

# Donny Brook, Grey Sketch Of Red

Shames guilty scars have carved my face  
I wish I could scream but my breath is asleep  
The troublemaker drove my being off a cliff  
And I don't remember if I looked before my leap

Glass revolver shooting liquid ammunition  
Oh, I lost sight of that which determines

Poison tongue led by a focused whiskey eye  
My heart is sick, is sick and my skin is uncomfortable(repeat chorus#1)

Oh, I lost sight of that which determines  
Oh, spreading like a flood suffocating reason

Lost in webbing spun by the spider of truth  
Oh, I lost sight of that which determines  
Oh, oh the thinning air resembles my patience(repeat chorus#1)

Poison tongue led by a focused whiskey eye  
My heart is bleeding venom and my skin is uncomfortable