

The white apple

of Verona

She's high on distaste again
She thinks it's a waste again
White capped mountains filled with snow
Melt into her with indigo
She'll change her mind
When the wind blows

She's on display again
At the top of her game again
Blue wrapped presents filled with tears
Melt into her and disappear
It doesn't mean a thing
Her minds not here

White noise (x4)
Screaming in my ears
Well this is the sound of being alone
White noise (x4)
Screaming in my ears
While this is the sound of being alone
This is the sound of being alone
This is the sound of being alone

She waited for a glass slipper
But it never came
And Lucy in the sky with diamonds
Became her pseudonym
She wished on the skies
For kaleidoscope eyes
To replace all the lies
She was seeing

She got lost in her mind
She was hoping to find
A way back in time
To keep dreaming
She thought it could be different
Even for a moment
She waited for the apple
But it had turned..
White
It turned white

Let me go (x8)
This is the sound of being alone

She was screaming
Let me go
She was screaming
Let me go
But she's high on distaste again
She thinks it's a waste again