

Green Park Bench, A Year An Expectation A Scar

it's been a year now. since ive seen u. but dont think im asking 4
another chance i dont plan on u asking 4 me bak i just want to end
this war. i just want to hurt no more.

for the end of heartache it seems that there is just 1 way just one way
2 4get about u.

(very long but kick ass interlude)

the self mutilation is killing u its killing me it killing the only thing thats
close to me ur insanity wont let me be, if u could see then u could be
the samiritan that sets me free
(little interlude)

the scars on my arm r lines that i drew to keep away from society
2 keep away from u. ur face is haunting me but it keeps me company
razorblades have shown me the key to reality

my pain is ur life, my scars r ur fault, my love is ur hate, these
wounds r our fate