

Puppets 2 (the Rain)

Motionless In White

I'm still not fucking over it
You play like violins in a broked fucking symphony
And I know this hurts to you
But I have no fucking sympathy

Infectious cold,
I've spent living with neglect
Yet I still can't let you go,
and I'm still not fucking over this

I know my suffering's what keeps you alive
And I know you fucking love it
6 years I fell for this love disguised in fucking misery
My sinking ship, will be the fucking death of me

You breathe only in withered lies
Your perversion of distrust
Now another full lenth down
And we're still not fucking over this

And when your eyes become the looking glass
Through which only reflect the fucking past
Conceived in poignant everlasting despair
You fell in love with the evil that you bare

I can't forgive
I won't forget
This dream was ours
But you ripped it to shreds

There's no escape
I can't reflect
The distance kills me
But your presence's a threat

You traded everything
For a life of broken promises
At 23 I've fallen out
When you left me with this bitterness

A frame of glass
And a love that's built for sorrow
Is a see through coffin
For a heart that beats so hollow

I know this eats you alive
That which doesn't kill you
Just fucks with your mind

I can't forgive
I won't forget
This dream was ours
But you ripped it to shreds

There's no escape
I can't reflect
The distance kills me
But your presence's a threat

I will stay with you
And cut right through
Through the essence
Of all that once was "like new"

Out of place
But you turned away
Leaving nothing
But a mess that you made

For too long I have lived
Just another slave bound by your torment
But I am not afraid anymore
I am not your fucking puppet

I am not your fucking puppet
The snow has turned to rain
so now I hope you're fucking happy

I can't forgive
I won't forget
This dream was ours
But you ripped it to shreds

There's no escape
I can't reflect
The distance kills me

But your presence's a threat

I will stay with you
And cut right through
Through the essence
Of all that once was "like new"

Out of place
But you turned away
Leaving nothing
But a mess that you made

6 years I've fell for this
Dead look on your face
When the rain has washed away,
What will be underneath

A midnight breeze,
Of Chilled unease
When we began amiss

The haunting scent
Of Autumn makes a
Scornful heat resist

A longing bliss
In carnal stints
Of thighs gracing
Betwixt your hips

The harvest moon drapes
Aloft these graven
Tattered Crypts

Please just let me go
And kiss the life from my lips
To show me a love
Not even death can resist

I am the boy
With a thorn in his side
And I'm still not fucking over it

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