

Aisle

The Bunny the Bear

This could be, a chance to repent.
I'm left on my knees, breathing without a sound.
This could serve, as word for the dead...
That there's nothing left, worth seeking out in this town.

Look into your eyes, they burn so bright.
I can't give enough of what it is you want, it's such a foolish game.
Running in circles, fast yet tame.

I swear I'm barely sleeping, your heart is barely beating.

Now is the time, run for the aisle.
(Run for the aisle.)
Open your eyes, we won't get out of here.
(We won't get out of here.)
Pretty in white, now wait for a smile.
(Wait for a smile.)
We are lonely...

(Now is the time), run for the aisle.
(Open your eyes), we won't get out of here.
(Pretty in white) now wait for a smile.
(We are so lonely), we've wrapped ourselves in fear.

(Now is the time), run for the aisle.
(Open your eyes), we won't get out of here.
(Pretty in white) now wait for a smile.
(We are so lonely), we've wrapped ourselves in fear.

I can't give enough of what it is you want, it's such a foolish game.
Running in circles, fast yet tame.

Now is the time, run for the aisle.
(Run for the aisle.)
Open your eyes, we won't get out of here.
(We won't get out of here.)
Pretty in white, now wait for a smile.
(Wait for a smile.)
We are lonely...

Have gathered here, bearing a child.

(Bearing a child.)

Wrapped up in fear, lying without a sound.

(Lying without a sound.)

This can't be right, nothing good becomes of these miles.

(Nothing good becomes of these miles.)

Lie.

Dry heave.

(You know you'll do it for me.)

Lie.

Dry heave.

(You know you'll do it for me.)

Lie.

Dry heave.

(You know you'll do it for me.)

Now is the time, run for the aisle.

(Run for the aisle.)

Open your eyes, we won't get out of here.

(We won't get out of here.)

Pretty in white, now wait for a smile.

(Wait for a smile.)

We are lonely...

(Lonely.)

Have gathered here, bearing a child.

(Bearing a child.)

Wrapped up in fear, lying without a sound.

(Lying without a sound.)

This can't be right, nothing good becomes of these miles.

(Nothing good becomes of these miles.)

Now is the time, run for the aisle.

(Run for the aisle.)

Open your eyes, we won't get out of here.

(We won't get out of here.)

Pretty in white, now wait for a smile.

(Wait for a smile.)

We are lonely...

(Lonely.)

Lyrics submitted by Kaitlyn Himes.

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