Dead Blue Sky, Holding Yesterday For Ransom

Now open your eyes Broken mirrors don't make anything beautiful Forget what you thought was right Little boy, you know your scars And you know they speak lies So bury your head in your hands One last tear for old times sake Everything went wrong and you're weak to not think so And here you are the smell of rain and rotten flowers Grit your teeth and make that coward bleed Until the end of time Nothing can take you away from this place They don't listen to what they don't want to hear And they all speak of bittersweet happiness You'll make it through Little boy, open your eyes One last tear for old times sake He can never hurt you again