

Falling back into his hand
All the walls I had around my face fell in place
It's no reason to come back
Had to walk or wait around for you feeling blue
Harder to forget the past
Call a meal to have before the fast and make it last
See it in your drunken smile
I can feel it hanging by a thread with me, you said

Make it right with no ice
Sift for shine
Milk or wine for mine?

You could hollow out your head
Save the part that keeps your beating heart; little art
Drag it down and show the town
Make them feel as if they had a way through the day
See the world become a mess
Dark around the edges of the bed and it fills your head
Sleep and dream of evil ways
Waste away; you're heading for the hills and your theory kills

Before I missed you try
Fit for my history shrine
For I sift; shine