I Can Revive Him With My Own Hands

Still Remains

if love was a door,
I've slammed it in your face,
ran out to the balcony,
and jumped to the ground,
I've sponged the place in gasoline,
before igniting the foundation,
and burning it to ashes,
if love was a plane,
then I've flown it to the highest point,
but then let it come crashing down to the earth,
fasten your seatbelts, were going down,
were going down now,
if love was a child,
then I've scolded him to no end,
he's been filled with nothing inside,
until the day when bullets filled the emptiness inside him,
from his own gun,
from his own hands,
love become the pill that stopped his shakes,
he's never crossed a man's face so hard,
love became the pill that put him under,
he's never scratched a man's heart so deep,
if love was born to die,
then I've buried it six feet under,
if you take the one,
and minus him bye two,
you got the end of the world,
before it's even begun,
although I've ed his heart,
I can revive him with my own two hands

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