

# 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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