

Preface: in Memory Of

Behind Crimson Eyes

Anyone who marries for the pain
Understands that we were never
Made for this single momentExchanging oaths in maiden's private room
Keeping secrets will eventually consume
You from insideEngraving our hearts in the sand
Painting pictures with our hands
Will stain like wine within out mindsThe bittersweet of this romance
I'll make a bet
I'll take my chances on your love
Although it's toughDon't walk, don't wait
Don't stand around
Don't run, can't wait
This love will pass you by
If you take your timeA heart is something
I could do without
All my blood runs dry
When you are not around
Or so I've foundExchanging lies in lovers open room
We kept our secrets
Now it has consumed our lives
From the insideLove is not like any word
'Cept love that is obscured
To think that we will be happyThe bittersweet of this romance
I'll take my bet
I won't take my chances on you
I think it's through

Songwriters

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