

Apathy Eulogy, The

"Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady"

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The way that your heart beats
with it's perfect precision in tempo with mine blurs my
vision
so i'll meet you in the middle
forsaking the facade we've been faking
I know that you're not scared
of chances
of unseen tomorrows
of glances
whether stolen or borrowed
from these coy and charming
so disarming new eyes

I said you've got some chances to take
girl don't run away
this isn't fate
it's ambition - a conscious decision
to sever all your ties and become the one that you
always hoped to be

one day before children
we'll kick off our shoes and go swimming in gunpowder
park
and we'll stay there till dark
as we lay in the grass i'll ask you
what you are thinking
and then as we lay there i'll kiss you
and our hearts entwine for all this time at least as long
as our situation allows

please don't lead me on
don't hold out on me
your eyes give away
what your lips won't say

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