

Lead me blind with sweet little asides,
The promises we equate to break of brittle wire and
copperplate.

We're moving in close, close, close, Rosa.
The winning opinion's feel good host.

I found a little escape...
I found a little escape to the rhythm of blackened
lungs,
To the melee going on inside, to transcend into
lullabies.

To the rhythm of blackened lungs, to the pestering
melody,
To transcend into lullabies, I found a little escape.

Piscea, all piano wire limbs,
Blunter than the sharps at my fingers,
These nicotine stained ivories.

We're moving inside, close, clear, Rosa.
In streams of my consciousness,
You soak, close, clear, Rosa.

I found a little escape...
I found a little escape to the rhythm of blackened
lungs,
To the melee going on inside, to transcend into
lullabies.

To the rhythm of your blackened lungs, to the pestering
melody,
To transcend into lullabies where I've nothing to hold.
Now I've nothing to hold. I found a little escape.