

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?