

Over

Arctic Death

driven by ribbons
you were such an instigator
using all my pencils to carve up my paper
i was over
you were over
we disintegrated i asked to look inside of you cause you were cut wide open
always tryin' to hide the side of you that wasn't broken
under the impression we get it from each other
the sighing time was almost over you backed up to run in place
shielding spit with your blinking face
both my arms were torn from the ends of the earth pain was the middle and pain was just the point of it
time was never saved my time was just an argument
i traded you my world for two
or three or two my new heart didn't ask for the kiss
that you over-zealously gave her
aimlessly i look for words
to say to return the favor pain was the middle and pain was just the point of it
time was never saved my time was just an argument
i traded you my world for two or three or four

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