

Dead Poetic, Paralytic

Paint the lines on perfect eyes that circle the object of
My sincere affection, my undivided attention.

Lie where you wont see yourself in that way.
And well ride to somewhere.

All we are is paralyzed from the face down.
Were still alive with our fake smiles.
When the cameras away.

Dont remember this. No, dont remember this.
We are losing it all, but we are gaining the world with our hands tied.
Your arms placed upon mine.
And the sky looks so right, and youre mine tonight.

Lie where you wont see yourself in that way.
And well ride...

All we are is paralyzed from the face down.
Were still alive with our fake smiles.
When the cameras away.