

## Honorary Title

# "Anything Else But The Truth"

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Pulled from seclusion, dragged out of our room  
This construction is perfectly obstructing our view  
Paired up and placed back on to our path  
Compressed in this space that frames an awkward act  
The chance to make it last has come and gone

Glass shatters with an unsteady grip  
No chance to catch the blood as it comes rushing in  
Too quickly pumping out from the inside  
Dripping into patterns strewn across my thigh

Each drop spreads and spells a passage  
Soon I'll reclaim this dull history  
The seamstress weaves shut the stitches  
But re-opens the same memory

Two years have passed and nothings changed, that's  
alright  
Still you just wait for that embrace, it's alright  
There is only one thing that has yet to be said, I am  
holding back  
There is only one thing that has yet to be said, and it's  
alright.  
Well it's alright.

Doesn't matter there's no reason to persist  
While avoiding all but that kiss  
Scraping cheek with your passionless lips  
From your side of things it's not quite over with

Well I don't think that you warrant anything else but the  
truth  
Sorry, this time I've out done it  
But I know that, I know that you'll lose

I don't think that she noticed that there was anything  
wrong at all  
Finally I'm free to leave  
I don't ever really want to pull and push again unless  
you're gonna fall  
There is only one thing that has yet to be said, I am  
holding back

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