

Cursive

"Into Your Heart"

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She slips out of bed.
It's 6 in the morning.
She kisses my head
Without even a warning.

She thinks I'm sleeping.
But I watch her slowly dress.
I rot from the inside.
How could she love this mess?

The blackness I dive,
I'm buried alive.
Been driving since 1995.
But you dug me up to breathe.

My hand over flame.
This cauterized vein.
I stumble back down the slop again.
But you pull me back to breathe.

Into your heart.

How can I show
What you've have done for me?
You'll never know
Your smile has saved me.

So I wrote these fucked up songs.
Obscure so you'll never guess.
I rot from the inside.
How could she love this mess?

The blackness I dive,
I'm buried alive.
Been driving since 1995.
But you dug me up to breathe.

My hand over flame.
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I stumble back down the slop again.
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