

Amorous In Bauhaus Fashion

The Faint

Her brow pensive, her knees away
I stand beside her but I look straight ahead
And dissolve before the night began herring St.
A book from school kept me wandering
This may take a while
I might never see this through
They said that chapter four repeats itself
Along with three so far

Where are you tonight?
It's crowded at the Sokol club and tonight will be the same
I want her walk to scream her confidence above me
I try to hide my thoughts, I stare blankly through her face
This seems so senseless
She sees me breathing
My hands are crippled cla
This could have been different
I hear myself saying again, again, again

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