

Cycles

Carousel Kings

So out of control
You broke my phone and stole my piece
Along with my dank heart
I guess I should know
You filled my head with doubt
I've got you figured out now

Take my hand
Take my heart
Take me anywhere you want
'Cause I'm still in the dark about who you really are

Shred me to pieces
Liar, deceiver
Spinning like a cyclone
I'm sick of this cycle
I'm broke and I need you
I'm trying to please you
Collapsing at your front door
Relapsing 'cause I want more
I think I did it again
I let you get inside my head

I want you to know
I'll write a thousand pages aimlessly about your cause
When it's time to go
I'll dread saying goodbye to your furious weakness

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