

Nasum, Twinkle, Twinkle Little Scar

A new day
His sinister urge is awakening
She's waiting
She knows she can't escape, she can't escape the daily pain

Count the scars in her eyes
Bleeding tears by his lies
They say that sticks and stones may break her bones
But words hurt the most

Count the scars in her heart
Her blood is used in his art
She's used, she's drained, she's a bag of bones
Living the life he chose

At night time
His drunken fist lands in her face
She's waiting
She knows she must endure, she must endure his boiling hate

Count the scars in her eyes
Blinded by the sharpest knife
They say that sticks and stones may break her bones
Well, actually they did

Count the scars in her heart
Her blood is used in his art
She's used, she's drained, she's a bag of bones
Her life is lost, it faded

Some day she will avenge
He'll suffer her revenge
Sheer domestic violence

Count the scars in her eyes
Bleeding tears by his lies
They say that sticks and stones may break her bones
But words hurt the most

Count the scars in her heart
Her blood is used in his art
She's used, she's drained, she's a bag of bones
Living the life he chose