

Bleed The Dream, A Killer Inside

suicide is twice the pain
first there's mine and then there's yours
restless devils salivate for a chance
to kill an angel on it's shore
put your money down on the safe bet
like stealing cancer from a cigarette in demand
beautiful things get crushed by human hands

they don't give rewards for a heart attack
but on Sunday they take you back

there's a funeral where the crowd waits anxiously
there's a killer in the room here somewhere
and it might be me
staking out myself, it was a strange awakening
i couldn't prove it because i couldn't see
the killer inside of me

'cause i didn't even know i had it in myself
i mean, there were signs
but nothing to make me think
just a simple kiss, so innocent
would leave a lust deep enough to disgust even me
there were days on end where i couldn't sleep

a confession would imply remorse
but i'm not sorry 'bout anything

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i never really felt the urge to kill until recently
i was looking for something whole again, but it wasn't me
it was a version of myself, sort of like a split personality
but i swear to you that's the deadliest part of me

there's a funeral where the crowd waits anxiously
there's a devil in the room here somewhere
and it might be, might be me
staking out myself, it was a strange awakening
i couldn't prove it because i couldn't see
the killer in me...
in order for me to survive
some poor sucker had to die