

## **Glass Casket**

### **"In Between The Sheets"**

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And this is where I stay, in between the in between.  
No more cold winter days.  
No more sudden tragedies.  
If you really want to know me take away the human  
heart and stab it with  
something not so sharp.  
Twist like her finger in my hair she's got a brand new  
white canvas on her  
face for me to splatter with paint.  
She's got nothing more than what was left running  
down her throat.  
The best of us was left in your sheets,  
restoring things here in between defining what  
everything means to me.  
The truth's sometimes so hard to see, in my passive  
uncertainty,

it's a chorus with no melody.  
She's got a brand new white canvas on her face.  
The best of us was left in your sheets.

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