

Violent Red

The Dangerous Summer

It's a lonely world until you let it take its shape
It's a matter of perception
I hardly ever want to change
I'll ask you for direction
Just to bother you
I'll leave this on the table
As I stumble through my awfully tangled web

And things are violent red
You said, "we all need someone to hold us down"
I raise my glass, you know
The emptiness was filling me
I follow the steps of my past
Didn't I make all those same mistakes?
All those promises, I meant to keep

We go under
We slip into the unknown
Wash our hands of who we were when we were younger
We don't know why it hurts
We don't know why it hurts so much

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But it's a lonely world until you let it take its shape
It's a matter of perspective
I hope this never tastes the same
The past is just a funeral
That's mean to swallow you
I'll breath in all I'm able
If you walk me through these unforgiving nights

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