

Until Your Heart Stops

Cave In

A parasite that lost its appetite with what he calls his own being yours to clean for.
Walk with a weapon and fight just to see what draws the line between the now and yesterday.
Scenes from the past being premonitions all too real.
We dwell like antique paintings older every day,
until a thief steals you from the wall in the shadows of creative eclipses.
I've noticed your handwriting improve over the years,
though sometimes I still smell shit in the ink.
I can't clean this stain of a little boy, and sadly I am trapped in here for good.
Locked my door and read these cryptic pieces a hundred-thousand times more.
For every sundown that crutches the awake,
simmering the need of peace and lightly seasoning our bodies back to bed.
Aimless is the mind on porcelain pillows.
And we dwell like antique paintings, older every day.