

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 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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