Stitches

frnkiero and the cellabration

i want what i want.
i need what i need.
i want what i need.
i need what i want.
but i'm not what you wanted.
let's go...hell-bent on slipping away.
i felt you slowly turn away.
my thoughts go black it breaks my heart.
i ignore your taps on windows still.
i've become attached to where i fell.
it's true, there's room for you.
although we've still got miles to go,
i've forgotten the places i used to know.
this face gives smiles unjustified.
i once was lost but i swear i'm fine.
until the ground holds me in it's arms i'm true,
and i'll wait for you. isn't it obvious I'm a wreck,
i set these fires just for you.
isn't it obvious i've calmed down,
i saved my breakdowns just for you.
i'm hell-bent on slipping away.
i felt you slowly turn away.
i've seen rock bottom,
and it was love at very first sight.
i've been asleep what seems like days.
these dreams i love are just a phase.
this life i loathe is in my way.
i felt you slowly slip away.
those cemetery eyes,
these 7 deadly sins,
these 40 days of night,
have severed all our ties.
i am the seventh son.
i have my father's eyes.
i am a loaded gun.
i am the setting sun.

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