

Jj Demon

"Alone Together"

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When did our relation become a ghost ship?
Loss of patience. Lack of focus. Hocus Pocus.
Waves of magic. Could it be the thick black frames of
her glasses?
Spellbinding and tragic. Wrapped in it's plastic.
Accidents Happen.
What is to become of our Juxtaposition?
Separation is just an incision, listen...
It's like Love, but it's real.
I'm talking about the way that both of us feel...
It's like someone fell asleep at the wheel. But who the
Hell's driving?
You Are. I Am. Who Are we Tryin' to fool?
The duel life that we're both livin' is cruel,
Who'll walk away from It unharmed?
I still got the scars from where I carved your name in
my arm.

It's like love, but it's real.
It's like blood, it's like steel.
It's like falling asleep at the wheel,
to lose everything in the world is to feel.
So come on, let's feel alone, together.
We can feel alone, together.
You and I can feel alone, together.
Together, we can feel alone.

Nights like this, her image comes back to me.
Maybe not a picture, but something satisfactory.
Maybe not a liquor, but something I can actually FEEL.
It's like LOVE, but it's REAL.
Absorbed in my blood to congeal.
We sweep feeling underneath the rug to conceal,
But the steel of the switch blade is splaying us wide
open.
Hoping you'll be able to fix it when I'm broken.
Awoke by your footsteps on the floor,
I hope real friendship can be pure.
When I show up at your door and collapse in a pile of
sin,
It happened again. I'm trapped In Denial.

But you said I'm talented and flawed.
But I gotta keep my balance or I'll fall.
Still I like it best when you tell me I'm the best that you
ever had.
We can change some things, but never that.

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It's like blood, it's like steel.
It's like falling asleep at the wheel,
to lose everything in the world is to feel.
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We can feel alone, together.
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Cheers! Here's to the buckets of our tears!
And also the manifestation of our greatest fears.
Your ears were bleeding at the sound of my good-bye.
But know that I'm coming home, and this time I'm alive.
April showers rain on my grave that grows flowers,
I feel like I could drown here for hours.
Cast down here and devoured in cold dirt,
She comes to my rescue wearing an old shirt.
I left with her years back, too many to count.
I guess some things survive any amount of weathering,
We can have everything In THE END,
But if I could have ANYTHING, it would be A FRIEND.

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