

Moirai

"Crucifixion As An Art Form"

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Here, inside these arms we're always safe. but our skin
Got stretched so far,
We never realized it could break.
And somehow, we're still sleeping in the same bed. or
Lying awake at night waiting for the mourning sun to
see
If you gave up.

So, use your god, or use your tongue to tell me lies.
Are you bleeding from your palms again? a martyr to
Yourself?
I'm gushing from there too, I love to be the victim for
Myself.

Hold on, hold on to everything you have. hold on, hold
on
To anything, I'm begging you.
And somehow we're still living in the same space and
Lying awake at night
I'm dying to tell you, you gave up.

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