

# Thursday, Concealer

With fists raised high in tightened knots  
The room explodes and now this blood is on your hands  
And there is no time for a second chance  
To paint my face with blood and tears and cover up  
In an open book that no one reads  
A misspelled word that no one know  
You stole the rain  
Then you turned around and tore my life in two  
Just like the picture that once hung on the wall in the room that we used to share  
So fold me up and put me back in the place where you used to keep your heart

You think its getting smaller?  
It's been that way for quite some time now

The cadence beats down on the tar  
It sounds the same as your fists raining down  
(if you wanted to change the way I look at you...)  
We've got to leave before the sun sets  
Or maybe we don't have time(time to waste.)  
It won't be long until you're gone into the night  
You won't have time to paint my face with cover-up