

# Second Chance, Our Work Of Art

blood stained sheets  
what have I gotten myself into this time  
I close my eyes and I believe you  
if i should die i'll never leave you

I wish that I could walk away  
guilt rests in my hands  
I know that it is for the better  
I never said that i'd compromise  
between fact or fiction  
there's so much better out there  
than you and me  
I could end this in seconds  
I know it but I don't dare

another sentence this all could be over  
your words are like weapons why can't you protect me

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I wish that you would walk away  
red still lines your hands  
I know that it's still for the better  
I never said that i'd stand aside  
between you and the door  
there's nothing better out there  
than you and me

another sentence this all could be over  
your words are like weapons why can't you protect me

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it didn't matter when I was calling out your name  
I felt the wound grow ever slowly  
closer than you'd ever hold me

its a work of art  
the way this fell apart  
was the design too faded from the start  
or was the artist just too blinded by this  
no its common sense I lack the confidence  
still i'll confess all these things to you, to you

take a look at yourself  
and tell me what do you see  
i'd take a bullet for you  
you'd put a bullet through me  
and as I lay on the floor  
with this hole in my chest  
can you walk from the truth  
with all that blood on your dress

and everything that you want  
is everything that I need  
I would have gave it to you  
but you'd have take it from me

and every word that you said  
it brought me closer to sin  
I close my eyes and pretend its all fading

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