Bleeding Out

[Wynter Gordon](#)

How does it feel to be my first, my only one, my curse?
And how does it feel to be my worst but my best?
It hurts.You got a hold of my heart now
You took a piece and you cut it out
You crawled up under my skin, under my skin
I'm bleeding out I told you no but I love you
I told you no but I'll let you
So take the rest of it, all, the best of itI'm bleeding out
And you say I'm better than her I'm still nothing to you?
Oh, but if I leave this world I've got nothing left to prove