Color Me Blood Red

Converge

Please love, just come home again
Just let this one pass, there will be another
And this after before the pain
Every deliberate hangs by my left hand
Those eyelids and this warm wated floods my nostrils
Neck deep, I cry high
Together we sleep, slouched discolored porcelain
Dreaming of those elucid moments when smiles hang high
Limbs outstretched, a bad moon rising
Faucet turning
Desolation churning
Drowning in what we've become
Neck deep, I cry high
I have spilled and you cannot fathom the notion that it was the end of something
This is the end

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