sometimes makes my entrails feel betrayed

Sometimes makes my entrails feel betrayed

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