

Back Of Your Head

Balance and Composure

Hey, is it you that makes me hollow?
Don't act the same.
Cleaning out a conscience.
Scream at the moon.
I hear it as it echoes.
I'll find out soon.
I never want to let you go.

Hey, am I picking at your head dear?
Don't you feel shame?
Is it weighing on your conscience?
Fall asleep in the arms of another man.
You're incomplete holding out an empty hand.

Something in the way you call my name
I'm seeing the difference.
Shake it off let it exit your system.
If time heals all then why's there still distance?
Keep those thoughts in the back of your head.
The back of your head.
The back of your head.
The back of your head.

Waiting on me to break apart
And shatter at your name.
Swim in delusion,
You've reached a conclusion,
Convinced that your skin's what I crave.
Caught in the moment,
No words to be spoken,
You're not the apple of my eye.
What does it take to keep the things that you say
The furthest thing from my mind?

All you wanted was that feeling.
All you wanted was that spark to glow and never fade away.

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