

I Killed The Prom Queen, The Paint Brush Killer

The torment of your lies tumble onto,
The torment of your lies tumble onto me,
The torment of your lies tumble onto me,
Tumbles onto me like an avalance tumbles onto me like an avalance TO KILL
Slowly the day will down.

Walking alone with no one endless guilt.
Forever we die, time is not heres, not near.
The beginning.

Which brings us further from the truth and into history's.
Path and what we call hope is nothing but a selfish lie, or individual suggestions.
Strokes of a brush fades away as the wind blows as the water hits the sand broken.
Memories of a time forgotten, some called a dying wish.
Or some called everyday a dying dream.

Life TO KILL.

Slowly the day will drown.

Walking alone, forever we die, time is not.
Here not near the beginning, walking alone broken dreams hearts broken, hearts sinking.
A sky that once was grey now turns as black as night.
As our heart are broken, our hearts, are sinking,
Our hearts fucking dying from eternity drips from your fingers.
The time of every action to rest upon your shoulders.
With every action it comes to rest upon your.
Shoulders upon your shoulders.