

Fear Will Keep Them In Line

Versus the Mirror

you are immersed in your own guilty pleasure
your tongue will never reach the bottom of the bottle do I make you wet?
i can surely guess that your eyes
will never open again
perspiration seeping through
there's nothing left but receiving for all we do What happened to my confidence?
I disappear as the paper breathes me in. it's clear to see you're becoming short of breath
I know this all too well
I'm frightened to see what you've become
ten stories told as the tears fall What happened to my confidence?
I disappear as the paper breathes me in.
I'll get through this
your comatose kiss
I better watch my back
'cause that cut was close breathe in breathe out
a smile sparked contingent on all my effort to comfort you
breathe in breathe out
a smile sparked contingent on all my effort to

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