

# Cassie Steele, Crimson Tears

So the mourning after heartbreak got me tearstained  
And all my cries have hurt my sides in losing you pain  
All these bruises and misuses will become scars  
Just a norm for tragic born with all their broken hearts  
I'm losing grip

Only holding on by finger tips  
Cry crimson tears without you  
Cry crimson tears without you  
Cry crimson tears without you  
Crimson tears

So the morning before heartbreak has not yet broke  
But my heart bleeds through my flesh in crimson I soak  
All this pain corrupts my soul discoloured within  
All the crimson is my prison formed from tainted skin  
I'm losing grip

Only holding on by finger tips  
Cry crimson tears without you  
Cry crimson tears without you  
Cry crimson tears without you  
Crimson tears