

Breather Resist

"An Insomniac's Complexion"

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Lights from your cigarettes.
Fumes from empty glasses.
Plastic faces.
Lights from your cigarettes.
Blank silhouettes.
Left-handed compliments from sincere exteriors.
I fall easily for charm.
Scream to me.
You always know what I want to hear.
Scream to me.
You always know.
I'll place my head between my knees.

Cover my ears and brace myself.
Build me up so tall.
Shock me with your revelations.
Isn't this what you always wanted?
Isn't it?
My only comfort is the fall.
To watch myself crash and crumble.
Lights from your cigarettes.
Fumes from empty glasses.
They're here.
Shows over, go home.

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