

All these words roll off my tongue
when you got me under the gun.
You say you know but I don't think you do.
And your game to play,
but you don't want to lose in this conversation.
Chasing lights, dreaming in assets,
chasing ourselves away from the end.
From ever being "dead".
My fists are clenched, tightly around this pen
and there's a prisoner in my head.
My eyes are red, from keeping them open.
There's a prisoner in my head.
I hope we never ever cross each other's lives.
Don't cross the line with me.
We're ripping the wings from the plane.
Cause it makes us happy.
You're shaking in the sight of the wolf.
These teeth are sharp enough to cut right through
the swords that slit right down our throats.
You're shaking in the sight of the wolf
and my insides just can't hold this one down anymore.
I hope we never cross each other's lives.
We'll cross out the lies. We'll cross out the lies