

Anniversary, The, Without Panasos

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Designing A Nervous Breakdown

Without Panasos

It's never felt so hot within these walls between the cracks
As we forget our manners days slow down and i relapse

Dear dad - i'm having trouble feeling sad
Your words find secret pathways through my spine
Inside my teeth i'll scream - i know that i miss you - i know that i miss you
Inside my teeth i'll scream

Those diamond streets, invisible runways buried beneath
And i was wrong this time - oh i was so wrong

Every other morning i wake up lost and tired from dreaming
As we distill our vision nights grow long - void of real meaning.

Dear dad - i'm having trouble feeling sad
Your words find secret pathways through my spine
Inside my teeth i'll scream - i know that i miss you - i know that i miss you
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Those diamond streets, invisible runways buried beneath
And i was wrong this time - oh i was so wrong

And dad you don't know the half of it this time
You told me what was yours would soon be mine
You taught me to no longer be afraid - no longer be afraid

Those diamond streets, invisible runways buried beneath
And i was wrong this time - oh i was so wrong