

Majandra Delfino, Bruises

I can't stop thinking about cutting myself up
Visual bruises can be covered with make-up
But down to the core I'm all bruises
My little whore gives this excuses

How can this be rationalized?
Your brain has programmed all of those lies
What do you tell yourself about our situation?
How can you look at yourself without having some sort
of revelation?

How do you live with yourself?
How could you possibly hurt someone like myself?
The saddest part though, is I would take you back
You've turned me into some spineless hypochondriac

Now I tend to every last emotion
I'm just so caught up in this
I cannot grasp its hazed proportions

Alright now I'll be fair
I'll just pull you by your hair
I'll just kick you from time to time
And then I'll love you in the meantime

It will be just like before
I'll be your girl, you'll be my whore

I'm not an angry child
I don't run hot nor mild
But for some reason when it comes to you
I smile at the thought of hitting you

I smile at the thought of watching you die
I strive off the image of making you cry
I feed off the feeling of having you need
I lick the illusion of watching you bleed