

Woodwork

Cave In

My Roman numeral came
As "one" and "I" are both the same
She curves just like the wick
Of a burning candle's dancing flame
These vultures were in love,
Always circling high above
Picked each other apart,
Hungry for the other's heart

Real fun, let's all underachieve

Failed to dispel the myth
Every time is always ending with
The sharp end of a star
Stabbing me right through my heart
She's gone and I'm beyond
A color scheme of loneliness
Now my Roman numeral is lost
As "one" and "I" are now divorced
Your wishes are my command

Real fun, let's all underachieve

Crawling out of rotted woodwork
It stings to breathe
When I don't even know what to do with myself

Real fun, let's all underachieve