

I'm shaking and so are my hands
And I can't tell if it's the cold or if I'm finally feeling regret
A martyr in my own mind and a pariah
Given the capacity of my own guilt

Do I fight the fact that I am a nervous wreck
Or do I face the forthcoming collision head on?
I don't know how to abandon my blind heart...
(And I'm convinced that you deserve this)

My organs are dark and minuscule in comparison to yours
I'm no longer pining to cure my disease
I'm just dying to advance the process

Trim your wings and deceive me
Cinch your halo around my neck
Because death houses such beauty
If we can enjoy what will grow in its absence
(We are wasted)
We are thin and wasted at both ends
And we've accepted our position

I was never worthy of following your footsteps
So be sure to leave no evidence that you've existed
We dare not turn and face the figures treating us to our descent
If we knew their origin then we'd surely be disgusted
This is the kind of illness
That leaves us rotting from the inside out...
And we wear this on our sleeves

Content with our casualty
I would do this all over again
I'm the catalyst of our collapse
Haunted by conviction and a partner to the pain

Forgive me for who I've become these past few years
Forgive me for allowing my love to disappear

(Trim your wings)
Trim your wings and deceive me
Cinch your halo around my neck
And just leave me alone with my thoughts
Eaten alive until there's nothing left to mourn
I will resonate through the minds of others
As a corpse and nothing more (nothing more)
Nothing more