

Epiphany

Throwing Muses

Now I know why
You are the way you are
You'll see the air
The tactful past

Which is more forgiving
Than these last moments

We are the last of your faithful, well, friends
We love the crash that accompanies epiphany

You don't have low self esteem
You don't have any self esteem at all

You float around, don't touch the ground
What little confidence you had
Is melting away

We are the last of your faithful, well, friends
We love the crash that accompanies epiphany

I refuse to lose control
You do look handsome under wal-mart lights though...