

# 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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