

The Used, I'm A Fake (Beginning)

Small, simple, safe price.

Rise the wake and carry me with all of my regrets.

This is not a small cut that scabs, and dries, and flakes, and heals.

And I am not afraid to die;

I'm not afraid to bleed and f**k and fight,

I want the pain of payment.

What's left, but a section of pygmy sized cuts.

Much like a slew of a thousand unwanted f**ks.

Would you be my little cut?

Would you be my thousand f**ks?

And make mark leaving space for the guilt to be liquid.

To fill and spill over and under my thoughts.

My sad, sorry, selfish cry out to the cutter.

I'm cutting trying to picture your black, broken heart.

Love is not like anything,

Especially a f**king knife!