

Laid out, puking in the back of a fancy bar
You and your friend in the front booth
Laughing at my sweet naïveté
And its awkward gravity

Three years, I saw the decimation of the world in you
Messiah complex lead a fickle flu
To see it's antidote and end in you
But now I'm gonna leave you

Eloise, Eloise
You never meant that much to me
Baby, please let go, my Eloise
Let it bleed, let it freeze and fall apart in front of me
My Eloise, you took the world from me

So beautiful, the ugliness within you
Last of three, baby of the family
Spoiled to bits and rotten to the shining core you
And mad with power I've seen corrupt
The leaders of a nation
Stricken with the sickly imitation of a love
The Lord would never stitch
You've got my cake. It's time to dine on the rich

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Let it bleed, let it freeze and fall apart in front of me
My Eloise

Band-Aid. Just a bloody Band-Aid.
That's all I ever really was to you, Eloise:
(You can't take when you gave it away.)
Just a solider with a syndrome and dreams of children's screams
You molded. You shaped like a god who loathes to create
(You can't take when you never want to give it away.)
Band-Aids. Two infected Band-Aids.
That's all we were to each other, Eloise
(You can't take it away.)
Just a couple of stupid kids throwing a ball back and forth
Just to see who drops it first
(So now I feel like a child again.)
Well, think fast, killer.

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