

Valentine

Chokebore

Wait, stop, wait just hold on a minute.
Six years ago I was driving home from my house.
Now it's fire filled hallways and tears from each finger.
I've counted the years, I am six different people now.
Valentine, you move your hands like you were wearing mine.

All of your hearts are as smooth as shutters.
You're as supple to me as a warm little ball of milk.
Still, your first compromise was the very first flaw.
You won't feel nothing, I'll feel it for us all.
Valentine, you move your hands like you were wearing mine.

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