

Cellar Door, Summer Stars And Sandpaper Kisses

In pieces where you left me
now I'm circulating through your veins
you made me fake, and I hate you for it
time has passed us by now
so tie this rope around your neck
because revenge is really all that I have left

Your eyes, read like a eulogy
as you stand there digging this hole for me
this is what pain is, I'm choking on her last words
the whispers that you hear at night
I've snuck into your room and I provide you with
the nightmares that you wake up screaming from

This room breathes awkward silence
the tension speaks in temperature degrees
it's not just me, you own the knife (so let it go)
you smile, I die. Your motives beg the question
your flame, my turn. you cry, I'd rather burn!

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I guess I'll lie here on your mattress
and kiss the scars that grace your wrist
I swear I didn't plan for this
if beauty's truly only skin deep
how far must I cut 'till your ugliness fades away?

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Sink your smile into my teeth
I wanna taste you while you breathe
then cut off your circulation

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