Atropine

Amaran

Bathroom mirror laughs so hard,
Scribbled lipstick shouting truth
Years of whatever, a decaying youthAnd I'm sorry,
But I think I cannot love you
At least not tonight
No, I think I cannot love you
I think I'd rather fightRusty eyes and sleepy heart
What comes together comes apart
But all she ever stole
The myth of love to make her wholeGrasping for air,
In a room full of cyanide
It's only a matter of time,
Before it all comes crashing downIn another story,
You could have been the heroine
It could have been a fairytale
You could have flaunted rosy cheeks,
Instead of fading into paleGrasping for air,
In a room full of cyanide
It's only a matter of time,
Before it all comes crashing downHoping for, for a miracle
And I waited here to watch you
Watch you brace yourself
For when it all comes crashingAnd you think
That they might cry
But you, you will be careless
You'll be an angel,
Busy learning how to flyNever sleep and never rest,
Not with those cramps
Inside your chest
Never without nightly sin,
Atropine, your heroineGrasping for air,
In a room full of cyanide
It's only a matter of time,
Before it all comes crashing downHoping for, for a miracle
And I waited here to watch you,
Watch you brace yourself
For when it all comes crashing

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