Grimm Days

Cutout Collective

It's not a lie.
It's just the truth has been sifted out.
I'd sooner admit you're the same as you were.
Because nothing has changed, despite the desire.

I'm just a bird.
That's the worst at not being shocked on your wires,
This is not the end.
This is just an epilogue.

We're just following crumbs leading back to our own gingerbread house,
Ready and fit for consumption.
We're just following crumbs leading back to our own gingerbread house,
And I'm just a witch on the inside.

It's not a sin to write.
Try to number the chapters that make up the story in plain black and white.
It's just a moral that's lacking in hindsight.
At a glance.
It's overwhelming how hard it is to deceive.
This is not the end.
This is just an epilogue.

We're just following crumbs leading back to our own gingerbread house,
Ready and fit for consumption.
We're just following crumbs leading back to our own gingerbread house,
And I'm just a witch on the inside.

We're just following crumbs, straight back to our gingerbread house.

Lyrics submitted by malcolm.

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