

## Park Avenue Music

# "Lachrymose Obsequious Vehement Elated"

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Love, four words, explode above a mnemonic device  
To remember how it feels when I am with you  
The glass can't hide, my wounds will find the salt  
around the rim  
This sting won't help this bleeding heart forget you  
Perfect lines like space and time extend across my  
room  
But they don't help me get any closer to you  
Well open the door and the clouds come in  
And find you sleeping on the floor  
Get used to the numbness, you won't have to feel that  
anymore  
But maybe I'd be better off if I could answer quickly  
And make no distinction  
If it's going up or coming down, it gets confused with  
progress  
It's only motion  
And all this time still hanging on to such codependence  
I fall completely  
And all the lines you drew for me to walk  
Well, I walked them well, didn't I?  
It's one less tongue that bends to say your name  
As I drive away the love songs play on my lonely radio  
But I shut them off 'cuz all they do is make me miss you  
(so much more)  
And so remains these twisted days  
I spend time by myself  
In attempt to make this failing heart continue (to beat)  
So open your mouth and the smoke pours in, it tastes  
so lonely  
We are so bored, just breathe in the numbness  
You won't have to feel that anymore  
But maybe I'd be better off if I could end this quickly  
It's not romantic  
I'm just giving up and shutting down  
I'm just so sick of thinking my head is broken  
And in this aching bed we're lying on  
You get your forced confession, I'm fucking lonely  
And all the lines you drew for me to walk  
Well, I walked them well, didn't I?  
It's one less tongue that bends to say your name.

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