

A Small Victory "Sirens Over Sinclair"

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I've come to a realization
That my tongue isn't helping this
Your voice only makes it worse
When i'm starved for your goodnight
Kiss me on the lips and swallow pride despite it's taste
When the ones you love
Are slipping slowly out of place
And ever inch of skin will bare
Every scar that you could tear
Every transgression is seeping infection

But i know that this is hardly over
And i know that i could only hope for the best
But rest assure that in my chest
Resides the blackest heart
We need warmer nights to feel alive
And spill our entrails to the floor
Without a tongue i'm choking on
The selfish words that come
To fill my mouth and...

I've come to realize this cancer honestly
Is eating me alive and i've been wondering
If my own eyes will open to the light of day
When the voices take sounds of sirens
Rooms of silence screaming out decay

But i know that this is hardly over
And i know that i could only hope for the best
But rest assure that in my chest
Resides the blackest heart
We need warmer nights to feel alive
And spill our entrails to the floor
Without a tongue i'm choking on
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