

Narrow Mouth

The Early November

My body is asleep, my mind is wide awake
Itâ€™s my fault Iâ€™m locked inside
I try to find a way out, Iâ€™m clenching both my eyes
Forcing my breath I try to stay alive
But not a sound comes out
I panic, and now Iâ€™m shutting down

You gotta get something right
I swear itâ€™s smite
You framed this crime
While I was sedated
This plastic form fed smile
Reveals the teeth you hide
While we live through the narrow space between
We live through the narrow space between your eyes

What you could never imagine is about happen.
Without sight, sound control it takes you home
Like a smile leads you into the conversation
It forms around you like a pool of warm ignorance
What started out as words, just air passing through your lips
Is all I can focus on

You gotta get something right
I swear itâ€™s all smite
You framed this crime
While I was sedated
This plastic form fed smile
Reveals the teeth you hide
While we feed of the narrow space between
We live through the narrow space between your eyes

The veins in my eyes are getting tense
Opening slowly and wider than before
I feel the rush, the adrenaline
I can actually feel the blood coursing through my veins
How do you hold on to it?
How do you hold on to it?
How do you hold on to it?
How do you hold on to it?

How do you hold on to it?

Take a deep breath

And hold who you're near

Forget the looming thoughts and the sounds in your ear

It's all becoming drones drowning into the background of what was never clear

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