

Friends

I the Mighty

You left the room and all my senses left with you and now my body's just a place for blood.
If I could taste then I'd be shaking in my place just at the thought of what your lips taste of.
Oh, you love to string me along and I know it, but resistance always lingers on my tongue.
You're afraid you'll never belong. And I say it, but it's always tongue in cheek.
I choose all the right words but the words work against me.

Take my pride but you'll never take all my friends.
Take my life and you'll never feel whole again.
But if you're gonna make empty threats, then how dare you?
If the thought of an absent God doesn't scare you...
If you want me to hold my breath while you carry on, then come on!

I must admit, there was a time when you were it. You had my body, had my soul, my love.
But how we switched... I cracked the code, I scratched the itch, and you're aware the spell is wearing off.
You no longer string me along, and you know it. Bet it eats away at that confidence you feign.
From afar I fell for it all, but close up it comes off trite and cheap.
You could take it all off and I'd still keep my mind clean.

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I've got this medicine in my head.
Every day it secretes and tells me what I should have said.
So I live in dread...
That every thought that I vocalize should be silence instead.
I've got this notebook that begs for love.
I hear it screaming: "Come on boy, fill me like that whiskey cup!"
So I ripped him up...
Then I poured out a sip in remembrance of my paper-cuts.
I've got this painting that looks just like you.
I'm sure the one who laid brush to canvas simply had no clue of the damage they'd do.
With every look that I give, it burns. Let it burn!

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on! (Woah)
Then come on! (Woah)
Then come on!
Oh come on!