

BAD ADVICE

Tilian

Nature isn't saving me
Or picking up the pieces
You fell in love with bad advice
Sorry torture didn't solve your problems
You needed your mother and I needed the stage

Lay me down on top of the world
I'm a bloodletting disaster
When I'm dry, my final chapter is deferred
No consequences
No violent aberrations or pretentious conversations

I only meant to complicate you
Never really meant to keep you by my side
All the time
You only meant to cultivate me
Never really meant to squeeze me like a child, yeah

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Two star-crossed brothers
Committing sins out of love
With anxious hunger
Incapable of growing up

And now the wrong direction flows to where you are
And now the oscillation holds you underwater
Forgive me, no one can hear me
Or feel me, they'll never forgive me

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Or picking up the pieces
You fell in love with bad advice
Sorry torture didn't solve your problems
You needed your mother and I needed the rage

We're going backwards (Backwards)
Backwards, we're going backwards