

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