

Think I'll rename my heart, the calendar.
'Cause it'll surely know just when to end.
And I've been looking at you through the telephone,
As the photograph whispers that she isn't even home.
So alone, I bleed myself right in.
Unusual here breathing, inviting the silence.

But you're not here,
You're nowhere near at all.
Just skin and atmosphere.
And if it's not what you wanted,
Better get out now.
Alone it takes me,
Underneath it'll surely break me.
Underneath these things.

Twenty some years my parents let themselves leave.
I always swore that would never, ever be me.
And now you're looking at me through a new lens,
Your voice on the end doesn't understand anything, nor do I.
Paper cuts for me.

Prove me wrong, I want you to prove me wrong.