I Killed The Prom Queen, Are You Playing Dead?

Erasing every memory I have of you
I hide the pictures away from me
Are you happy with what you have done
Throw away the future that you have created
I cannot erase you
A vision of
Of perfection
Pull out my eyes
Cut through my heart
As these hearts are the
difference between me and you
Out of the darkness you
became the lowest immortal
The ash felt is my bed,
these broken foundations in my head
Free yourself, Free your mind. Free yourself
As you are captured, sold for spare parts
A vision of
Of perfection
Pull out my eyes
Cut through my heart
Burn out my eyes