

## Consort With Romeo

# "When Playground Games Becomes Irrisistible"

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Childish, foolish (you don't know)  
What we've become  
We scream a little louder and I'll laugh a little harder  
What the hell is (wrong with me)

I haven't slept in two, must be sending me to rest  
But haven't yet stopped crying  
Probably the best that I let the anger,  
The pain and even the happiness,  
Out with these tears.

Angry, hate (confusing with)  
What we've become  
If we move a little closer, we'll get a little stronger  
Let's recycle these feelings.

With everyone around me I have never felt so alone  
I long to go home

I haven't slept in two, must be sending me to rest  
I haven't yet stopped crying  
Probably the best that I let the anger,  
The pain and even the happiness,  
Out with these tears,

Till I'm drained and forget you're name.  
I, I miss you (ohhh)

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