Nothing We Say Leaves This Room

The Bled

Your eyes begin to stare at the polygraph machine
As you become aware of the satellites that call her name
It's as if the ocean swallowed the city lights that we fell in love with
Paralyzed and paranoid, we withdraw the hands we heldThis is beginning to get ugly, dear
You feed me to the lions
Now, the tongue becomes the bridge between broken teeth
Now, you feed me to the lionsHow we reach for the arms but only clasp the knees
How we reach for each other only to die alone
How we reach for the stars only to swim right through
How we strive to connect only to fall apart
Just between me and you I felt the rapture in your arms

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