

# Bleeding Through, Number Seven With A Bullet

Walk alone

I stare at the footprints of my life  
And I think I lost you, when I began to run away  
So far, so far away from home  
Your approval, was the only crown I seeked

I no longer doubt myself

Too long, I've walked in shadows of my worst enemies  
So was it worth the game to lose our purities?

Won't wear the crown of thorns (Thorns)

Won't wear the mask of Judas

I'll never be who you want me to be

You'll never see the beauty I see

Mark me for death

Mask me for torture

Mark me for death

I, I stare at the footprints

And you, so far away

I no longer doubt myself

Too long, I've walked in shadows of my worst enemies

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You'll never see the beauty I see

Mark me for death

Mask me for torture

Mark me for death

Mask me for torture

I hope you see my face on your fucking deathbed

I hope you see my face on your deathbed

You played the role of the angel, now you'll see my face in hell

You fooled my mind with your selfish ambition

Bitch

You played the role of the angel

Now you'll see my face in hell

You played the role

You played the role of the saint

Now you'll see my face

My face in hell

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