

Photographic Memories

Odd Project

taken back to a day when eyes
said so much more than hollow words screamed.
sometimes these stares left scars.
and now our thoughts collide.
at 2am our lips spark fire to the horizon.
bathe these streets in gasoline, we'll dress this city in flames.
words are worthless when looks can betray us.
lives are broken when romance dies...
sleep with photographic memories, they lay deceased. and now all i have is this gallery of faded pictures... in the
crimson daylight
and the garden of grey roses is still there... and they smell so sweet. words are worthless when looks can betray
us.
lives are broken when romance dies...
they hide knives in their smiles.
fake apathy to avoid a broken heart. so i'll write this story one last time. these pages are worn some empty inside.
but i speak my heart, i give my word, and all i ask is for nothing in return. just take me for what i'm worth, take
me for what you see, cause i can't live without you. you mean everything to me.

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