

# Perfume

Remo Drive

Medicine tastes bitter on my lips  
I follow the scent of perfume sweet while aimless  
Short sharp breaths sting and hiss  
I step beyond my bounds to find the little I have missed

Staring at a mirror until  
I can't recognize my face

Sinister  
I watch and wait  
From far away

You called  
I cannot come  
You need  
I'll leave you be

Sit and watch your hair in the wind  
I attempt to apply meaning to this  
I can't patch the hole left in my heart  
And all that comes with it

Staring at a mirror until  
I can't recognize my face

Sinister  
I watch and wait  
From far away  
From far away

You called  
I cannot come  
You need  
I'll leave you be