

Blunt Knives

No Omega

It is so sad to say that we are broken.
And that love is not around.

Love is not here.
Love is not here.
But will it ever be?
Where the fuck is the sun?

Sit on my shoulders,
Cause I will both show and teach you
That our knives are not sharp enough.
But will they ever be?

Our knives are not sharp enough.
But will they ever be?
Where the fuck is the sun?

I've been listening to the voices.
I've been swimming all too much.
My spine can't take this. my neck is bending.

Why can't you see this? why can't you hear me?

And now you see, our knives were never sharp enough.

Now love is gone, where were you sun?