

Rotten

Neuroticfish

She comes tonight
Hoping that all is forgotten
She's on my side
Knowing that inside I'm rotten

I can't make her understand
That all is supported in cost of contempt
I can't listen closely
The luck is intended but she won't be able to see

She comes tonight
Holding my hand when I'm breathless
Pretending to fight
When all that we've got remains senseless

She can't sense the urgency
That all is perverted except our belief
We know it will cut too deep
I'm sure that we face it in all of its purity