

When Was The Last Time We Painted Over The Blood

O

City of Caterpillar

Locked in a room like a tomb to fall from bed to sickness and no one to witness this mess I'm left with. And you thought this moment was just a tickle in your throat, an itch on the roof of your mouth. So cut off the ead and laugh like a smile. Are you here? Is this the way all stories end? Believe me dear? I'd rather swallow tassles than tacks. My ideas are crucified on this cross. So thin and loose but these nails are slowly slipping through the boards. This gauze is stopping blood. This gauze is soaked twice through. Leaving us stained.

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