

# Astral Projection

## Creeper

Last January I held my breath and begged for a life less laced with tragedy.

You never wanted me.

The space in between became just like a dream.

Though I never left, only in part.

From the top of my lungs to the pit of your heart. "Do you really want to wake alone?

Don't you want to go home?" Ever waiting for the end, for this to die  
and the sky to fall below.

I grieve the loss of who I was in vain.

My nights disintegrate into you. Do you see me the way that I see you in other peoples eyes?

Purple and true, I do this all for you.

The space in between, it died just like a dream.

Why fall in love just to fall apart?

From the top of my lungs to the pit of your heart. "Do you really want to wake alone?

Don't you want to go home?" Ever waiting for the end, for this to die  
and the sky to fall below.

I grieve the loss of who I was in vain.

My nights disintegrate into you. And we all wilt and fade.

Tragic and trite, we dissipate.

And we all wilt and fade.

Tragic and trite, we dissipate.

And we all wilt and fade.

Tragic and trite, we dissipate.

And we all wilt and fade.

Tragic and trite, we dissipate. (That place between sleeping and awake. That half dreaming space, is where I'll  
always keep you.)

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