

Noise Ratchet, Away From You

Your fist broke the vein,
Flowing straight to your heart.
Ripping her world apart.
So she'll be turning away.

Away from you now.
Leaving her out
To fight alone,
To cry alone

Her name is dancing
Off your lips, with hate
Flowing straight to here heart
And tearing her love apart,
Yes she'll be turning away.