

Trace the Lines

A Lot Like Birds

Knocking on doors and swallow every key
Knocking on doors and swallow every key, carelessly
What a terrible time we had, do you want it back?
What a terrible time we had, do you want it back, timelessly?

We lived in the smallest world and all of it darkened as we slept
Knew our paces dictated the turn of the moon and the earth
And yet we still battled, began to doubt ourselves
I saw a softness in you as you were, so that's where my claws went

I used to drink off of you, take sips of perspective from things you said
And when we disagreed it would burn, but I still loved to taste it
Then something bittered, something within ourselves
Just as most of the things I deserved, I learned how to waste it

I made you sick where I had meant to make you mine
I found loneliness in a room that you were in
I know it tore you up, it wasn't by design

Do you care that it's over?
Do you ever trace the lines?
Was it shared?
Are you sober just to show we're not alike?

Walking home is harder
The pace gets hard to keep when you're in all the windows outlining every street
Do you disappear if I break them or show up in every piece?
We don't ever speak but I'm holding on, I'm holding on, I'm holding on

Which version of you is the right one - the one from our memories?
The one locking doors that I knock on and swallowing every key?
I don't want to sleep but it's coming on, it's coming on, it's coming on

Do you care that it's over?
Do you ever trace the lines?
Was it shared?
Are you sober just to show we're not alike?

I said I loved you as a way to change the subject, fingers breaking

king as they crossed

You said you loved me so you wouldn't have to prove it, with both eyes towards the door