

# Eraser

Seahaven

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

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As I drift away  
I breathe you into lucid dreaming  
Never got to tell you about  
June and the hell that she brought  
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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 you off