

# Concealer

## Thursday

With fists raised high in tightened knots  
The room explodes and now this blood is on your hands  
And there is no time for a second chance  
To paint my face with blood and tears and cover up  
In an open book that no one reads  
A misspelled word that no one know  
You stole the rain  
Then you turned around and tore my life in two  
Just like the picture that once hung on the wall  
In the room that we used to share  
So fold me up and put me back in the place where  
You used to keep your heart  
You think its getting smaller?  
It's been that way for quite some time now  
The cadence beats down on the tar  
It sounds the same as your fists raining down  
We've got to leave before the sun sets  
(If you wanted to change the way I look at you)  
Or maybe we don't have time, time to waste  
It won't be long, it won't be long before you're gone into the night  
(It won't be long before you're)  
(You won't have time to look at you)  
To paint my face with cover

Lyrics provided by

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