

Showcase

Stolen Babies

Wake up sick, sick from your bleeding,
And the night before wasn't anymore different,
How your life has tired me,
How you live for just one thing, What are
What are we to you, what do we mean?
Are we glass surrounding you?
Are we velvet on the floor of your show case?
Are we everything that you live for?
At what cost to us?
All your drive will drive away the passengers that you are with
,
All of this will be a waste,
Back and forth, with no assumptions,
The canopy is swaying under everything remaining,
All the tides are draining me,
And the end at my own hand keeps waving at me,
But I don't wave back...
Are we dancing endlessly with each foot on each others feet?
Are we losing a game we made up?
Who's game is it now?
All your drive will drive away the passengers that you are with
,
All of this will be a waste.
All your drive will be a waste...
I watch you break it, it's inevitable, what we put up with is i
ntolerable...