

Bleeding Through, Turns Cold To The Touch

The surface of a broken hand
A credent hand with nothing left to hold
Face turns cold to the touch
My face was white, laying on the cold tile floor, the floor
As I entered your room last night
Your face left me as a coward

Now I'm left with nothing but your stare that's burning me
And I don't try because I'll fail
I'm just in line with the rest who admire
Who admire

The surface of a broken hand
A credent hand with nothing left to hold
Face turns cold to the touch
My face was white
Face was white, was white
Left alone in desolate dreams
Why can't I be beautiful, so you would want to save me?
You're the angel with the perfect wings that I'll fucking break and take you with me
You're the angel with the perfect wings that I'll fucking break and take you with me
Take you with me
Take you with me

Those words left a stain
I must make you see the ugliness
You left your light on
And you turned my will again
Just look what you created
A sick, frail man scared to look at his shadow
Now I'm sorry that you're a part of this
But I can't be left alone tonight

Can't be left alone
I can't be left alone tonight
I can't be left alone tonight