The Pornographer's Daughter

Northstar

I can't leave with words like these
They break the bones that hold up my sleeves
I've got to tie her so high her breath freezes
before she speaks, but this bus just won't go far enough
So I'll strap my face to a homemade bomb and blow the bus stop through the parking lot
We'll celebrate like we were freeI know a place where we can both get laced
Take some time to learn about your face
about bawling and bell curves
about strength from inhalers
and I'll take the fifth and you can just sit
and I'll watch from a distance while you open it
This is how I will keep her..in pieces..she's a keeperAnd I'll be holding my breath with the best..
my breath with the best intentionsThis is not for me, your perfume struggles perfectly
it wraps around and screams at me,
"My hero tastes like plastic, he's elastic and now he's dead" [x2]My straight faced grin is the first to leave hand
in hand with the queen of tragedy
Why do I hurt just on purpose?
I guess I lack a purpose..
So smile like a child sitting in the sea forget about what's in the water
and just focus in on me I'll be the phantom of the opera
I'll be the lantern you blow out first..And I'll be holding my breath with the best..
my breath with the best intentionsThis is not for me, your perfume struggles perfectly
it wraps around and screams at me,
"My hero tastes like plastic, he's elastic and now he's dead" [x2]And I'll be the reason you'll leave this
city..(This is not for me)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/