

7 Years

Blood Red Shoes

Speak so softly, afraid to use the name
Tongue tied quietly, just turn and walk away
A future perfect, with holes torn in the sides
Consciously quick, to labor on the lie

These marks left by you
Ghost who went too soon
Hold me under
Like you always do
This scratch made for you
Come together soon
Just like always
Waste away these days

The cracks in the picture, never could turn a blind eye
Nothing so innocent, would occupy your mind
So we'll repeat the process further and further apart
Sleep more feel less, lay down in the dark

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Ghost who went too soon
Hold me under
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Come together soon
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