

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.