

Acetate

METZ

She's barely breathing
I'm wading through puddles on the floor
We're all moving backwards
Even dead men float
Another call for actors
This time it's all she wroteTake, take away these thoughts
Take, take away the fogMy head is swimming
Can't get myself back through the door
How'd we get so empty?
Who took it out of you?
Everyday repeated
There's nothing left to doTake, take away these thoughts
Take, take away the fog
Acetate
Take away my dreams
Take, take my everything

Songwriters

CHRIS SLORACH, ALEX EDKINS, HAYDEN MENZIESPublished by
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