

Trophy Scars, "Rachel, I Think He

Everyday, I think to myself,
"I must be dead,"
I must be dead and in hell.
I think I'm dead!
I'm dead to her.
I'm dead to myself.

A cutting intuition embedded in suspicion
One hundred boards, one hundred blades!
It's cold where i'm going I'll fix this cross..
For these I slave and I adore,
For these I slave and I want more.
And I'll stand as statue, if you stand as addict!
And I'll stand as statue, if you stand as addict!

I can't keep grabbing on,
It's everything,
It's everything you do, oh.
When did you leave without reason
When did you pick up the pieces?
Did you pick up the pieces?
And stay here.
I can't keep grabbing on,
It's everything you do, oh
It's everything you do.

A lovely new solution for a new year's resolution.
One hundred boards, one hundred knives.
It's cold where we're going she'll fix this cross.
Feed this whore she still wants more,
And this is the death of all rising cold hands.
And I'll stand as statue, if you stand as addict.
I'll stand as statue, if you stand as addict.

I can't keep grabbing on,
It's everything, oh
It's everything you do.
When did you leave without reason?
When did you pick up the pieces?
Did you pick up the pieces?
Stay here.
I can't keep grabbing on,
It's everything
It's everything you do, oh.
You do?
You do.
Do you?
I do.
Everyday, I think to myself
I do
I must be dead!
I do
I must be dead and in hell
I do
It's not supposed to happen!
It's not supposed to happen!
I must be dead and in hell.

How do you like your boy?
How's that feel?! How's that feel?!
How do you like your boy?
How's that feel?! How's that feel?!
How do you like your boy?
How's that feel?! How's that feel?!

Bidding on your everything
Bidding on your everything
And how does that feel?!
I'm bidding on your everything
Bidding on your everything
And how does that feel?!
Broken hearts and broken bones
Everyone is so alone,
How does that feel?
Bidding on your everything
Bidding on your everything
And how does that feel?!