

The Terrible Secret

Emery

pave these streets with open arms
it's always you we're waiting on
the skin, the taste, the drug, the need
i'm asking, telling you, don't leave
erase the lines that we have drawn
it's always you we're waiting on
and waiting on and waiting on
and on and on and on and on

these are our words, we fill these mouths
but all the letters of the alphabet could never spell it out
these palms and frames that we tear through
to cling to something that is bigger than the failed attempts at you

wait wait wait, i don't wanna see
wait wait wait, i am not the person anyone would want to be

the perfect shoes with matching clothes
it is the lie we're always told
but nothing masks the shallow touch
by saying words that cost so much
while you're an addict to the need
to find yourself a way to breathe
the sex, the purge, the vein, the look
to reflex feelings that we took

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perfection, it's perfection
but never quiet enough, and never could disguise
the drugs to make it stay
the wanting in your eyes
the money that you spent, but you're still an accident

we are more than words that fill our mouths
drink with eyes that tell us the answers that we need

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wait wait wait, i don't wanna see
wait wait wait, i am not the person anyone would want to be

waiting here until you leave...