

The Bled, Porcelain Hearts And Hammers For Teeth

I'd burn alive to keep you warm when you're alone.
Shiver under blankets in the basement where our secrets sleep.
You pour the liquor on the staircase, girl.
Pass the flask and close your eyes.

Are you grieving for what we've become?
Are you running from that room?
We set the evidence on fire.
We light cigarettes and chase out old regrets.
Are you grieving for tonight?
I smell the sulfur on her skin (breathe in).
I'd burn alive to keep you warm.

Yesterday will be the end of you and I.
Yesterday will be the end of shoulders where we rest our head.
Now we grieve for tomorrow goes on without us.
Now we breathe for no one else.

Everything is broken slowly sinking under waiting for tomorrow
waiting for the grave to tell me that she's lonely.
Open up and hold me slowly feel my body become one and only.

Death is just an excuse to forget you.
Now we run from ourselves.
Hope lies not in the mirror.

I'd burn alive for you.