

Fauxtographic Memory

The Color Morale

There are things that I'm dying to tell you
About things that are killing me to say
I don't want to lose you
But we both know I'll push you away

Fauxtographic memory,
a mind that's still developing
I turn my back on all I see cause
everything feels make believe
You tried to stay,
I made you leave and made the world give up on me
I can't accept reality cause
everything feels make believe

I keep swallowing the hell
so you don't stomach it
From what it's like to be around
someone that lives like this
I keep losing sleep in beds still made
from soaking sheets
And I'm still haunted by the ghosts
of people still breathing
I already hate the words,
they're not a thing we even share
Stop looking for a metaphor, it isn't there

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everything feels make believe
You tried to stay, I made you leave
and made the world give up on me
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You're wasting away
You'll have to learn to love within
You'll have to learn to live without
You're wasting away
You'll have to learn to love within
You'll have to learn to live without
You're wasting away

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