

Park, Dear Sweet Impaler

The thin part is feeling so suffered.
This bedroom, a voice, and a mattress.
It says "Don't sleep, don't think, just drink";
You'll find yourself faster when passed out cold.
(Where are you, tonight?)

This is the last time I fear your face;
along with my brother,
they won't hear me say "Where are you, tonight?";
Wrapped up in some bedroom,
screaming for dear sweet you.

The worst part is being so desperate,
this basement, a noose, and a casket.
I want to feel that warmth again,
assurance of you, asleep in my head..
(Where are you, tonight?)

This is the last time I fear your face;
along with my brother,
they won't hear me say "Where are you, tonight?";
Wrapped up in some bedroom,
screaming for dear sweet you.

So why not, end it all in one shot?
This rope tied in a perfect knot. (x2)

Never ment anything, I've ever had.
It won't lose it's grip, and stop kissing my neck.

Desperation sets in, holding me close, much like you did.
And every line has a face, a voice that's the same.
My dear sweet impailer... it's all you this time.
It's there to remind me, how much I hate, this, life.

I remember you laughing and leaving,
slamming my door, to the sound of my screaming,
"Don't leave just yet, I didn't mean any of what I just said.
I swear by my wrists that we're better than this;
much more to me than words in a notebook."
You sigh and say "I'm through",
(You sigh and say "I'm through")
and god damn you for breathing, "I love you".
I love you, I love you, I love you.

Dive deep into this drink, hoping to sink, or fall asleep. (x2)