Debris

Theatre of Tragedy

Debris While he was asleep holding her hand The dreams smouldered She opened her heart, he tore it apart Gazed into his smile He said he had constraint He was ostracised and feint She had gone over and under A tattoo of a loser These are the rings that fell apart These are the things that tore his heart These were the dreams that he was causing These were the gleams that she was pausing We're nothing but debris Floating on a silver lake There's nothing left to take As we slowly fall apart We unite you through me As we separate with fate We're nothing but debris Her words confound, dim and unsound Daring the logic Defying off-hand, nothing unplanned Phase into the vile Let me speak again, pursue the praise - not too soon In two yields construed by me and you Tracing the cause and case As we stand here face to face Simple twofoldness is our brace That makes it feel like you and me Opportunity isn't what we lost We have lost our senses Walk with me now to another place Where no one else has been before