

Curl Up And Die

"Your Idea Of Fascism And Global Intervention Makes Me Puke"

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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 Roraschach 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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