

## Thin Layer

### The Honorary Title

Through a thin layer of rubber  
and a thick rusted armour of drunken lust  
I think when our clothes were on  
We had a different image of what this was supposed to be

Here's what I intended  
Here is the truth  
So here's what I intended  
Here is the truth

The soundtrack to our meeting  
Fills the awkward spaces between our strained breathing  
And now the only thing between  
Between the two of us  
Is your blood and our sweat

So here's what I intended  
Here is the truth  
And here's what I intended  
Here is the truth (the truth, the truth)  
Here is truth  
Here is the truth  
Here is..

I'll disguise this whining with melody  
I hope that it leaves, leaves you intrigued  
I hope you feel, you feel what i did at the time that this was.  
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Well the silence is pleasing  
Between our breathing  
Now its over with  
This is not what I intended