

The Foreboding Sense Of Impending Happiness

Him

By your heartstrings
I am hanging from a dream
Gently swinging in the
Warm autumn breeze
Come, look at the scars, smother a heart
Opening up
Look at the scars, smother a heart
Opening up no more
Tip toein' along a strand of your hair
Suspended between
These thoughts and actions
Miles above reality
Come, look at the scars, smother a heart
Opening up
Look at the scars, smother a heart
Opening up no more
Opening up, opening up
Look at the scars,
Opening up no more
Scars, smother a heart
Opening up
Look at the scars, smother a heart
Opening up, opening up, opening up

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