Faultline

Girlpool

Everyday it's Friday night
I hold my body like a butcher knife
Smiling for the camera eyes closed
Doing anything you ask I suppose
You tell me you would die to breathe me in
I know there's no excuse for oxygen
So I will make your bed my graveyard
Let the world run through my soft parts

And I live at this faultline
Between the edge of solitude and hope
I'm shaking in a sentimental trope
And all the stars apologize for night
I don't blame them I've wanted to sometimes
I don't know what to tell you where I've been
My body's just a landscape for your sin
And all the days regrets the city lights
I know it's just the fault of the faultline

Every week keeps slipping by
In this imitation paradise
The angels make me sorry when I err
From the way they want me everywhere
Can't you see I'm sinking further in
Wish you could reimburse my oxygen
I gave you everything and then some more
Left you with nothing to be looking for

Will I die at this faultline?
Between the edge of entropy and woe
I wanted everything so much it grows
Until I can't manage this appetite
I loved you so traumatically that I
Can barely lift the world you left for me
There's lots of ghosts I somehow still can see
Holding onto me for our dear life
All these bodies always touching mine