

Letters Organize, The "Costume In The Corner"

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You'll play the disease and I'll play the criminal.
Bring the handcuffs and I'll bring the cure.
So kiss me when I'm sleeping 'cause I can't tell the
difference anymore.
And anyway, it's just a quick fix for today.

For now I'll dream about watching you sleep
and for now you'll drink to remember me.
So, cheers to waking up again tomorrow.
My only outlet's dressed in ink and this ink holds me
together.

For now I'll dream about watching you sleep
and for now you'll drink to remember me.
My eyes are always dressed to kill,
never subtle with their constant stares.

Every day these hands are vague.
When you look at yourself what do you see?
Every day these hands are vague.
When you look at yourself what do you see?

I've got that feeling in my chest.
The one that asks the question you never have the
answers to.

Every day these hands are vague.
When you look at yourself what do you see?
Every day these hands are vague.
When you look at yourself what do you see?

Distance always wins.

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