

# Poor Receipts

## Discolor Blind

Don't leave, retreating kills  
The brightest stars are far  
The past, awaiting your come back,  
It attracts you back to the exact same path

Jealous? Seen things in the mirrors?  
Your tears won't reach no ears  
Phone rings while the moon orbits this horrid earth so morbid

So far so lonely, don't bother to loathe me, or run for me  
So far so lonely, don't bother to loathe me or desperately follow me

Another verse, on a page so colourless  
Is sung and still no one cares  
So fast, these poor receipts won't last  
Days passed and killed this romance

Maybe you could send me a train to come save me  
Four steps to reach the surface while words still serve a purpose

So far so lonely, don't bother to loathe me, or run for me  
So far so lonely, don't bother to loathe me or desperately follow me

Lyrics Submitted by Ashkan Malayeri

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