

Twelve Tribes

"Luma"

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It's hard enough to pretend
That this quasi-cosmetic
Relationship's immune system is automatic
I've been so tragically fooled
Into believing that time is healing our wounds
While the remedy is looking at me looking at you

Pictures won't get me though this
Phone calls only make things worse
Permanent rescue from excuses better left unsaid
You hide your heart behind the thought of each
sentence
Pictures won't get me through this
Phone calls only make things worse
You try to make it easier
But it won't stop me

What did you say
When it was already too late
What did you say
It's not what you think
What did you say when you try to speak
You suffocate

This conversation always ends in a hole
An apology is ended before it's begun
Your words hung by an umbilical cord
At any given second this womb could explode

What did you say
When it was already too late
What did you say
It's not what you think
What did you say when you try to speak
You suffocate

This is the love you say you want
This is the love you still don't know
This is the love you say you want
This is the love that leaves your heart broken

