

Untitled

Knuckle Puck

Silhouettes on the ceiling
I've been much better but at least I'm healing
You know I haven't slept since you left but for me that's progress
For me that's progress

I've been fraying at the fabric
Strung out and biting on the back of my bottom lip
I'll tell you everything is copacetic

I built my guard up to the clouds
Because of you, I've been reduced from high-rise windows to stepping stones

There's gotta be something more for me
More than framework and furniture
Free fall into foreign waters
You tore me down, you tore me down
(You tore me down)

How many times must we walk this line?
(You can look but you can't touch)
How many times can I say I'm fine?
(I'm fine, I'm fine)

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(You tore me down)
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