You've always been the full stop to end my paragraphs. We don't need a bigger bed, I need you closer. I don't want to be buried next to you, One casket for the two of us should do.

To be alone with myself for eternity would be agony.

You've always been the one to breathe me back to life, When my appetite for living dies.

You breathe me back to life.

Tripping through the perils of this comedy, You shoulder the brunt of my misery. I envy the lightness in your heart. How do I dream without waking up?

To be alone with myself for eternity would be agony.

You've always been the one to breathe me back to life, When my appetite for living dies.
You're the cure when my thoughts turn to cyanide,
When I go out of my fucking mind.

You're the cure and your eyes
Have dug me out of my grave more times
You're the cure and your eyes
Have dug me out of my grave more times
Than I could ever keep count.

You've always been the one to breathe me back to life, When my appetite for living dies.
You're the cure when my thoughts turn to cyanide,
When I go out of my fucking mind.

You breathe me back to life.