The Casualty

Cursive

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

The night has fallen down the staircase
And I, for one, have felt its bruises
Equilbrium; inebriated
Our social graces have been displacedAs we sink deeper into the drink
The volume increases....
Night time resurrects fault lines
Silent wars -- rumble somewhere below
The surfaces verses...
The surfaces verses...
The shoe is dropped, lungs explode
Shards of words of a shattered voice
And there's still a hole where the phone was thrownAh ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah...
Ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah...The moon is rising, a revolution
I close my eyes and the room is spinning
You're screaming:"Sweetie, the moon has raped me --
It has left its seeds like a tomb inside me
So I must learn to abort these feelings
This romance is bleeding..."Night time triggers the land mines
Bedroom wounds -- lovers like brigadiers
Marching two by two...
Marching two by two...
A soldier's down
Flood gates burst
I've said some things I wish you'd never heard
Like, "There's still a hole where the phone was thrown."
It's growing as we speak
And it's sucking us both in
A vacuum of sorrow to swallow up the day

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/