

Young States

Citizen

My skin is stretched over lonely bones. Can't help but choke with your hands on my throat. It's hard to make up for your moves when they are set in stone. I assumed you were on your way. Another new face for every passing day. You say it's temporary but you can't escape yourself from past mistakes. You're a constant reminder of the sound. Replace tonight with better things, and make my better days. I've got this kind of hate that I can't keep put away. And what's the point of waiting when you got nothing to lose? Tear out my eyes. Bleed alive. I've fallen out of light. You're a constant reminder of the sound.