

Sic Transit Gloria...Glory Fades

Brand New

Keep the noise low, she doesn't wanna blow it
Shaking head to toe
While your left hand does the 'show me around'
Quickens your heartbeat
It beats me straight up to the ground You don't recover from a night like this
A victim, still lying in bed, completely motionless
A hand moves in the dark to a zipper
Hear a boy bracing tight against sheets
Barely whisper, "This is so messed up" Upon arrival the guests had all stared
Dripping wet and clearly depressed
He'd headed straight for the stairs
No longer cool, but a boy in a stitch
Unprepared for a life full of lies and failing relationships He keeps his hands low, he doesn't wanna blow it
He's wet from head to toe and
His eyes give her the up and the down
His stomach turns and he thinks of throwing up
But the body on the bed beckons forward
And he starts growing up The fever, the focus
The reasons that I had to believe you weren't too hard to sell
Die young and save yourself
The tickle, the taste of
It used to be the reason I breathed but now it's choking me up
Die young and save yourself She hits the lights, this doesn't seem quite fair
Despite of everything he learned from his friends
He doesn't feel so prepared
She's breathing quiet and smooth
He's gasping for air "This is the first and last time," he says
She fakes a smile and presses her hips into his
He keeps his hands pinned down at his sides
He's holding back from telling her
Exactly what it really feels like He is the lamb, she is the slaughter
She's moving way too fast and all he wanted was to hold her
Nothing that he tells her's really having an effect
He whispers that he loves her
But she's probably only looking for So much more than he could ever give
A life free of lies and a meaningful relationship
He keeps his hands pinned down at his sides
He waits for it to end
And for the aching in his guts to subside The fever, the focus

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Die young and save yourselfUp the stairs, the station where
The act becomes the art of growing upThe fever, the focus
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