

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