

In the hole, she could hear them
Dead ringers and spirits
There are strands of hair left pinned inside the locks
And in the crevices, she scales, she writes
Writes the name of debts

I can't love you like you want
All these anchors aren't lifelines
If it's not outside the realm disbelief

Stranded at the precipice
Can you hear them grinding down?
And with its powder, we will paint this wall

So calmly, she repeats to herself
Six, four, two, threes
"I can't help myself. I'm running out of time"

The fuel you douse me in, while the others look away
Striking at the matchbox, he holds in his hands
If there's one last hint of high-
control condolences chained to me

I can't love you like you want
Your confessions are the root
Of the vines obscuring all the ones you-

Crushed out of existence, they knew
They wouldn't listen
Others come and bend a knee
At the bottom of the borrowed weeping wall

Can you hear her?
Not plagiarizing symptoms
Tell her the angels that you need never gave up on you
Exposing all the wires cut, she sinks it in the current's trap
Teardrops in the voltage turn to me
Turn to me and sing