

The Used, Cut Up Angels

If we cut out the bad
Well then wed have nothing left
Like I cut up your mouth
The night I stuffed it all in
And you lied to the Angel
Said I stabbed you to death
If we go at the same time
They'll clean up the mess

I lost my head
You couldnt come
This lust to my brain almost feels like a gun

Watched you bite into the bottle
Watched me kick out the chair
Let you chew up the glass
And laughed as you just hung there
I have thought of rose petals mostly perfect and pure
Then I thought of your petals
And the abuse theyve been through

I lost my head
You couldnt come
This lust to my brain almost feels like a gun
You lost your head
I couldnt come
This lust to my brain almost feels like a gun
Whoa whoa

I told the angels
Cant stay in heaven
I asked the devil
If we cut out the bad well then we'd have nothing left
Like I cut up your angels
Yeah you stabbed me to death

I lost my head
You couldnt come
This lust to my brain almost feels like a gun
You lost your head
I couldnt come
This lust to my brain almost feels like a gun