

Stolen Babies, Gathering Fingers

Im going to start a fight, its clinging to my eyes
Id hoped to rely on something else
Im sure it isnt right
I know someone should anchor me
But if you had heard the things I did
How anyone like that could live
Im sorry you had to see this side of me
A mistake has fallen on my knuckles
Desperately, my wish is to main you
And no one should ever have to feel that way
Taking over the better half of the conscience
No control, no better way to resolve it
Cant see with the blood seeping
Red and rushed, frozen speech
Stinging scales of skin scraping
Scales and skin scraping
Cant think with the heart speeding
Im ashamed this had to be
And no one can take your place
The last thing you see will be this side of me