

A.F.I., Bleed Black

I am exploring the inside.
I find it desolate.
I do implore these confines now as they penetrate,
"recreate me."
I'm hovering through out time.
I crumble in these days.
I crumble, cannot, I cannot find reflection in these days.
If you listen, (listen, listen) listen close,
beat-by-beat, you can hear when a heart stops.
I saved the pieces when it broke and ground them all to dust.
I am destroyed by the inside.
I disassociate.
I hope to destroy the outside.
It will alleviate and elevate me.
Like water flowing into lungs, I'm flowing through these days.
As morphine tears through deadened veins I'm numbing in these days.
If you listen, (listen, listen) listen close,
beat-by-beat, you can hear when a heart stops.
I saved the pieces when it broke and ground them all to dust.
If you listen, (listen, listen) listen close,
beat-by-beat, you can hear when a heart stops.
I saved the pieces when it broke and ground them all to dust.
I know what died that night.
It can never be brought back to life once again,I know.
I know what died that night.
It can never be brought back to life once again,I know.
I know I died that night and I'll never be brought back to life.
Once again, I know.
I know I died that night and I'll never be brought back to life.
Once again, I know.
If you listen, (listen, listen) listen close,
beat-by-beat, you can hear when a heart stops.
I saved the pieces when it broke and ground them all to dust.
If you listen, (listen, listen) listen close,
beat-by-beat, you can hear when a heart stops.
I saved the pieces when it broke and ground them all to d