

Morning Of, the "My Victory at Defeat"

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Is this war? Or just the truth.

December might be over, atleast its not for me.
I'm still cold and I don't care. Its for the better they say.
And if its true, that I was your last kiss
I hope it burns your lips right off your face so you can
never kiss again.

Let's Leave it at this,

Because any more conversation will lead to more
depravation of you.
Just know this is the last one that goes out to you.

Don't stand, You're falling backwards fast when you do
speak.
The Lights hits those who are not hiding what I seek.
The next time i want to see you face, is at your funeral.
And when they close the casket I'll make sure they lock
it just in case.

I'd love to sing my heart out, but there's nothing left to
sing out of.
That's why this is the last one that goes out to you.

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