

# Fear Before The March Of Flames, Fashion Tips

You can't make me go outside  
The trees are vicious  
The winds speak lies  
Arms of summer warn "rain tonight"  
On horseback through it  
I coughed to stay alive

I first fought the knife that brought life to  
Skin was stretched and rules were made  
Scalpel pushed and pulled

Now I kneel in shame  
Terrors of the night  
Waiting her to scream at night  
Awkward desire to taste her  
Take her outside  
Make her make me

I put her on her back  
And sewed diamonds into her eyes  
She can see me better now  
And I can love her again

So easily you fashion the words crime as her dress slips down around her ankles