

Bleeding Through, Love Lost In A Hale Of Gunfire

you are the fucking disease. another day, another memory. but i have fucking failed. i turned another lie into the work of a saint. so where is the cure? hundreds of souls with the look of horror on their face. now i rise from my knees. i will not live in misery. you won't take me. you won't take me. now it's me. now it's me. all that's left is a bitter taste of a life that was once so promising. rather cut at the wrist than laugh about your mistakes. sickness fills the air. another life that you wish you could fake. your eyes will cut through me, but it's a risk, that i must fucking take. i must take. so where is the cure? hundreds of souls with the look of horror on their face. now i rise from my knees. i will not live in misery. you won't take me. you will not destroy me. you cannot destroy me. and i'll fight you with every ounce of strength i have left, and i'll seal it with a bullet and a kiss. so look at your fucking horror. horror. i want to see your face. show me your true face. i want to see your face. show me your true face. my heart belongs to you, so save me. my heart belongs to you, so save me, for the sake to give it away. still beats, still beats inside of me. my heart belongs to you, so save me. and my heart still beats. and my heart still beats. my heart still beats, so save me. my heart still beats.