

Puppets 2 (The Rain)

Motionless in White

I'm still not fucking over it!

Blegh!

You play like violins in a broken fucking symphony
And I know this hurts for you you, but I have no fucking sympathy
Infectious cold, I've spent living with neglect
Yet I still can't let you go, and I'm still not fucking over it
I know my suffering's what keeps you alive
(And I know you fucking love it)
Six years I fell for this (love) disguised in fucking misery
My sinking ship, will you be the fucking end of me?
You breathe only in withered lies, your perversion of distrust
Now another full-length down and we're still not fucking over this
And when your eyes become the looking glass,
Through which only reflect the fucking past
Conceived in poignant everlasting despair
You fell in love with the evil that you bare

I can't forgive, I can't forget
This dream was ours, but you ripped it to shreds!
There's no escape, I can't reflect
The distance kills me, but your presence's a threat!

You traded everything for a life of broken promises
At 23, I've fallen out when you left me with this bitterness
A frame of glass, and a love that's built on sorrow
Is a see-through coffin for a heart that beats so hollow
I know this eats you alive
That which doesn't kill you just fucks with your mind

I can't forgive, I can't forget
This dream was ours, but you ripped it to shreds!
There's no escape, I can't reflect
The distance kills me, but your presence's a threat!
I will stay with you and cut right through
Through the essence of all that once was "like new" (Once was new!)
Out of place and you turned away,
Leaving nothing but the mess that you made (Mess you made!)

For too long I have lived just another slave bound by your torment
But I am not afraid anymore
I am not your fucking puppet!
The snow has turned to rain, and now I hope you're fucking happy

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Six years I fell for this dead look on your face
When the rain has washed away, what will be underneath?
A midnight breeze of chilled unease, when we began amiss
The taunting scent of autumn makes a scornful heart resist
A longing bliss in carnal stints of thighs gracing betwixt your hips
The harvest moon drapes aloft these graven, tattered crypts
Please, just let me let you go
And kiss this life from my lips
To show me a love not even death can resist
Move! I am the boy with a thorn in his side!
And I'm still not fucking over it

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