

With a torn parachute I fall from the sky, can't live through another good bye.
My glass coffin is waiting for me,
I'll lie there through eternity.

I want to sit and talk for a while
to feel your breath with each new smile, but I've been hurting now so many times, I'm
sleeping through all the same crimes.

A poison apple a mattress of tears,
a prisoner of love a thousand years.
A poison apple, a mattress of tears,
a prisoner of love a thousand years.