

Kacy Crowley, Blood

He was too deep for his own good
He was the kind of person that nobody understood
I said I'd love you more than you love me
but I meant something entirely ugly

One year it rained on Christmas
He said lets just pretend we're in heaven
but I wasn't having it
No I was killing it
I think his soul his soul had a drain in it

Ooh, his blood rushed somewhere silent
Ooh, his words j ust disappeared
He was fragile and sometimes I liked that
I've got his blood on my hands
And my hands in a trap

It was the year that my heart was broke
It was the year that I almost lost everything
I pushed him away
Only for my freedom
It tasted like salt
like salt on my skin

Ooh, his blood rushed somewhere silent
Ooh, his words just disappeared
He was fragile and sometimes I liked that
I've got his blood on my hands
and my hands in a trap

I can't make whats wrong right again, but
I can shine it all bright again

just when you think you're forgiven
theres no material left for confession
you'll be standing there
sorry and unworthy
look closer guilty and bloody

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