

Found you in a hole, it was enough.
Needed you to work on my wounds.
Offered up the back of your hand.
Suitable enough.

I've been pretty low.
So I fall back into your arms once more.
Give to me your flesh; you keep the rest.
We'll try this one again.

I don't ever think what I want could be considered Love,
But it is what I want anyway.
Beauty in the dark, fragile heart, see the end from the start.
I don't ever think what you need could be considered me,
Still you drop everything anyway.

Now it's how it was when I was lost,
In a sea of skin that talks.
Louder than the bones that it coats.
Strong enough to overthrow growth.

How do you access a burly mess,
Coined as a result of your head?
Turn and face the hurt you harbor.
Wish yourself the best.

I don't ever think what I want could be considered Love,
But it is what I want anyway.
Beauty in the dark, fragile heart, see the end from the start.
I don't ever think what you need could be considered me,
Still you drop everything anyway.

Damn all those tricks of yours; make me feel so so small.
I've got some, lots of them. I'm waiting for my turn to turn.

I don't ever think what I want could be considered Love,
But it is what I want anyway.
Beauty in the dark, fragile heart, see the end from the start.
I don't ever think what you need could be considered me,
Still you drop everything anyway.