

Phoebus-grip

The truth is I'm mad,
Yeah; I'm wasting away.
And it's hard to stay sad,
When my bloods running grey.

A sundered coil poisons your veins,
This clay mold pain is choking your lungs,
Please keep on breathing so we can stay as one!

The truth is I loved you,
Your faux-black hair.
The truth is you knew me,
That smiling green glare.
And the pain was our glue,
No; it never was fair.

But Courtney you love me and I love you back!

The truth is we were different,
Your scars carved it clear,
For me the barbiturates,
And oxy-laced fears.
But I was indifferent,
As long as you stayed near.

A sundered coil poisons my veins,
This clay mold pain is choking my lungs,
So breathe life into this heart and tell me we're not undone!

The truth is life hurts,
And you felt it much worse,
Then I could.

Why Courtney? I loved you, please just float back!

The truth is you're dead,
Even though you feel near,
And those wrists spilt red,
When you had nothing to fear.

You could have realized it too,
If you'd just stayed here.

The truth is I'm scared,
I was all along,

And; this hole just creeps deeper,
Now that you're gone.

And Courtney I loved you, so usher me to black, 'cus living without you, is a vice-grip worse than any heart-attack.