Chiodos, Is It Progression If A Canniba

Listen up sweetie we all know that you're a beautiful girl in this horrible world and this suggestion of horror the portraits on the walls

the look in your eyes they always seem to follow

the look in your eyes they always seem to follow me

out of tune this tale of terror the slow tolling of the funeral bell I want to know whats going on in that pretty little head of yours everyday is a bone palace ballet

biting the flesh from your finger you know I just just cant help myself I wish it were believe but belief is a graveyard may this light never see morning its finally what were not

maybe you're the one thats overrated. strike and scream much too horrified to speak

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this morning I woke up
I rubbed my eyes and I
took a quick glance around the room
and saw what happened here last night
there was blood on the walls
and the sheets smelled like sweat and sex
we have narrowed it down to a butcher knife
and the mockingbird with the blood.

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