

# American Nightmare, Hearts

Dear eastern prom  
I know what's wrong...  
But it's suicide eyes  
That wrote this song  
For all I'm worth  
Writer's block is a bitch  
Words falling like bricks  
For a New England wish...  
I was an easy male fuck  
In the town of "naive-fly";  
All I wanted was a shot in the dark  
But like a knife through the heart  
I choke on spit covered words...  
Oh my god - It happened again  
What's wrong with me?  
Screaming gets you nothing  
One more night in this town  
And I swear that I'm dead...  
I drew a heart  
Around the name of your city...