

# This Isn't Why You Made Her

The Bunny the Bear

You can't stay close enough to every boy you meet.  
Drugs don't taste good enough... since then you've been clean  
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With every little taste your nails broke more beneath the surface  
Of my unsteady, undying trust for your smile of decay.  
Beneath the unending, undying light of such little surprise...  
I could swear I never saw it coming.  
I never saw it coming.

And with a moments pause he slipped right in..  
When I was never there to begin with.

God, please take me home.  
Please take me home

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Here's a pretty lie.  
Here's a big surprise.  
Here's a nasty taste.  
Here's a dying faith.  
I can't breath and I swear I'll never make this bed.

Here's a pretty lie.  
Here's a big surprise.  
Here's a nasty taste.  
Here's a dying faith.  
I can't breath and I swear we're better off DEAD.

And I'm sick of redemption without revision.  
And I'm sick of your eyes. (sick of your eyes)

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