

# Blood Has Been Shed, Cortisone

The air is heavy with the acrid taste of deception  
For all our strength we can barely hold our heads up  
Were you thinking of me as everything fall from grace  
And I can't breathe again because the scent still lingers  
I guess this isn't the time for self loathing  
Loosen this noose I'll never speak your name I swear  
Loosen this noose I'll never speak your name  
And ill carve a testament of this day in my chest  
For all the world to see  
But I won't say a word, and I won't speak your name  
I won't say a word I won't speak your name