

Sympathy Orchestra

Bury Your Dead

This is a letter I started and
I'll ever get the chance to finish it
I left the spaces here for you to fill in
Cross them out, cross me out of the picture

We've been living a weeks worth of truth
In a years worth of lies
Now I feel so damaged, so broken, so hollow
Now reach out for me touch these cracking ribs

Sometimes I think you forgot my name
Sometimes I feel you forget my face

The way you lick your lips
Your body temperature climbs you look at me
Like you were looking at last night
The way you lick your lips
Your body temperature climbs

Sometimes I think you forgot my name
Sometimes I feel you forget my face