

Deserving an Explanation

Chiodos

This seam is splitting, torn apart.
Lacerations from the thoughts of you.
Choking me, your words shoved down my throat.
And I'm still bleeding from our first kiss.
The taste so painful I'm forced to clench my fists.
Every time you turn around, you'll feel my presence.
And when you glance up at the stars.
Everyone will be crashing down on you, whoa, you'll see me, the
sky, calling out your name.
And yet for some reason, I still absent mindedly come back for
more.
Maybe someday I'll realize that this storm will someday pass me
by.