

sober exit(s)

Static Dress

Looks like a little too late now
Wrapped up in tragedy
Choking on the silver spoon that you're served with
Someone, please tell me how it tastes

Razor wire pulled between our teeth
Shattered mirrors staring back at me
No compliments from you, I know she's changed
Steel arms around necks; emptied and desolate

Still can't gauge the taste that's on your breath
Undo all mistakes, our final request

Even if it's fake, it's real to me
A caught up exchange at everything (Give it up)
Maybe we should slow it down?
Looks like too little too late now

This disaster you tried to avoid
Overshared too soon
Affections act like decoys
Round a blind bend
Trying to hang myself on phone chords again

Even if it's fake, it's real to me
A caught up exchange at everything
But maybe we could slow it down
Looks like too little too late now

Affections act like decoys
And still, I'm here
Lost and blind

Even if it's fake, it's real to me
Even if it's fake, it's real to me
A caught up exchange at everything
But maybe we could slow it down
Looks to be too little too late now