

Behind Crimson Eyes, Your Skin Looks Good On

This new mask I wear was cast perfect from your face.
And now your body lies in roses rotting to waste.

I'll dress in your skin and paint myself just like a whore.
You know I could be so much more.
I'll dress in your skin and paint myself just like a whore.
You know I could be so much more

While the soundtrack plays dialogue from another scene.
I'll wrap myself so tight in plastic that I can't breathe.

I'll dress in your skin and paint myself just like a whore.
You know I could be so much more.
I'll dress in your skin and paint myself just like a whore.
You know I could be so much more.

I'm the revelation for despair.
I'm the revelation for despair.
I'm the revelation for despair.
Does anyone even care?