

# A.F.I., The Last Kiss

hung in your room, swaying, hoping only that you'll see.  
all by myself, i'm alone in such poor company.  
the deeper i think, the deeper i seem to sink.  
i can't stop the insects that are feeding,  
pull the needles from beneath my skin.  
i broke myself, shattered, tied a bow around every piece.  
you'll love the eyes. have they always shone so vacantly?  
the more i show the less you'll want to know.  
i can't stop the insects that are feeding ,  
pull the needles from beneath my skin.  
now i'm on display, i am becoming.  
hurt myself today. it's all for you  
do you like, do you like what i'm becoming?  
cut myself today, it's all for you.  
i part the night, flashing, approaching as i watch you flee.  
pushed through your panes. seems i've landed quite uncomfortably,  
but as i pass through souls of broken glass,  
i can't stop the insects that are feeding,  
pull the needles from beneath my skin.  
now i'm on display, i am becoming.  
hurt myself today. it's all for you  
do you like, do you like what i'm becoming?  
cut myself today, it's all for you.  
please don't ask me what i think, trust me, you don't want to know.  
please don't ask me to open up. trust me. trust me. 'cause i can't.