Pure Triangles

Collapsis

The stony face, a true reflection
A sin to taste revisitation
But all these walls have right angles
And all these thoughts are pure trianglesDon't hold me up for too long
I'm not that tough, I'm not that strong
You see how I'm guilty by the way I need you, nowA broken heart with new direction
A blank, blank line with no inflection
But all these walls have right angles
And all these thoughts are pure trianglesDon't hold me up for too long
I'm not that tough, I'm not that strong
Can you see how I'm guilty by the way I need you, now?
Can you see how I'm guilty by the way I need you, now?
Now

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