

Promise Me The Moon "Your Bed Will Eat You"

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Hold The phone, What just happened here?

What you are feeling is emptiness,
You are becoming what you said you would never be.

Your horizon spells storms, to meet your weary feet.
So tired from running away, always to a dead end
street.

So keep denying that you've begun to fade,
You surrendered to pride, closing every promise
you've made.

Now do you feel safe? Because you're so alone.
Pull the sheets over your head, pretend you're at home.

The times are changing, we'll be lucky to make it
through.
No where is safe, even Your Bed Will Eat You

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