

# Sic Transit Gloria...glory Fades

## Brand New

Keep the noise low, she doesn't wanna blow it  
Shaking head to toe  
While your left hand does the 'show me around'  
Quickens your heartbeat  
It beats me straight up to the ground You don't recover from a night like this  
A victim, still lying in bed, completely motionless  
A hand moves in the dark to a zipper  
Hear a boy bracing tight against sheets  
Barely whisper, "This is so messed up" Upon arrival the guests had all stared  
Dripping wet and clearly depressed  
He'd headed straight for the stairs  
No longer cool, but a boy in a stitch  
Unprepared for a life full of lies and failing relationships He keeps his hands low, he doesn't wanna blow it  
He's wet from head to toe and  
His eyes give her the up and the down  
His stomach turns and he thinks of throwing up  
But the body on the bed beckons forward  
And he starts growing up The fever, the focus  
The reasons that I had to believe you weren't too hard to sell  
Die young and save yourself  
The tickle, the taste of  
It used to be the reason I breathed but now it's choking me up  
Die young and save yourself She hits the lights, this doesn't seem quite fair  
Despite of everything he learned from his friends  
He doesn't feel so prepared  
She's breathing quiet and smooth  
He's gasping for air "This is the first and last time," he says  
She fakes a smile and presses her hips into his  
He keeps his hands pinned down at his sides  
He's holding back from telling her  
Exactly what it really feels like He is the lamb, she is the slaughter  
She's moving way too fast and all he wanted was to hold her  
Nothing that he tells her's really having an effect  
He whispers that he loves her  
But she's probably only looking for So much more than he could ever give  
A life free of lies and a meaningful relationship  
He keeps his hands pinned down at his sides  
He waits for it to end  
And for the aching in his guts to subside The fever, the focus

The reasons that I had to believe you weren't too hard to sell  
Die young and save yourself  
The tickle, the taste of  
It used to be the reason I breathed but now it's choking me up  
Die young and save yourselfUp the stairs, the station where  
The act becomes the art of growing upThe fever, the focus  
The reasons that I had to believe you weren't too hard to sell  
Die young and save yourself  
The tickle, the taste of  
It used to be the reason I breathed but now it's choking me up  
Die young and save yourself

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