

Caramel

Sleep Token

Count me out like sovereigns, payback for the good times
Right foot in the roses, left foot on a landmine
I'm not gonna be there tripping on the grapevine
They can sing the words while I cry into the bassline

Wear me out like Prada, devil in my detail
I swear it's getting harder even just to exhale
Backed up into corners, bitter in the lens, I'm
Sick of trying to hide it every time they take mine

So stick to me, stick to me like caramel
Walk beside me till you feel nothing as well

And they ask me
Is it going good in the garden?
I say I'm lost but I beg no pardon, up on the dice but low on the cards
I try not to talk about how it's harder now
Can I get a mirror side-
stage, looking sideways at my own visage, getting worse
Every time they try to shout my real name just to get a rise from me
Acting like I'm never stressed out by the hearsay
I guess that's what I get for trying to hide in the limelight
Guess that's what I get for having twenty-twenty hindsight
Everybody wants eyes on 'em, I just wanna hear you sing that top line

And if you don't think I mean it, then I understand
But I'm still glad you came, so let me see those hands

So stick to me, stick to me like caramel
Walk beside me till you feel nothing as well
Falling free of the final parallel
The sweetest dreams are bitter, but there's no one left to tell

Too young to get bitter over it all
Too old to retaliate like before
Too blessed to be caught ungrateful, I know
So I'll keep dancing along to the rhythm
This stage is a prison, a beautiful nightmare (Too young to get bitter over
it all)
A war of attrition, I'll take what I'm given (Too old to retaliate like befo
re)
The deepest incisions, I thought I got better (Too blessed to be caught ungr
ateful, I know)
But maybe I didn't

(In these days of days) Tell me, did I give you what you came for?
(I wish it all away) Terrified to answer my own front door
(I thought things had changed) Missing my own wings in a realm of angels
(But everything's the same) So I'll keep dancing along to the rhythm

This stage is a prison, a beautiful nightmare
A war of attrition, I'll take what I'm given
The deepest incisions, I thought I got better
But maybe I didn't