

## Honorary Title, The "Thin Layer"

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Through a thin layer of rubber and a thick rusted armor  
of drunken lust  
I think when our clothes were on we had a different  
image of  
What this was supposed to be  
My buzz allowed me to slip into you more comfortably

Here's what I intended, and here is the truth x2

The soundtrack to our meeting fills the awkward  
spaces-  
between our strained breathing  
And the only thing between, between the two of us,  
is your blood and our sweat

Here's what I intended, and here is the truth x2  
Here is the truth x3

I'll disguise this whining with melody,  
and I hope that it leaves, leaves you intrigued  
And I hope you feel, feel what I did  
The time that this was  
This was...

The silence is pleasing  
Between our breathing now  
It's over with  
This is not what I intended

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