Grey Matter

Finch

Bite the tongue to live with what you've done
It's so good, it's so good
Lie to myself while I lie with myself
It's Monday and it's raining
It's Sunday in the sun
It's so good, but
Would it be so bad if you were to pretend
That you were so happy?
Keep it to yourself, don't let the secret go
If you were so willing, but
Let's pray for the suicide
And all these pictures falling down around me
I've surrounded myself
With all I have inside
Would I bite my tongue and live with what you've done?
Just continue sleeping?
Selfishly consumed with everything you've wrought
There's nothing I can do, but
Let's pray for the suicide
And all these pictures falling down

One wish full, step to the side
And please just let me know
Are you happy?
I'll decide
These stories are so old
How they match your eyes
Are you happy?
I'll decide
These stories are so old
How they match your eyes
Are you happy?
I'll decide
These stories are so old
How they match your eyes, but
Let's pray for the suicide
And all these pictures falling down
One wish full, step to the side
And pick these pictures from the ground that surround me

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