

Slow motion don't say anything
Better left unsaid, refrain as she always did
Pretty words I read them from a book
Expressing her fits, she's only worthy if perfect

Nothing's what it seems
Cavilliar and sadistically
Smile she fronted, in the making of a fine way to an end
She stubbornly will not give in, in, in
She's worn thin

Close your eyes so your ears can see
Black hearts appear in nightmare or daydream 'cause
When she smiles, it's just a low grade attempt
Of hiding the truth of what's real and what's pretend

So nothing's what it seems
Pixilated memories
Smile she fronted, in the making of a fine way to an end
She stubbornly will not give in, in, in
She's worn thin

Help for this girl's in trouble
Something's gone missing
Something within me
A love for a passion
Emotions crashing
And nothing is working
She turns for a final farewell with her chin down
A tear rolling slowly
She'll ask before going
What is believing if no one can see me and nobody knows me
nobody holds me?

Open up your eyes for a safe land
She's falling, she's falling, she's falling
in, in, in, in
She's worn thin