

Curl Up And Die

"Your idea of fascism and global intervention makes"

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Pull these scars from my face of overreacting.
scissor snip the concrete hollow medication.
programmed thinking, thinking almost as fast as me.
we wore out talking in unfamiliar language.
i dreamt of philadelphia thinking it was new york.
i wished for this hoping it was real.
over the ringing of my chest i heard the phone
and in this dream, she came in red hair.
for every inch of her was delicate
and detailed by a fond interest
and i'll give anything, anything to be put back at ease.
for anything i'd forget myself to become the dance
so you'd be in love with me.
i wished for you hoping this was real.
counting hours of sleep to catch some cure
and just an ounce of rest.
the texture kills these nostrils.
these photographs flood fading to their
complimentary Rorachach tests.
biting at nails as you sleep quietly
amongst the feathered lights of easing tranquility.
i kiss myself to catch any taste of you left upon me.
i hold the empty air believing only for you.
i drown in these tears
and every sentence runs through over and over to
become deadly comfortable.

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