

Camden, Little Perfect Murder

Hope is a madman's dream
When he finds out he's alone
It's the poison that he takes
It's the cancer in his bones
'Truth or dare' he whispers
Though it knows the ice's too thin
It was hope that killed him
But it were his fingerprints
Somewhere there's someone
Who somehow gets a thrill
Of being perfect with an awful lot of guilt
I never thought it'd come to this that I
Even don't remember what I miss
Little perfect murders come and go
But they never die
Is what she said
'Maybe one day who knows'
For crying out loud, it's just a term
Made for those who end it
And for you who can't confirm
I'm the coat you're wearing
When there's nothing left that fits
I'm what you created
You think there's more but this is it
I know I hurt you
I know I caused you pain
You called me asshole
But at least I've got a name