

Otherside

The Scene Aesthetic

It's hard enough to say that I'm sorry
For all the stupid shit that I've done
Every mistake that I've made and you've covered up
It's hard enough to keep my composure
As I sit to the left of your bed
Fumbling over the words that I should've said

Each and every line
Leads into one another
Holds a place and a time
So much left undiscovered
Hid inside of our minds
Hid inside our minds
Guess I'll see you on the otherside

Impossible to think that it's over
With your closet laced in your perfume
A silhouette dancing barefoot across the living room

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