

Sic Transit Gloria ... Glory Fades

Brand New

Keep the noise low, she doesn't want to blow it
She stripped from head to toe
And then left him with his shoulder out
Go get your heartbeat
It beats me straight into the ground
You don't recover from a night like this
Our victim, still lying in bed, completely motionless
A hand moves in the dark to her zipper
And a boy best in tourniquet sheets barely whispers

"This is so messed up"
Upon arrival the guests had all stared
Dripping wet and clearly depressed
He'd headed straight for the stairs
No longer cool, but a boy in a stitch
Unprepared for a life filled
With lies and failing relationships
(Up the stairs, the station where
The act becomes the art of growing up)

He keeps his hands low, he doesn't want to blow it
He's wet from head to toe
And his eyes give her the up and the down
His stomach turns and he thinks of throwing up
Get the body on the bed
Like it's flowered and he starts going down
The people, the focus
The reasons that I had to believe
You work too hard to sell
Die young and save yourself

They take all the taste out
It used to be the reason I'd breathe
And now it's choking me up
Die young and save yourself
She hits the lights
This doesn't seem quite fair
Despite everything he learned from his friends
He doesn't feel so prepared

She's breathing quiet and smooth, he's gasping for air

"This is the first and last time", he said
She fakes a smile and presses her hips into his
He keeps his hands pinned down at his sides
He's holding back from telling her
Exactly what it really feels like
He is the lamb, she is the slaughter
She's moving way too fast and all he wanted was to hold her
Nothing that

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