

# Meg & Dia, What Are You Into

I can't sing with an angry song.  
makes me sick; i can't think straight.  
i fall apart when i think of the world,  
think of the world i'm in.  
once in a paper doll world,  
i felt the pain of a summer.  
porcelain skin that the sun would soon hurt,  
such were the pains of my wanders.  
poor little girl with a sunburn.  
poor little girl with a sunburn.  
once was a shadow shrewn here.  
branches were cracking like fingers.  
my little light got caught in our fears.  
those were the fears in my dream, dear.  
as for my trembling, white fingers.  
as for these trembling, white fingers.  
i can't sing with an angry song.  
makes me sick; i can't think straight.  
i fall apart when i think of the world,  
think of the world i'm in.  
kill her right now.  
you'll regret it if you wait.  
it's over when it's lost.  
sell me the secrets of love  
in a pint of blood.  
i can't see with an angry soul.  
[i can't sing with an angry song.]  
i can't sing when you're angry.  
i can't see when you're angry.  
i can't see when you're angry.  
i can't...  
He killed now.  
It could still remate so wonderful.  
We could be Rapsey in talking form from now on.  
Don't hold on,  
Just give me something to swallow.  
It's best to dance while it burns,  
if it must hurt,  
if it must burn.  
I could be anything wonderful