

# 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