

That night when I lifted my head up  
And I was seeing what was trembling there  
On the edge of my restless eyelid  
On the tip of the horizon's lash  
On the lip of collapsing letter  
In the lap of confusing moon  
I'm reduced to an estranged illusion  
I'm consumed by all the shit in my room

Well then maybe if you pick my room up  
Carve a path in my moonlit floor  
Through the colors I adorn my body with  
In ritual a life I adore  
Nowadays I usually just get up  
Put on a sweater from the day before  
Like you said it's got to get better  
I wear my shadow like a uniform

I'm torn right through  
Divided right in two

So while I do align my library  
By the colors on the spine of my books  
When I'm looking for a resolution  
But there's wreckage everywhere I look  
And there's brambles scratching at the window  
And there's silver shining on the thorns  
I could've sworn the moon's singing to me  
Strung in a phase so strange and torn

Now the stars look fake and strung up  
And the colors on the floor are worn  
And the hues on my body are muted  
In the shadow, my uniform

I'm torn right through  
Divided right in two  
I'm lost without using  
The brightest light I knew  
That I knew