Now It's Over

A Place to Bury Strangers

So many ways, but you don't ever see 'em coming
Staggering aimless on a ribbon pulled for miles
Too many states, to many animalistic neon blinking days
Blurred into shades that quote the terror of your eyes rolling in place
And all you really want is to see straight
Cut your losses love
There ain't no one who understands what you're thinking of
No one
And life is just lonely
Automatic, dull and marred
Then pulled apart so you know now that you really are
No one
And Life is just lonely
Now you're not sure, whether it's coming or just going
Completely unnerved, and they're clamping fetters on your time
Too many plurals, too many amputated feelings you can't reattach with words
So they infer, distorting meaning in your lines

It's all absurd and you don't really have any answers
Cut your losses love
There ain't no one who understands what you're thinking of
No one
And life is just lonely
Automatic, dull and marred
Then pulled apart and you know now that you really are
No one
And life is just lonely
Transient schemes, thread bare scenes, and still no wherewithal
Nicotine walks, nervous talks, constantly trading palms
Oh supply and demand
And yes you really are no one
And life is just lonely
Cut your losses love
There ain't no one who understands what you're thinking of
No one
And life is just lonely

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