G

Waxwing

Maybe I should just get used to it
These words I'll use again and again
Don't you know, how this disgust me
Just to know how you always trusted me
Just to know that I would never
See anymore than what's on your face
Stripped from heavens holy grace, I've been
Cursed to live with demons that come with life all alone
If you just knew that you know nothing
You'd be a whole hell of a lot smarter
Than you think you are at the moment
Don't you know how you always trusted me
Just to know that there would never be
Anything to replace what's lost
Someone tell me what's the cost
I'll pay the price any day to take these words away

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