Sinking Ship

Atlas Losing Grip

I can feel it coming up and spreading inside of me
It warms the blood and it eats away the memory
From my pen, you expected the sweet honey to drip
But the words come out like rats leaving a sinking ship
Yeah, look at them runYour famous discretion, how you so proudly call it
Well, I'm afraid, honey, that it crumbled down to the powder in your wallet
And all the different shapes and forms which you control
From the whitest and purest to the whore of alcohol
Ah, look at her runWe'll get to know your sad side again (x4)

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