

Paris

Toothgrinder

Momma I'm sorry for everything I put you through
But the days get cold nights so dark
And Paris burns with the ghost of you Momma
I wish for the best but regrets fill my heart

Look at my whole life, it's overwhelming
Does your heart ignite like mine
I'm counting every breathe in time
Every scent, every shiver
Every pulse just right

Father I'm sorry for everything I put you through
But when whiskey barks thoughts get dark
And London burns with the ghost of you Father
I wish for the best but regrets fill my heart

Look at my whole life, it's overwhelming
Does your heart ignite like mine
I'm counting every breathe in time
Every scent, every shiver
Every pulse just right
Every breathe in time

Does your heart ignite like mine?
When you're counting every breathe in time
Ashamed of everything you are
Ashamed of everything you are

I will not fall apart again
Nothing feels right when I pretend
Feeling so low, the feeling of death
I've finally broke through the pains and the cracks of my past