

## Dead In Magazines

Hopesfall

Someone called your shot  
Just from the other side  
The self made rival you are  
I thought I caught you breathing  
It was just the sound of me laughing  
Modern days eve locked arm in arm with Cosmo queens  
Turning heads  
Then their backs  
Trying to find the polarized version of their obsession  
This is how to escape the horizon, curled up and frozen still  
Its the tilt of the hour glass  
And we're slowly thinking, waiting, and waking