

Park Ave.

"Lachrymose Obsequious Vehement Elated"

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Love, four words, explode above a mnemonic device
To remember how it feels when I am with you
The glass can't hide, my wounds will find the salt
around the rim
This sting won't help this bleeding heart forget you
Perfect lines like space and time extend across my
room
But they don't help me get any closer to you
Well open the door and the clouds come in
And find you sleeping on the floor
Get used to the numbness, you won't have to feel that
anymore
But maybe I'd be better off if I could answer quickly
And make no distinction
If it's going up or coming down, it gets confused with
progress
It's only motion
And all this time still hanging on to such codependence
I fall completely
And all the lines you drew for me to walk
Well, I walked them well, didn't I?
It's one less tongue that bends to say your name
As I drive away the love songs play on my lonely radio
But I shut them off 'cause all they do is make me miss
you [so much more]
And so remains these twisted days
I spend time by myself
In attempt to make this failing heart continue [to beat]
So open your mouth and the smoke pours in, it tastes
so lonely
We are so bored, just breathe in the numbness
You won't have to feel that anymore
But maybe I'd be better off if I could end this quickly
It's not romantic
I'm just giving up and shutting down
I'm just so sick of thinking my head is broken
And in this aching bed we're lying on
You get your forced confession, I'm fucking lonely
And all the lines you drew for me to walk
Well, I walked them well, didn't I?
It's one less tongue that bends to say your name.

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