

AFI, The Last Kiss

Hung in your room, swaying, hoping only that you'll see.
All by myself, I'm alone in such poor company.
The deeper I think, the deeper I seem to sink,
I can't stop the insects that are feeding,
pull the needles from beneath my skin.
I broke myself, shattered, tied a bow around every piece.
You'll lovely the eyes.
Have they always shown so vacantly?
The more I show the less you'll want to know.
I can't stop the insects that are feeding,
pull the needles from beneath my skin.
Now I'm on display.
I am becoming.
Hurt myself today.
It's all for you.
Do you like, do you like, what I'm becoming?
Cut myself today.
It's all for you.
I part the night, flashing, approaching as I watch you flee.
Pushed through your panes.
Seems I've landed quite uncomfortably.
But as I pass through souls of broken glass
I can't stop the insects that are feeding.
Pull the needles from beneath my skin.
Please don't ask me just what I think, trust me,
you don't want to know.
Please don't ask me to open up, trust me, trust me,
'cause I can't.