

A Skylit Drive

"Otis"

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This broken bottle is empty and my throat is all but torn
apart
From choking on my own teeth and i won't sleep tonight
at all
You sense the silence ending but you would rather
roam the dark
Search for idle hands but my dear, that only starts a
fever

All i wanted was to let you know,
That only starts a fever.
You're feeling down because i let you go
This ghost won't haunt me anymore from now on
And i just can't let go of this bottle,
It keeps me hanging on by every sip you've gone and
fed me tonight

This broken bottle is empty and my hands are all but
torn apart
From choking on these splinters as i continue to write
out verses
About the things you do that seem to get us nowhere
And the things you say in the waking of a crumbling
day

Like when you tell me you don't miss me
There's nothing in me but a bottle of whiskey
And it's keeping my tounge wet too
It's either one or the two
I've got my keys in my pocket and a list of what i left
you
And it's keeping my mind lit too
What better way to erase you? [2x]

You're not suffering anymore so move on

This ghost won't haunt me anymore from now on
And i just can't let go of this bottle,
It keeps me hanging on by every sip you've gone and
fed me tonight

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