

Blessed By A Broken Heart, Serial Thriller

I'd rip the wings off Cupid's back to better his aim
Then maybe he'll shoot straight to my chest
And not below the belt
How can I trust him with these arrows when I know he'll miss again
But I can't live with constant accidents
So I'll arm myself to rid this world of "Love";
And on this Red Day the icon of love is bloodied up
And I found horns beneath his halo
I would stab him a thousand times again
To hear the scream of so many sleepless nights
Then maybe he'll shoot straight to my chest and not below the belt
My mother told me anything too sweet will surely break your teeth
Sweetheart you'll offer me again your chocolate covered razor blades
But I'll sweep you off your feet
So just bite this rose and let's tango
Let's dance 'till our legs fall off (Let's dance 'till our legs finally fall)
What a fool I was to trust in man made love
I'll never trust that lie again!