Tina

Flyleaf

Tina's eyes are clear crystallite
How can we not notice her?
Now they only stare at her burns
Her small voice so full of honesty
Take care of my loves, I can't hold on
Keep me alive while I die
They cannot notice her sickness
Like their own dung sprayed with perfume
They try not to hear her speaking
But they can't hear anything else

Take care of my loves, I can't hold on
Keep me alive while I die
I missed my chance, send one more
I'm not wasting this
I missed my chance, send one more chance
I'm not wasting this one more chance
I missed my chance, send one more chance
I'm not wasting this one more chance

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