

Everywhere And All The Time

Crime In Stereo

This empty space becomes the lines inside your face.
It makes an atlas, tracing an accurate map of decades.
They decay and fade away to form the crease of grey increasing
in their place.
The sunken shape that invades your pretty face is an oasis, a h
ave for your mistakes.
Like a keepsake hanging about your fallow frame,
Our tiny planets massive weight enables our escape in sulfur an
d oxide,
Slow drives and long nights.
I'm in between everything.

Everywhere and all the time I reside between the lines that div
ide
Your world from mine.
I'm in between everything.
I've been seeing *** recede at a slow and steady speed away fro
m me...

I'm in between everything.