

Snake The Cross The Crown, The "The Contortionist"

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As I begin to sink into this fate that I have tried so hard
to tread.
While you sit with your magazines, your cigarettes,
your apathy,
As we continue downward into lukewarm discontent.
Descending side by side as retrospect and time
Devour our thoughts and our long nights,
With such civilized but brutal taste in suffering and self
disgrace,
Your disappointment paints your eyes a darker shade
of brown.
And your poor excuses reek of such expensive wine,
While my replies of cowardice get molded into
forgiveness for,
Everything you said and everything you did.
I have failed to forgive you for either,
I tried, but I failed to forgive any aspects of either.

Fair weathered friend,
How could these eyes ever forget those lustful nights?
Seeing your lips pressed against theirs,
I tried to forget, I tried but failed.

As I begin to sink into this fate that I have tried so hard
to tread,
'Cause apparently I'm much too dense,
You're much too tired and oh so stressed,
Ignoring all these words that I am struggling to say.
So put down your pill bottles, put down that glass of
wine,
put down all of your magazines, look me in the eye.
Just tell me that you're happy,
Tell me this is what you wanted from me.
'Cause it's everything I have, and everything I can
afford,
Such courteous envy.
I tried, but I failed to forgive any aspects of either.

Fair weathered friend,
How could these eyes ever forget those lustful nights?
Seeing your lips pressed against theirs,

as I tried to forget I tried but failed.

She never said she wants it all.

I bet she does

I bet she does...

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