

Voyage In Coma

"Nervosa"

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We return to beds and floors not ours.

Should I've ever gone away?
(Paved-paradise)

Slowly mansions slide of those brown hills
During a weeks worth of rain.
Your family hated my cyanide smell, my crooked smile.
We ate silently and selfishly,
Looking for a weakness to pin on one another.
We were in love and we hated each other.
A punch in the face for every meal
As you watched me eat your portion,
As you watched me eat your problem.
I watched you shrink towards skin and bones,
My invisible woman who touched me no more.

The valley's fury.
The faults are angry.
The plates are empty
In the pantry darkness.

Porcelain.
Ivory.
Fracture.

The plane leaves the ramp and now I'm gone.

I'd rather have ejected.
Thought if I'd screamed
Hard enough
I could've split this airplane apart.

Porcelain.
Ivory.
Fracture.

Should I've ever gone away?

(You can't turn back now.)

The plane leaves the ramp and now I'm gone.

I should have left a letter.

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