

Idy "Frantic Time-code"

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Curtain call,
this is the last stanza I'll write
inside of this notebook,
guarded by angel eyes.
With teardrops of crimson that fall from incisions.
Strategically placed by my razorblade visions.
And, I can't stand the scent of your hand on my
shoulder
inside of this room where you just grow colder.

All I've got is this time-lapse between frames
to sit you down and try and explain
that every ounce of thought in my heart is stirred,
and I've been scratching your name into the 'Times'
crossword.

Intermission doll,
and I'm falling backwards
into this city that keeps me drinking.
I'm feeling pretentious,
but only towards your friends
because they can't compute the love that hits when our
palms press.
Sealed with whiskey kisses
and scalpel incisions,
these are the thoughts I have when this setting grows
dark.

Love hides in your eyes, so what the hell should I say?

And this is the soundtrack to your silent movie darling,
and these frames melt into such a sexy scene.

And this is the soundtrack to your silent movie darling,
and these frames melt into, oh, such a lovely scene.

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