

# Thin Layer

## The Honorary Title

I threw a thin layer of rubber  
And a thick rusted armor  
Of drunken lust I think when our clothes were on  
We had a different image of what  
This was supposed to be Here's what I intended  
Here is the truth  
So here's what I intended  
Here is the truth The soundtrack to our meeting  
Fills the awkward spaces  
Between our strained breathing And the only thing between  
Between the two of us  
Is your blood and our sweat So here's what I intended  
Here is the truth  
And here's what I intended  
Here is the truth Here is the truth  
Here is the truth  
Here is I'll disguise this whining  
With melody  
Hope that it leaves  
Leaves you intrigued I hope you feel  
You feel what I did  
Time that this was  
This was the The silence is pleasing  
Between our breathing  
Now it's over with  
This is not what I intended

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