Cringe

Erectus Monotone

Wide eyed, knee deep in surprise
Just below your thighs, the temperature drops 5 degrees
Your standby flight has just arrivedTongue tied, bleeding from your eyes
Even Christ Himself would cringe at the sight of your scars
While you're counting sheep, I'll count my lucky starsYou were the last good thing I ever saw
And I lost it all, I lost it allBurned out on 2 hours of shut eye
Eyes glazed at the thought of the next 8 hours
Headwind, cold rain to wake meYou were the last good thing I ever saw

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