

## **Curl Up And Die**

### **"Your Idea Of Fascism And Global..."**

Visit "[Your Idea Of Fascism And Global...](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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.

Visit [Curl Up And Die](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.