

Lip Gloss And Black

[Atreyu](#)

If I gave you pretty enough words.
Could you paint a picture of us that works.
An emphasis on function rather than design.
Aren't you tired cause I will carry you, on a broken back
And blown out knees, I have been where you are for a while
Aren't you tired of being weak?
Such rage that you could scream. the stars right out of the sky
And destroy the prettiest starry night. every evening that I die.
I am exhumed just a little less human and a lot more bitter and cold.
I am exhumed just a little less human and a lot more bitter and cold.
I am exhumed just a little less human and a lot more bitter and cold.
I am exhumed just a little less human
So much more bitter and cold
After all these images of pain, have cut right through you,
I will kiss every scar, and weep you are not alone
Then I'll show you that place in my chest where my heart still tries to beat.
Aren't you tired of being weak?
Such rage that you could scream. the stars right out of the sky
And destroy the prettiest starry night. every evening that I die
Live love burn die

Songwriters

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