

# 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