

Phoenix Mourning "A New Decor"

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Staring in your eyes and they read like a novel.
writers block parting these lips no longer idle.
your fast to fall gracefully into harm.
and that is your charm dear, that is your charm.

a new decor.
whats the commotion for?
her styles a bore.
a movement, a notion and nothing more.

you are a spitting image of a beautiful mockery.
and you are failing to see through this tragedy clearly.

if anything it bares resemblance.
press your heart to mine to beat the distance.
touch lips and fall short of a miracle.
judging by your eyes this empire will fall.

a new decor.
whats the commotion for?
her styles a bore.
a movement, a notion and nothing more.

you are a spitting image of a beautiful mockery.
and you are failing to see through this tragedy clearly.

you are a spitting image of a beautiful mockery.
and i watched you spread like disease into me.
slipped grace and now adorn lies.
white dresses reflect black in light.
a daunting task of photographs.
memory to flame, burn the past.

you are a spitting image of a beautiful mockery.
and you are failing to see through this tragedy clearly.
we never wanted, never wanted love like this.
we never wanted, never wanted this to end

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