

A Smile From The Trenches, Terror In The Girls Room

As beauty fades to black and autumn paints this town
Well I'm still golden like the sun with no fear of falling down
Multiplying memories flicker across my mind
As blood stains my hands
You can't say that I didn't try (didn't try)

[Chorus x2]

With his face to the curb
I'm ready to dance (I'm ready to dance)

You're so pretty

You're so pretty

With one last touch I'll slice your chest
And this time I'll wear your heart on my sleeve as my defense

So now i've had the taste of blood

And the stains are on my hands

No regrets of what I've done

Cause to me Baby your so worth it

We'll dig a hole

Where only half will fit

And then we'll break his back

Make him a contortionist (a contortionist)

[Chorus x2]

With his face to the curb

I'm ready to dance (I'm ready to dance)

You're so pretty

You're so pretty

With one last touch I'll slice your chest

And this time I'll wear your heart on my sleeve as my defense

Let's forget everything (let's forget)

Let it paint the concrete red (concrete red)

We'll sit point and laugh

At how funny he looks dead

How funny you look dead! [x3]