

# Close To Home, Appletinis And Biker Bars

I'm walking on the edge of life and death.  
Back to the wall gun to my head.  
This is my last goodbye.  
I've got you right where I want you.  
Show me what you're made of.  
And I'll show you what's under my skin.

I feel like the last star  
I'm fighting for a dying night.  
I shred at the seams  
On this pillow made of dreams

I'm taking a blood bath  
I never ran away  
And when the sky was falling  
I never feared the pain  
In my dreams  
I hope one day I'll drain  
These blood filled veins  
So I can drift away

I feel like the last star  
I'm fighting for a dying night.  
I shred at the seams  
On this pillow made of dreams  
You're tearing me apart,  
They only listen when I scream  
I'm a falling star.  
That's crashing on this pillow made of dreams

Sweat away my courage  
I'm passing by the rain  
Your eyes cut through the darkness  
And wake me in the night again  
Passing by the rain  
Then scatter me at sea  
So I can drift away

I'm a falling star shining out so far  
Cutting through the dark  
As it breaks apart?