

Nuclear

Shamir

You can nuke my heart like a microwave
It might be warm but it can't be made
Back to its original state
I'm quite used to being sad and soggy all the time
You may be completely out of my mind but it still ache
But I'll just sleep it away

Linger on my skin till my own scent's no more
Love's a decadence that rots down to the core
Then someone comes around you simply can't ignore
And so the cycle begins

Serotonin comes and goes in tiny waves
But these days it's stalled and I kinda like it that way
No one to deter my aim
Don't know if I'll entertain it the next time
But if I do I know I'll be okay
Getting better cleaning messes I made

Tears the secret to lift stains that came from blood
Then you take a pint from everyone you love
Except I'm O negative and only get what I pump
But anyone can take from me

Listen to your heart though it's a sketchy source
Oh, it just likes the sensation of being periodically sore
Whoa, things that give us life makes us question if we can take
it any, anymore
But we put up anyway