

# Senses Fail, Untitled

Half smoked cigarettes  
And your the trash  
That infests my sheets  
Cant make a wife out of a whore  
Dont want your skin on me  
And you're  
Your addicted to the drug of lust  
A de-tox in the cold sweat of shame  
And I love your pain

I gave you these roses now  
But I left in the thorns  
Id rather hurt someone  
Than hurt myself

Ill dispose of you  
Like a lighter out of fuel  
Ill lose you somewhere on a dusty shelf

So this loves been worn down  
Like songs on a tape  
The sex has lost all of its fun  
Like gum loses taste

And you're  
You're addicted to the drug of lust  
A de-tox in the cold sweat of shame  
And I love your pain

I gave you these roses now  
But I left in the thorns  
Id rather hurt someone  
Than hurt myself

Ill dispose of you  
Like a lighter out of fuel  
Ill lose you somewhere on the shelf

Im here back in your bed babe  
Remember what you said to me  
"You can be my James Dean  
Ill be your sweet queen"  
I said that you were my first  
But you werent even close now  
Like a frame in a movie  
Your just one  
Of many  
Can you grant me one last wish  
Play russian roulette as we kiss  
Ill be your cheap novelty  
Blow your brains out on me

I gave you these roses now  
But I left in the thorns  
Id rather hurt someone  
Than hurt myself  
Ill dispose of you  
Like a lighter out of fuel  
Ill lose you somewhere on the shelf