

Composure

Mêlée

My composure decomposes as you walk by.
As you walk by, I can't seem to get enough.
How you wear those jeans
I think it must be a scheme.
You're the Siren of modern times.
The song that you sing can't be heard but it sure can be seen.

Dreams offer nothing.
Nothing will ever come.
My adoration can't be contained.
Still. You are watching.
Watching my every move.
My heart gets torn apart.
I am torn apart.
Yeah.