Prancer

Je Suis France

How could it all be
We've never been dead
But never awake from this dream
How could it all be
Weâ€™ve never been dead
Just mirrors running scared
Slicing wrists while we look for our own mortality
All the lights went out cold
Shadow covers the soul
Essence of the world made ceremonial
Now we all wait for the demise

What was the question?
Why do you need an answer?
We make me nauseas
I guess it just means I need us
Ripe for me to eat your juice runs sweet
Never so good
Funny how nothing chips away at us like us
Check the unlocked door but it's still locked
Always locked
Always locked
Always locked

Talk to me across the way as if you don't even know me
And as if I could never give even half a fuck at all
For the record there is never anyone controlling
Our trajectory is ours
Funny thing is when this is all just memories
Looking back will be the same as moving forward
I'll probably give anything to try to go back in time
Time when I didn't have to
Empty lips just for distraction
Rip the demons from their sleep
Fornicate inside me
Gouge my eyes out so I'll never weep
How could it all be
We finally figured this shit out
And now you'll see that you were all wrong

But you were all just mirrors running scared
Just some ghosts wearing my skin
Trying to disbelieve it
Fuck you now try to disbelieve it
Fuck you now try to disbelieve it
Fuck you now try to disbelieve it
Oh fuck you now try to disbelieve it

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written by GREGORY JOHN PUCIATO, BENJAMIN ALLEN WEINMAN
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