

Ghosts

Heart in Hand

You're the latest fashion that everyone wants to wear,
But in the end, (but in the end)
you're the label that no one can, seem to get off,
Stabbing me in the back, (stabbing me in the back)

And, these watercolours, that I painted our perfect life with,
will run,
(will run) (run)
Once my tears hit the paper, once the ducts are open,
once the ducts are open,
We flood our hearts,

You think it's fine to do things your way, but this lump in my
throat,
it's getting bigger and bigger, from swallowing my words,
Hope I don't choke, on the truth,

(Ian Fike of It Prevails)
You've found a way to fall apart, You've found a way to change
and disappear,
with no help from me,
My tears have been the catalyst to the process of you fading aw
ay,

You've become a ghost,

And It turns out, you are, as fucking selfish, as I thought,

And, these watercolours, that I painted our perfect life with,
will run,
(will run) (YEAHHHHHHHHH)
Once my tears hit the paper, once the ducts are open,
once the ducts are open,
We'll flood our hearts,

And we'll flood our hearts,
Now you're gone,

As my eyes grow heavy,
WE FLOOD OUR HEARTS
My tears speak of regret,
WE FLOOD OUR HEARTS
We fall,
WE FLOOD OUR HEARTS
Now you're gone.