

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