

Adhering To Superstition

Ruiner

I remember just how it used to be.
When the nights were fucking ours and the sunrise
Made me feel so fucking sick.
Things were much simpler
And those summers last too long
But this feeling was as depressing
As the day my eyes met yours.
We always talk about getting caught up
In the moment getting wrapped up in situations
Saying words we can never take back.
A four letter word, the most beautiful of things
But the one I used on you is the one I wish I truly could mean.
I never said a thing I only half meant.
I dropped hints at being the worst man for the job.
I've smashed clocks, broken mirrors
The man in the reflection the one I truly hate the most.
I want my life back. Days spent months spent years spent
Saying if I had a time machine hell yea