

Atreyu, Ain't Love Grand

Gutted like a pig, all you want is the world to bleed,
someone somewhere stole your desire
The pain akin to, being punched in the throat, and stabbed in the chest
You would rather bleed than be without her
Gone are the tender whispers dancing in your ears
Replaced with lackluster memories you cry, your screams play in your empty room
It's so hard to see when your eyes are rolling in the back of your head
It's even harder to speak when everything you say just comes out wrong
Your bed swallows you whole as the days bleed together, torment on the lips
Of a loved one, and if you try hard enough,
you can almost taste her, feel her pass and
Scream, OH GOD WHY ME