

Glory Of This "Sway With The Structure"

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Feels like the first time, that I've ever dealt with this
But I've walked the fine line too many times I've got to
feel it
With my hands to know where the holes that I've made
are so I can fill you in
I need to fill you in

Do you feel like, you can find
That nothing makes it silver lined?

Here we are again, with nothing to say
Don't get used to things that break because they will
one day
And when the fragile is mistreated,
It makes a sound that can't be mended
I love that sound, the sound when we break

It's all imaginary it's in your head,
Nothing's casual, you're counting on it.
Wouldn't that be nice, but nothing's, as it seems.
So much for broken glass and dreams.

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