

Small Victory, A "Something Isn't Right"

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as these embers move so close to me,
closer to my skin and setting me in flames.
as these embers plague my lungs,
stealing breathes from me and turning my lungs black
and blue.
now the echo it cuts through me like
the stare upon your face the day you found out.
now the echo it cuts through me
like the pulse of your beating heart the day you found.
and all i ever wanted was to break these two lungs in.
gotta get them use to breathing, gotta get them use to
bleeding.
gotta get this neck use to your cold hands.
we've got the bright lights shining, the waves are
breaking.
i always do something drastic to keep you shaking
and then we start it all over again.
if i broke free tomorrow would you be there to search
for the moments lost.
if i could die tonight then i would.
it wouldnt be at your lose.

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