

## Great Imitation

### "Until The Skin"

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It breaks, it breaks and tears away...

I've asked her 1, 000 times if she's alright and I'm  
less and less convinced by her each reply of 'I'm fine'.  
Swathed in pale bedside lamp light,  
she's never looked more beautiful or refined  
I'm rolling over back on my back staring at the biege  
wall we painted once when things were different  
She's turning her back to me and murmurs her  
'goodnights'  
to me lacklusterly  
Clicks off the lamplight that ushers in swathed and  
depths of velveteen evening this night  
I put my thin and withered arm and wrist over her deep  
and rhythmically breathing chest  
I'm rolling over behind her,  
trying and wishing and hoping to be noticed, but she  
doesn't notice  
She's stiff and resistant to my touch at which her  
skin withers and creeps and I retract my arm  
And my heavy and laden eyelids drift shut and as they  
do I see me, not through my own eyes  
In a 3rd person perspective,  
creeping into the kitchen and grabbing the breadknife  
tight in my right hand  
Padding my way back up the stairs to where she's  
sleeping  
and momentarily kneeling beside her prostrate frame  
Feeling nothing but the warm handle in my sweat  
slicked palm  
All of a sudden I find that I'm driving the blade with  
an awful force fully into her forehead,  
where a sickening vermilion grin spreads  
Where she used to frown in incomprehension at me  
Begins spewing disgusting,  
ugly crimson upon the crisp white sheets she cleaned  
recently  
She doesn't move a muscle becomes vague and fades  
away  
And I'm left with the nothingness that usuall resides  
behind my eyelids as I drift off into unconsioucness

Since you started to tear us apart  
I can only hope my fingernails leave sore and bleeding  
scratch marks

Jesus, how can he be so needy,  
I can see that he needs me but just recently he's quite  
simply been the last thing that I need  
Why couldn't he just let me be and be quiet while we  
watch some mindless TV?  
Grabbing at my hands and shoulders, fucking utterly  
suffocating me.

I don't mean to be mean so I don't say anything then  
he sits staring forlornly direction  
Asking if I'm alright to which I reply I'm fine,  
which isn't enough of a response apparently  
Then he asks me again and again and I'm doing my  
best  
not to lose my temper.

Said that I was going to bed just after 10 to get some  
small space and put things into perspective  
Try to figure out if this slump we're in is permanent  
and when the rot first set in was when we should have  
left it.

But I love him deep down, there's once a time when  
I couldn't picture my life without him in it  
But in these recent weeks it's seemed to me that those  
crazy, hazy days are over and finally finished.  
Can't hide my irritation when he says he's coming to  
bed and I'm disgusted and surprised by the disgust  
I feel by his pathetic expression of being wounded  
on his face and in his eyes.

Now I'm heavily breathing,  
pretending to be sleeping,  
he lols his fucking arm across me without any  
consideration  
for the fact that I'm finally resting.  
And I feel like I'm having to bite my tongue bloody  
to not wheels around and scream, 'get the fuck off me'  
I can't believe that I've let myself spend so many  
nights rigid in misery because I feel chained,  
restrained, pained by guilt and history  
And it sickens me that he'd rather be a part of this  
horrific heart ache than risk being on his own and  
lonely.  
Nothing makes sense, except one thing and of that I'm  
sure  
I don't want him to love me any more...

And I'll be holding on until the skin breaks

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