

This is really only all we have:
(Bury all of me)
Daytime. Twilight. Pitch black. Night light.
(Before I have a chance)
Coldest eyes, and the softest touch.
(To open my eyes and see you laughing.)
Daytime. Twilight. Pitch black. Night light.
These typed letters.
(Is this all we have?)
Beneath me.
(Or is this all just twilight beyond the skyline)
Fuck with these buttons and knobs long enough
(Blinding me)
And maybe things will... turn out fine.

Hide behind your crystal screen
And blow kisses at me.
(Remember what we said wouldn't happen?)
Go.
Write your name on my chest in kerosene.
Spark a match, and you won't be cold again.

This is really only all we have:
Daytime. Twilight. Pitch black. Night light.

Coldest eyes.
You had the coldest eyes, and the softest touch.

Daytime. Twilight. Pitch black.
Light!

Gag and... destroy me.
Gag and... destroy me.

(Sorry I didn't hear you)
I have a
(I was busy dying in the corner)
Collection of thunder that I stole
(Those three words)
I stole. That I stole.
(Destroyed every inch of me yet you keep...)
From your windowsill.
(...Speaking)
Stole... right through your windowsill.