

## **Only Crime "Xanthology"**

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She pounds out a frantic pulse  
We count up all the baseless laws to get by  
But she's grown  
She's grown so cold and left between  
Haunted by what might have been  
In a different life  
Surrounded by what never was

In life alone  
We feel these claws upon us  
We're so alone  
Rejection desiccates these eyes

The dawn strips the shapes to gray  
The destitute resign that way  
Just the same  
They'll never be the same  
But now she's miles away from those involved

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