The Scar

Broken Iris

I'd like to sneak around your house
When everyone's asleep
Tiptoe across the door-room mat
That used to welcome me
Then gently shut the door
To see a brand-new Christmas tree
And the silence pounds like a kettle drum
And a chill runs through me

Chorus:
But does she ever miss me?
I still hear her singing
Just like an orchestra, just like a painting
With velvet brushes and wooden framing
A familiar Monet that's worth renaming
The scar

I choked up the dirt, completely hurt
I ran straight through them all
Then pushed aside what's left of pride
And trembled through the hall
And there stands a door you'd seen before
When all you knew you was down
And your perfume breath brought peaceful death
On sleepy silver gowns

Chorus;
But does she ever miss me?
I still hear her singing
Just like an orchestra, just like a painting
With velvet brushes and wooden framing
A familiar Monet that's worth renaming
The scar

Yeah, to wake is such a dreaded thing
To sleep is such a hole
I eat without your company
I drink till I unfold
And now hear the end of everything
Just thrown onto the ground

But October fell and broke my shell
And all I knew was down

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