

The Honorary Title, Anything Else But The Truth

Pulled from seclusion, dragged out of our room
This construction is perfectly obstructing our view
Paired up and placed back on to our path
Compressed in this space that frames an awkward act
The chance to make it last has come and gone
Glass shatters with an unsteady grip
No chance to catch the blood as it comes rushing in
Too quickly pumping out from the inside
Dripping into patterns strewn across my thigh
Each drop spreads and spells a passage
Soon I'll reclaim this dull history
The seamstress weaves shut the stitches
But re-opens the same memory
Two years have passed and nothings changed, that's alright
Still you just wait for that embrace, it's alright
There is only one thing that has yet to be said, I am holding back
There is only one thing that has yet to be said, and it's alright.
Well it's alright.
Doesn't matter there's no reason to persist
While avoiding all but that kiss
Scraping cheek with your passionless lips
From your side of things it's not quite over with
Well I don't think that you warrant anything else but the truth
Sorry, this time I've out done it
But I know that, I know that you'll lose
I don't think that she noticed that there was anything wrong at all
Finally I'm free to leave
I don't ever really want to pull and push again unless you're gonna fall
There is only one thing that has yet to be said, I am holding back