

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