

Bottled

Seahaven

A phone call to turn you into a machine.
You've got less than ten minutes to save the one from which you were made.
And even promising words are not enough promise for you.
You need to feel the beat of life within her chest, so you can feel it again too.

These vices, they double as a reason for the way we feel, the way we do.
Solitude in a family-filled living room.
And I, and I, I wish that they could see,
The impact made on the children that they raised.

Empty is the house, the home that you hate.
Miles and miles away from the one from which you were made.
And even promising words are not enough promise for you.
You need to feel the beat of love within her chest, so you can feel it again too.

These vices, they double as a reason for the way we feel, the way we do.
Solitude in a family-filled living room.
And I, and I, I wish that they could see,
The impact made on the children that they raised.
(We share something I wish we didn't,
we share something I wish that I could put to an end.
This life of addiction led, the common thread.)

You are a butterfly, so beautifully designed.
But when you flutter your wings, it destroys a family.
It destroys this family.

You are the oxygen that I breathe.
Put to use by the lungs you made.
You are the reason my heart beats.
And you are the reason that it breaks.
(Your true colors shine like the trash cans full of glass.
There is no worth in promises broken so many times in the past.)

These vices, they double as a reason for the way we feel, the way we do.
Solitude in a family-filled living room.
And I, and I, I wish that they could see,
The impact made on the children they taught so perfectly how not to be.
(We share something I wish that I could put to an end.
This life of addiction led, the common thread.)
These vices, they double as a reason for the way we feel, the way we do.
Solitude in a family-filled living room.
And I, and I, I wish that they could see,
The impact made on the children that they raised

(We share something I wish that I could put to an end.
This life of addiction led, the common thread.)