

Figure

"The Accident"

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this world is a monster and hollow as a heart,
trying to piece the broken parts to ease our hopeless
art
you wore me hard and burnt me out but kept me
spinning,
this world I lived in was yours and I make believed and
pretended,
acted so fucking passive in it like i loved you but
actually didn't,
the past gets different when your liven it and actin
indifferent,
and when you missing i give a shit instead of counting
away minutes
pinning stories on the different women and killing it
before it ended,
ain't that tragic when a person doesn't recognize that
magic,
a trapeze act of sadness trying to re-spark old habits,
the has beens tend to amplify what happened
so you put on that old mask again and become the
accident

you hate to be in love but love the way it feels,

fill the memories like poison as your body starts to wilt,
melt the wax on our wings in the house our ghost built,
while i hold you still and read your skin by the window
seal,
like closed books those old looks that fold me onto
meat hooks,
where the scene took pause and it dropped my jaw,
while I held your palm till dawn,
i felt so fucking gone and I fell apart a thousand times,
like time flies and I'm out my goddamn mind,
funny memories of symmetry that didn't exist before
they were gone,
tricks our head play in the midst of medleys of
boredom and alone,
the feeling of someone else at home but not
recognizing the ghost,
and we're crazy but prideful patiently spiteful but

incredibly absent,
make up on the napkin took away the clown and
smeared the passion,
so you put on the old mask again and become the
accident.

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