

# Staynd Glass, Yours

Her hair, let down into her eyes  
Hating the tears that she cries  
Black fingernails running up and down the keys  
Reflecting the sorrow in the song that she sings

She cries out  
She falls down  
Her soul is yours to cure now  
Take her heart and make it pure  
She wants to be yours

Her arms lay crossed in her lap  
Covered in black sleeves  
Hiding the scars no one knows she bleeds  
But now she rises to her feet and dances, dances  
For you're all she needs

She cries out  
She falls down  
Her soul is yours to cure now  
Take her heart and make it pure  
She wants to be yours

I cry out  
I fall down  
My soul is yours to cure now  
Take my heart and make it pure  
I want to be yours

I cry out  
I fall down  
My soul is yours to cure now  
Take my heart and make it pure  
I want to be yours  
I am yours  
I am yours