

Halfwayhome

"On The Passing Of Fairytale Heros"

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Am i responsible for holding the candle that set fire to
the world,
and let loose all its burden,
from the room where time stands still,
functioning on private will,
we stand alone,
so culpable for burning eden.

I wont be poisoned by your ghost,
i wont be captive to obsession,
until you learn that this is all pretending,
so much for a heart in freefall,
tonight we offer your possession,
and read aloud from your storybook ending

From here we buy back our reality,
the weight of words now fleeting,
like the venom from inside of me,
with bullets dancing through the air,
chaos isnt everywhere,
but finding silver linings in the death scene is our ticket
out of here

I wont be poisoned by your ghost,
i wont be captive to obsession,
until you learn that this is all pretending,
so much for a heart in freefall,
tonight we offer your possession,
and read aloud from your storybook ending

Words come out like bitter pills,
a mouthful that is killing me,
vocalized and fluid,
in this vanity parade,
these words come out like photographs,
all celluloid and memory,
each one a turning moment,
set loose inside our veins

I wont be poisoned by your ghost,
i wont be captive to obsession,

until you learn that this is all pretending,
so much for a heart in freefall,
tonight we offer your possession,
and read aloud from your storybook ending

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