

Plunkett

"Lillian"

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The place I used to live made me feel like a tourist.
I couldn't co-exist with the cold and suspicious.
When the last remaining light was starting to filter,
It seemed the perfect time to step into the future.

Your heart is a grave to be perfectly honest.
Your mouth's a smoking gun.
And you smile while twisting the knife in my stomach,
Until everything is gone.

Take all you can from me.
I've got weak constitution.
I'm led so easily, so easily.

I left it all behind in the dead of last winter.
I left it all behind, but the question still lingers.
So long forgotten friends. No you don't know the
difference,
Between love and submission, and I'm not that
obediant.

And she's trying to sleep it off with her head on my
shoulder.
And I'm trying to keep it out of my thoughts when I hold
her.

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