

# Blood Has Been Shed, Faded Pictures Faded Me

well I hope you are satisfied  
you gave me the push I needed  
ostracised for nothing at all  
by all those I hold dear

you aren't the same maybe we should talk

this is my suggestion death to all emotion  
let this be the end of us  
bitter cold engulfs the soul

no more contact forget my face  
stop knocking I am not smiling  
behind the door no eloquent words  
no desire to impress

I'm not looking for an apology from you  
I'm looking for an opportunity to see you in pain

there will be no looking back again

dig your fingers slowly into my wrist  
white knuckle the blade  
in hopes that I subside  
I want to see the shade fall on your eyes  
no longer my lover

pray you better pray  
pray to every god you know  
and every forgotten deity  
you better pray