

Laid out, puking in the back of a fancy bar  
You and your friend in the front booth  
Laughing at my sweet naïveté  
And its awkward gravity

Three years, I saw the decimation of the world in you  
Messiah complex lead a fickle flu  
To see it's antidote and end in you  
But now I'm gonna leave you

Eloise, Eloise  
You never meant that much to me  
Baby, please let go, my Eloise  
Let it bleed, let it freeze and fall apart in front of me  
My Eloise, you took the world from me

So beautiful, the ugliness within you  
Last of three, baby of the family  
Spoiled to bits and rotten to the shining core you  
And mad with power I've seen corrupt  
The leaders of a nation  
Stricken with the sickly imitation of a love  
The Lord would never stitch  
You've got my cake. It's time to dine on the rich

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Let it bleed, let it freeze and fall apart in front of me  
My Eloise

Band-Aid. Just a bloody Band-Aid.  
That's all I ever really was to you, Eloise:  
(You can't take when you gave it away.)  
Just a solider with a syndrome and dreams of children's screams  
You molded. You shaped like a god who loathes to create  
(You can't take when you never want to give it away.)  
Band-Aids. Two infected Band-Aids.  
That's all we were to each other, Eloise  
(You can't take it away.)  
Just a couple of stupid kids throwing a ball back and forth  
Just to see who drops it first  
(So now I feel like a child again.)  
Well, think fast, killer.

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