

Vanilla Poltergeist Snake

Glassjaw

I'm hoping to be proud
Hoping that it shows
I look in the mirror
Hoping that he knows
My heart is to be found
Giving way to getting wet
Red tide
I find it so peculiar
How you sit and stare

No one gets out alive
No one

For now and always
Hoping for the best
A pretty cigarette
Leaves the head a wreck
I beg you to believe
Assumption leaves you in
Red tides
I find it so peculiar
How you sit and stare

No one gets out alive
No one