

Emery "The Terrible Secret"

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Pave these streets with open arms.
It's always you we have waited on.
The skin. the taste. the drug. the need.
I am asking, telling, you "don't leave."
Erase the lines that we have drawn.
It's always you we have waited on
And waited on, and waited on and on and on and on
and on.

These are our words that fill these mouths.
But all the letters of the alphabet could never spell it
out.
These palms and frames that we tear through.
To cling to something that is bigger than the failed
attempts at you.

Wait. wait. wait.
I don't want to see.
Wait. wait. wait.
I am not the person anyone would want to be.

The perfect shoes with the matching clothes
It is the lie we are always told.
But nothing masks the shallow touch.
Like saying words that cost so much
While you're an addict to the need.
To find yourself a way to breathe.
The sex. the purge. the vein. the look.
To replace feelings that we've took.

These are our words that fill these mouths.
But all the letters of the alphabet could never spell it
out.
These palms and frames that we tear through.
To cling to something that is bigger than the failed
attempts at you.

Perfection, it's perfection
But never quite enough
And never could disguise
The drugs to make it stay
The wanting in your eyes

The money that you spent
But you are still an accident

We are more than words that fill our mouths
Drink with eyes that tell us the answers that we need

These are our words that fill these mouths.
But all the letters of the alphabet could never spell it
out.

These palms and frames that we tear through.
To cling to something that is bigger than the failed
attempts at you.

Wait. wait. wait.
I don't want to see.
Wait. wait. wait.
I am not the person anyone would want to be.
Waiting here until you leave

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