

# Demonology and Heartache

## Atreyu

So unaffectionate, so insecure  
You claim to know a thing or two about heartache  
And what it's like to have your insides torn out  
And I believe you, I see it every time  
Your pallbearer's pallor is obscured by the darkness  
Dancing across your face  
And when the blackness veils your eyes in pain  
I know what it's like when memories make you wince  
And love letter read like obituaries  
And photo albums are the books of the dead  
I need no reminders, I'll forget the past and lay it to rest  
If I had my way, I'd cut  
The calluses off your, of your breaking heart  
If I could get past the sternum  
Cauterize those wounds with every kiss I could give to you  
I'm holding your heart in my hands  
The reason it still beats  
Am I being too cryptic? It might be too obscure?  
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Love kills, romance is dead and I don't even trust myself  
But I love you and you can pull my wings apart  
And pin me down under glass until the end of days  
If it can help you discover that we share the same pain  
I just hope you write your thesis before  
Your subject is dead, no life after death  
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