

Couldn't really make any sense of you now
As it all stays the same
This pixelated face to face
Is tasteless for me, tasteless
Now you're lying low in your mausoleum
Quietly tucked away
The bill is paid, the space is great
Respects get paid out daily

Now you still follow me around
Float up somewhere near the ceiling
As I drift away
I breathe you into lucid dreaming
Never got to tell you about
June and the hell that she brought
Never told you before she took you

Quite the long run that you've been on lately
The shape of you starts to change
I fantasized you were a children's toy
That I shook real hard until you were no more
Feel a little smaller now than last year
The walls grow closer still
I'm running out of air to breathe
And somehow you're still echoing

Now you still follow me around
Float up somewhere near the ceiling
As I drift away
I breathe you into lucid dreaming
Never got to tell you about
June and the hell that she brought
Never told you before she took you

Some days I wish the water would fall on top of me and wash you
off
Some days I wish the water would fall on top of me and wash you
off
Some days I wish the water would fall on top of me and wipe you
off
Those days I wish the water would fall on top of me but wash yo
u off