

On "Deep Six"

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I hate the way you're looking at me lately
It makes me want to choke that smile off your face
I don't say this often but tonight I think I might
This time I'm really drowning, swallowed by consuming
seas
I'm not sure if I'm sinking or if you're sinking me
I can't even swallow, my heart feels so swollen
I'd love to show you what I meant by
I'd like to see you dead
You can't separate my eyes
I don't say this often but tonight I think I might
If you could make this last
I would take the world from you
As if a wasted past could ever totally consume me
Maybe by tomorrow, you'll have stopped your
respirating
God I hope the saying true
And he broke the mold when he made you

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