

Between The Lines

I the Mighty

The morning attack:
You pull the curtains back and light, sheds upon the scene.
Remembered like a moment in a dream.
Home, The place I should have gone and slept alone,
But came to your house to clear my head
And ended with the taste of sin instead.

If I could know what I do, back then,
I would make you eat the words you laced with cyanide.
Well, hold your tongue!
For you must lie awake at night and let this eat you up inside.
Why, why don't you deny it all?
But time has shown me everything.
All of those pathalogic games you played the nights you walked away from me.
I'll read between the lines.

You belong in a convalescent home,
With locks on every window and writing on the walls strapped to a chair,
Spoon-fed with therapy and small purple pills that hold your sanity.
You know damn well that your head's more of a prison than this cell.
Let by the thought, that all you got is who you're with, well,

Bite your lip, For you, you must lie awake at night and let this eat you up inside.
Why, why don't you deny it all?
But time has shown me everything.
All of those pathalogic games you played the nights you walked away from me.
I'll read between,

If I could know what I do, back then,
I would make you eat the words you laced with cyanide.

And now I see that I am one (one of the so many convinced)
Of a million men (you were so much more than this)
Who had given you a life by letting you take mine.
Well, I'm yours no more for I have found a way out.
I have found a way out.

You must lie awake at night and let this eat you up inside.
Why, why don't you deny it all?
But time has shown me everything.
All of those twisted little games you played, it's my turn to walk away.
I'll read between the lines! I'll read between the lines! I'll read between the lines!