

Versus The Mirror "Fear Will Keep Them In Line"

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you are immersed in your own guilty pleasure
your tongue will never reach the bottom of the bottle

do I make you wet?
i can surely guess that your eyes
will never open again
perspiration seeping through
there's nothing left but receiving for all we do

What happened to my confidence?
I disappear as the paper breathes me in.

it's clear to see you're becoming short of breath
I know this all too well
I'm frightened to see what you've become
ten stories told as the tears fall

What happened to my confidence?
I disappear as the paper breathes me in.
I'll get through this
your comatose kiss
I better watch my back
'cause that cut was close

breathe in breathe out
a smile sparked contingent on all my effort to comfort
you
breathe in breathe out
a smile sparked contingent on all my effort to

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