

Versus The Mirror, A Softened Suicide

wipe that grin right off your face
and focus your attention, on the blood you taste
now you tell me about your sorrow
for you won't live to see tomorrow

far from soon
far from home

how sweet it was to have you here
for more than one time this year
these deep wounds have yet to heal
this dying heart is oh so real

far from soon
far from home

i won't rest until i see
a thousand fallen angels line these streets
prepare yourself for this jarring scene
the end of this rivalry