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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