

Brand New
"Sic transit gloria... glory fades"

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Keep the noise low, she doesn't wanna blow it.

She stripped from head to toe and then left him with his shoulder out.

Go get your heartbeat.

It beats me straight into the ground.

You don't recover from a night like this.

Our victim, still lying in bed, completely motionless.

A hand moves in the dark to her zipper.

And a boy best in tourniquet sheets barely whispers,

"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 filled with 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.

Get the body on the bed like it's flowered and he starts going down.

The people, the focus.

The reasons that I had to believe you weren't too hard to settle.

Die young and save yourself.

They take all the taste out.

It used to be the reason that we're even, 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's gasping for air.

"This is the first and last time", he said.

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 touches 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 failing relationships.

He keeps his hands pinned down at his sides.

He waits for it to end and for the aching in his guts to subside.

The people, the focus.

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