

Billy Howerdel, Poison Flowers

I tend to rescue□□
It's just the part I play□
allure of the train wreck□□
can't look away□
breath taken, eyes closed□
Prepared to submerge□□
Crafting excuses once more□
To clear the path for your return□

I was the engine and you drove me recklessly□
The glass on the asphalt is all that is left me□
□ was the instrument you already knew how to play□
Continually surprised it always ends this way□
□

I'm redirecting my energy from these□
These poison flowers□
And back to things and those who truly matter□

I must confess my sisters and brothers□
our demons play nice with each other□
The glorious allure, the pleasure and the shame□
□

These were the Angels I cast out before I knew□
Painted as killers and whores from stories untrue□□
Pouched from the sideline slide into this circus in vain□
Hooked on the drama they whisper like cocaine□
Facts have been shredded, it's too hard to find the truth□
Search for those Angels I cast out before I knew□

I'm redirecting my energy from these□
These poison flowers□
And back to things and those who truly matter□

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