

# The Junior Varsity, Don't Forget To Set The House

Words like butterflies crash into my eyes  
A kamakize flight right into my eyes  
Words like razor blades slice into my veins  
Exposing all my pain all that's left of me  
When this shade of this shade of sadness  
Little dead will dance again  
Now i'm gone shove me away  
There's nothing more or left to say  
I had to live only to die  
I always die