

Kevin Drew, Gang Bang Suicide

Well if you love, what you are
Then you must, try to solve
All the things, you can't leave
Through the minds, and retrieve
They say size, doesn't count
But my heart, is a house
Will you come, and move in
Leave a space, for us to give

So when you die, will you leave
Behind, all the leaves
That we sewed, to ourselves
With the whyoutsand the whens,
Was it hard, to retrieve
All the lies, and the seeds
Do you love, do you try
I don't care, it's the sign

So let's wash, all the fear
"Grow old hand!" in a mirror
With the lights, on our skin
They say war, never win
If you like, to sew up
Then I wish, you grow up
And take the lines, from your face
Age so sweet, and replace
It's the soul, that I want
It's the low belt and caught
It's the size, of my heart
It's a house, can we start

Well your mouth is a gun...

You hate it all in you, you hate it all in you
all the lights we were, all the lights we were

(I really think that we did the best that we could)
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They say size doesnt count, but my heart is a house

** (please post corrections to ones you're sure of and I'll edit it later. some parts are hard to make o