Bible Black

Into It. Over It.

Lost power in the apartment
And let yourself out
Bible black matching the darkness
From your neck down
Well-equipped for adjusted eyes
But dire come daylight
A waste of your best disguise
On morning's eyesightKilled the lights in your apartment
Day in, day out
Sank deep into the carpet
Where you've lost count
Losing thread over countless years
Inconsistent
Aging in angel years
Ultra silent
But you
There's always something to prove
There's always somewhere to be
You're not the type to sound so rude
That'll never be youJust a bridge before the tunnel
You cross before blacking out
With folded arms all of her structure
To carry words that travel from your mouthThere's always somewhere to move
There's always something to be
That somewhere's on the floor
Beside the weight of your keysI could say I'd spend the night
But I promise I'd be lying
On your queen-sized set of standards
Of my single set of sights
Lost power in the apartment
Day in, day out
Lost power in the apartment
Day in, day out
Lost power in the apartment
Day in, day out
Lost power in the apartment
Day in, day out

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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