

Elegeion, Scars

Every time I see,
my eyes,
in my reflection...
I can't help but be disappointed,
at who I am...
And everytime I feel,
my skin,
breaking on metal ...
It helps me be quiet,
and quiet's where I need to be ...
Scars on my skin ...
Scars on my heart ...
Scars on my sou l...
Reminding me of myself ...
Scars on my skin ...
Scars on my heart...
Scars on my soul...
Reminding me of myself...
And if I let you in,
You'll tear me apart...
Every time I feel alone,
and left forgotten,
I have to believe in something...
like angels,
to breathe...
And every time I see,
my pain,
beating in rythm...
I need to be silenced,
In silence where I hide my fear...
Scars on my skin...
Scars on my heart...
Scars on my soul...
Reminding me of myself...
Scars on my skin...
Scars on my heart...
Scars on my soul...
Reminding me of myself...
And if I let you in,
You'll tear me apart...
So just hold me,
wrap me in your arms,
don't let me fall again...
teach me,
so I don't have to learn anything more from you...
Isn't my pain good enough for faith,
in you?
Isn't my pain good enough for faith,
in you?
So just hold me,
wrap me in your arms,
don't let me fall again...
teach me,
so I don't have to learn anything more from you...
Isn't my pain good enough for faith,
in you?
Isn't my pain good enough for faith,
in you?