

Living Hell

Seahaven

Limbs are hitting every corner in my brain
Left no room here for nothing
With a pose like that, one would think you'd tire
Tally it up from when it all fell down
Hell of a pill to try and swallow
With a count like that, heaven knows I'm tired

Fell behind chasing a feeling
All this time I spend on you

You move subliminal
Slip my mind I really wish you would
Little poisoned fruit with irrefutable charm

You're so cyclical
You're like a déjà vu revolving in reverse
Little infinite loop with that habitual charm

Fell behind chasing a feeling
All this time I spend on you
All on you, all on you

How does it feel?
To have something real
To lose something real

Pour me out and sweep me under the rug
I live under your thumb
I live up on a shelf
Feels like a living hell

Pour me out and sweep me under the rug
I live under your thumb
I live up on a shelf
Feels like a living hell
(You sweep me under
I am the creak in the quiet
The one you thought you'd forgotten)

All this time wasted on you