

Arson, Less Perfect Than Death

Bury me in a heart shaped casket and call it love.
Slit your wrist so we can bleed the same.
So our blood can stain the wood of this final farewell.
A final kiss with blood on our lips,
and a hope that this is over.
Slit your wrist so we can bleed.
Less perfect than death ... goodbye.
Slit your wrist so we can bleed.
Final farewell. Bury me ...
bury me in a heart shaped casket and call it love ...
call it what you will.
Bury me. bury me in a heart shaped casket.
Slit your wrist,
so we can bleed So our blood can stain this final farewell.
A final kiss with blood on our lips,
and a hope that this is over.
A final kiss with blood on our lips,
and a hope that this is over.
Slit your wrist ... so we can bleed.
Less perfect than death.
Goodbye. Goodbye.
Bury me. Bury me in a heart shaped casket ...
and call it love ...
and call it love.
Bury me. Bury me. Goodbye.