

# This Is All A Forced Metaphor

The Venetia Fair

You catch hail storms on your tongue  
"it's an acquired taste" you claim  
To taste disaster but the venom kills you faster  
And you've lost all sense of reason  
"a million to one" you seem to say  
The sun comes up to destroy another day.

Don't think (don't think) it's not beating at all,  
You're fine you're just paralyzed.  
I heard that if it's something that can't die  
And be forgotten it's just not worth the pain of finding out.

You tell me I've been missing out  
That there's more to life than listening to the beating of my heart  
You tell me I'm already gone,  
But I can see the air you're breathing as it plummets to the ground.

So he climbed and climbed 'til he couldn't feel his thoughts anymore.  
And detached himself from all of his supports.  
But there was no castle in the sky, just a shortness of breath.  
So he let himself get torn apart.

I get the feeling I can feel him every time it rains.  
But when the sun cuts through him, just a rainbow's shadow.  
I never had to have a reason for the falling of the leaves  
Just promise me it's not dead forever

And we crack  
Right down the center and we splinter to a thousand  
Pieces before we fall asleep.  
When we wake  
We find ourselves trapped in unfamiliar bodies.  
So we dance to try and kill a million lying faces' time.

Call out "I suppose I should've seen this comin'  
But I never expected this from you"  
If I am jack's obsession, you're jack's fear of intimacy.  
See how he breathes?  
See how the air's too thick for his newborn lungs. maybe now you'll understand .

And now you see why he screams (and now you see why he leaves)  
And now you see why he can't stop coughing up his teeth.

[Spoken:]  
As the door slammed shut, my fist slammed against the steering wheel.  
My eyes blurred and I wasn't fit to drive but I had to escape.  
As the volume knob spun, my speakers distorted and I started to scream.  
But that wasn't the last of it. I walked into the house and I painted on a smile.  
I could feel myself accepting the ending. I could feel the bile rise in my throat.  
I was finding ways to fight back the feelings. I was finding ways to lie to save face.  
When all of a sudden, there was a knock at the door and just like that, I was back in the game.

Don't think (don't think) it's not beating at all, you're fine you're just p  
analyzed.

I heard that if it's something that can't die and be forgotten

It's just not worth the pain of finding out.

You say that I've been missing out that there's more to life

Than listening to the beating of my heart. (to the beating of my)

To the beating of my (to the beating) to the beating of my heart.