

# EMF, Patterns

She fell fifteen floors  
Then she died  
It was the only way to see inside  
The reasons trickle  
From her fingers  
And the brightness fades from her eyes  
She'd tell me it was nothing  
A mistake and now she's well  
She'd work a spell, and then  
As if nothing bad had happened  
She'd be sitting making patterns  
With my scared tired eyes  
When she cuts, then she bleeds  
It's the only way she gets what she needs  
Sitting making patterns with my scared tired eyes  
And then  
She'd take me to a doorway  
And to the other side  
She'd take me through with passion, tenderness and pride  
She brought me back with her hands  
Making promises and plans  
I left her in barren lands when I came inside  
I'd see her glazed eyes  
And crazed lies  
And the as if nothing bad had happened  
As if nothing bad had happened  
She'd be sitting making patterns  
With my scared tired eyes  
She'd be sitting making patterns  
'Cause my promises were lies  
My promises were lies