

The Morning Of, The New Is In

It feels like a lover,
I won't see in the morning.
So I keep my eyes open through the night.
I take these things for more than what they're worth.
Call me a hopeless romantic, call me just plain pathetic,
I am what I feel, and tonight I don't feel that much.
The new is in, the new is in.
I'm feeling better all ready.
I shed my skin, I shed my skin.
My head is starting to steady.
I'm sorry I won't be reachable for days,
I'm cutting myself off.
Please leave me be in my misery,
I'm making amends with my conscious.
So, come next year I won't be reachable for days,
Because I'm taking time to let this story write it's page.
I'm now convinced that there will be no other way.
Break apart the boy I used to be,
And build the man that I've become.
I am a saint in sinners clothing,
Watch me save the world.
I am a saint in sinners skin,
Now let the healing begin.
Let the healing begin.
I can look myself in the eye now,
I can feel some magic happening.
I can breathe on my own now,
I can feel my body sinking in.
Sinking in, sinking in