

# To My Better Angel

## Northstar

I lost all faith today in suicidal featherweights  
With broken wrists and weaker fists  
This is the last fight ill give away..  
And there's something terrible locked in her attic  
So im told...  
I can feel it on my face  
I still feel you everywhere  
...and operator I cant hold much longer...  
Cause there's a spot by a bathroom door  
Where I dropped so fast straight through the floor  
When I lost my grip on everything  
Eight feet under water is where we dare  
Our locked lips keep out the water and the liars  
Full of nothing but air...  
So if anybody talks of me tell them I am never coming home again  
Just tell them I am gone...  
Theres a place that I might fit in, but it reeks like where we've been  
Perfect footprints from our feet that our haunted just by me  
To the lady of the hour (I hear) liquor love is all the rage  
Your skin feels way too sour and I've lost my sense of taste...  
Theres a hole that we all fall in  
Where we fight for oxygen  
That's where I caught my grip and became king  
Eight feet undercover, don't forget that im here  
Warm secrets under covers with new friends  
And your holiday lovers...  
So if anybody talks of me  
Tell them ill be gone forever without these scars  
That are completely invisible....

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