

Brand New "Glory Fades"

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Keep the noise low, She doesn't want to blow it.
Shaking head to toe while your left hand does "the
show me around"
Quickens your heartbeat, It beats me straight into the
ground
You don't recover from a night like this.
A victim, still lying in bed - completely motionless.
A hand moves in the dark to a zipper.
Hear a boy bracing tight against sheets barely whisper,
"This is so messed up."
Upon arrival the guests had all stared,
Dripping wet and clearly depressed, he'd headed
straight for the stairs.
No longer cool, but a boy in a stitch.
Unprepared for a life full of lies and failing
relationships.
(Up the stairs, the station where the act becomes the
art of growing up.)
He keeps his hands low,
He doesn't wanna blow it.
He's wet from head to toe, and his eyes give her the up
and the down.
His stomach turns, and he thinks of throwing up
But the body on the bed beckons forward, and he
starts growing up.

The fever, the focus,
The reasons that I had to believe you weren't too hard
to sell.
Die young and save yourself
The tickle, the taste of...
It used to be the reason I breathe,
but now it's choking me up.
Die young and save yourself.

She hits the lights,
This doesn't seem quite fair.
Despite everything he learned from his friends, he
doesn't feel so prepared.
She's breathing quiet and smooth,
He is gasping for air.
"This is the first and last time", he says

She fakes a smile, and presses her hips into his.
He keeps his hands pinned down at his sides.
He's holding back from telling her exactly what it really
feels like.
He is the lamb, she is the slaughter.
She's moving way too fast, and all he wanted was to
hold her.
Nothing that he tells her is really having an effect.
He whispers that he loves her, but she's probably only
looking for...
(Up the stairs, the station where the act becomes the
art of growing old.)
So much more than he could ever give,
A life full of lies and meaningful relationships.
He keeps his hands pinned down at his sides,
He waits for it to end and for the aching in his gut to
subside.

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Up the stairs, the station where the act becomes, the
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