

Crime In Stereo

"Everywhere And All The Time"

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This empty space becomes the lines inside your face.
It makes an atlas, tracing an accurate map of decades.
They decay and fade away to form the crease of grey
increasing in their place.

The sunken shape that invades your pretty face is an
oasis, a have for your mistakes.

Like a keepsake hanging about your fallow frame,
Our tiny planets massive weight enables our escape in
sulfur and oxide,

Slow drives and long nights.

I'm in between everything.

Everywhere and all the time I reside between the lines
that divide

Your world from mine.

I'm in between everything.

I've been seeing *** recede at a slow and steady
speed away from me...

I'm in between everything.

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