

Romance

Ex:Re

And in the night, it was a drunken stutter
Started as a next to nothing conversation
And then he's tearing me out
Taking me apart at my friend's house
I was uncomfortable, I was hurt
Still with blue innocence in his eyes
I felt my reasoning was harsh

With every stab wound and exhale, I promised myself
That I would never lose my useful fears of grown up men
I'm scarred with cruel intentions
I thought of another the whole time
Who would have never stared me like that
See, he saw me as a human
This one thinks I'm a slaughterhouse

He pretends that he's understanding
And you know in the grand scheme of everything
He's probably called a nice man
Or an ordinary kind of man
Or a stereotype with strong hands, I'm so sad
At how little joy I realized within my time with my ex guy
Before these statues arrived

Romance is dead and done
And it hits between the eyes on this side
The grass is dead and barren
And it hurts between my thighs on this side

I could begin to open up and risk desire
For I move slower and quieter than most
I grew up too quick and I still forgive too slow
Oh, I wish there was another way

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See me here, meet me here
I don't care if it's not repeated
I want to know who you are
For every second we outrun the moon, dread the sun come up
I want to know who you are
So I don't have to check my stuff's still here when you're gone
I want to know who you are
I want to know who you were

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This side
This side
This side
This side