

Vacant

East West

The night bleeds day,
with every breath I take
reality brings,
bright eyes, smooth skin. So what is left from this,
a bottle of broken self.
In a moment it'll all be gone,
til the next time when it all comes back. Come on,
feed a lie,
watch the birth,
kiss the dirt.
kiss it. Next time has come and gone,
what will bring the end,
a promise thrown into the night,
or a little reminder. So what is left from this,
a bottle of broken self.
In a moment it'll all be gone,
til the next time when it all comes back. feed a lie,
watch the birth,
kiss the dirt.
kiss it. Searching through these pieces,
looking for your shadow.
Getting closer all the time. Countless words,
in a sea of explanation,
flailing to grasp,
a rock (to stand). Shoulda let you go. Searching through these pieces,
looking for your shadow.
Getting closer all the time. feed a lie,
watch the birth.
kiss the dirt.

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