

# If Only

## Systematic

Red on her hands  
Remembers the blood they used to share  
Bleeding again  
Too many wounds she could not mend  
Bullet in hand  
It's just not the gaze without the stare  
Washes her hands  
And nothing remains the same in here  
If only you could be  
Some where else inside of me  
Wake me up, I'm dead  
Is it something that I said?  
Red in your hands  
Know that I could just not pretend  
Bleeding again and again  
Too many wounds she could not mend  
Bullet in hand  
Nothing remains the same in here  
If only you could be  
Some where else inside of me  
If only you could be  
Some where dead inside of me  
Wake me up, I'm dead  
Is it something that I said?  
If only I could be somewhere else  
Wake me up, I'm dead  
Is it something that I said?

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