

## The Velvet Teen "Your Cell"

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counting down to one  
lost my place had to start over again  
it won't save your cell  
but we'll gather more  
drowned myself in my own sea  
like a morning sunrise in reverse  
it won't save your cell  
but it's a way to begin

the waking hours we call our friends  
but we're the in-between  
the thirty-second trends  
and we'll keep pushing towards the edge  
until we break  
on the rocks beneath our skin

in the mouth of time  
we find ourselves coming out to play  
all our stupid games  
but we dream  
we dream...  
then something lets itself in  
through your backdoor  
while you are away cleaning your windows  
it slits your throat and you like it

the waking hours we call our friends  
but we're the in-between  
the thirty-second trends  
and we'll keep pushing towards the edge  
until we break  
on the rocks beneath our skin

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