

Rubber Puppy

"An Ode To False Love"

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In your eyes, always a saviour,
In your heart, always a mentor,
A gloved hand holding in its palm,
The key that keeps your soul from harm.

In your eyes, always a friend,
In your heart you still pretend,
This gloved hand will one day, impart,
The true cure for your bleeding heart.

He is death,
He is deceit,
He crushes your heart
Beneath his feet.
Yet unto him you're heard to say,
"I'll love you till my dying day."

In your eyes the final sight,
In your heart the tunnel's light,
His gloved hand seems to draw you near,
But never wipes away your tear.

He is death,
He is deceit,
He crushes your heart
Beneath his feet.
Yet unto him you're heard to say,
"I'll love you till my dying day."

He is death,
He is deceit,
He crushed your heart
Beneath his feet.
And in that final dying hour,
Your love remains unfulfilled desire

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