

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

another sentence this all could be over
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