

Antlers, The "Atrophy"

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You've been living awhile in the front of my skull,
making orders.
You've been writing me rules, shrinking maps,
redrawing borders.
I've been repeating your speeches but the audience
just doesn't follow.
'Cause I'm leaving out words, punctuation and it
sounds pretty hollow.
I've been living in bed because now you tell me to
sleep.
I've been hiding my voice and my face and you decide
when I eat.
In your dreams I'm a criminal, horrible, sleeping
around.
While you're awake, I'm impossible, constantly letting
you down.

Little porcelain figurines, glass bullets you shoot at the
wall.
Threats of castration for crimes you imagine when I
miss your call.
With the bite of the teeth of that ring on my finger,
I'm bound to your bedside, your eulogy singer.
I'd happily take all those bullets inside you and put
them inside of my self.

Someone, oh anyone, tell me how to stop this.
She's screaming, expiring and I'm her only witness.
I'm freezing, infected, and rigid in that room inside
her.
No one's gonna come as long as I lay still in bed beside
her.

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