

Gathering Fingers

Stolen Babies

I'm going to start a fight, it's clinging to my eyes
I'd hoped to rely on something else
I'm sure it isn't right
I know someone should anchor me
But if you had heard the things I did
How anyone like that could live

I'm sorry you had to see this side of me

A mistake has fallen on my knuckles
Desperately, my wish is to main you
And no one should ever have to feel that way

Taking over the better half of the conscience
No control, no better way to resolve it
Can't see with the blood seeping
Red and rushed, frozen speech
Stinging scales of skin scraping
Scales and skin scraping
Can't think with the heart speeding
I'm ashamed this had to be

And no one can take your place
The last thing you see will be this side of me