

# American Head Charge, Reach And Touch

Ive seen it turn from white to red  
Ive heard you talk about how  
you bleed and it doesnt mean shit  
until I see some action a hint of  
rose and a mountain of garbage  
leaves me for dead and nothing drags me from  
breaking myself  
breaking myself to try to keep everyone  
from walking over me  
smell the burning wreckage of even you  
all of your perfection lets get inside  
the bag turn it 180 degrees  
forget we even met cause it all comes  
down to this the good ones always  
leave in the end  
breaking myself  
breaking myself to try to keep everyone  
from walking over me  
I see the world and it all looks blue  
I kiss the world and it all tastes true  
The blurry eyes make me appealing  
In a normal fashion another 2 or 3  
you will become very friendly  
your liquidation is a siren song  
you swim I follow Im feeling my head sink  
so as to reach and touch what hurts me  
still I try to reach and touch what hurts me