Staring At Your Toy Collection

Kind of Like Spitting

This isn't my room but still I know where everything goes. Your shoes, buzzing toys, dirty clothes. I can clean for you. Spotless like a palace. Chains bind me too. Your lips are like air. I see heaven all around me, crumbling like your body. These days alone bring me back to a little book. Those pages hold all that makes me angry. And who has the power to bring heaven to its knees? God knows its not me. God knows. This isn't my home. I feel it in every corner. The chairs don't sing your name. I drowned. Please let me clean for you. No one else can love you like I do. My hands are spotless please let me clean for you. When you go away.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/