

Two Inches from a Main Artery

Through the Eyes of the Dead

YAH

Broken glass
Broken glass is the reason she'll remember my face,

Now she is imprisoned
in a place not for the weakened heart
a land filled with miles of fire
and the lamb dine on the priest
a land filled with miles of fire
and the lamb dine on the priest

You can't save her
You can't save her
You. can't, save her
You can't save her

Broken glass
Is the reason
She'll remember my face,

Now she
Is imprisoned
in a place not for the weakened heart

Sixty-two reasons to remember my face
Sixty-two reasons to remember my face
Sixty. Two reasons. To remember. My face.

This is my idea, of beauty

Laid to rest beneath a blanket of leaves
Waiting for an angel to come save her from this
Burning, paradise
Burning, paradise

Laid to rest beneath a blanket of leaves
Waiting for an angel to come save her from this
Burning, paradise

An indelicate display
Of lacerations across her body
Across her body
This is my idea of beauty
This is my idea of beauty

An indelicate display
Of lacerations across her body
across her body

You. Can't, save her
You. Can't, save her

Lyrics submitted by Reese.

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