

Atreyu, Lip Gloss And Black

If I gave you pretty enough words.
could you pain a picture of us that works.
an emphasis on function rather than design.
aren't you tired cause I will carry you, on a broken back
and blown out knees, I have been where you are for a while..
Aren't you tired of being weak?
Such rage that you could scream. the stars right out of the sky
And destroy the prettiest starry night. every evening that I die.
I am exhumed just a little less human and a lot more bitter and cold. [x3]
I am exhumed.. just a little less human....
so much more bitter and cold....[repeating]
after all these images of pain, have cut right thru you,
I will kiss every scar, and weep you are not alone...
then I'll show you that place in my chest where my heart still tries to beat.
aren't you tired of being weak?
Such rage that you could scream. the stars right out of the sky
and destroy the prettiest starry night. every evening that I die
live love burn die