

# Turn It Off

## Froth

he lies, but she smiles when she cries,  
because she was fine, she washes her sorrow away,  
with (the) cyanide, Lay flat on the floor,  
There was nothing she sacrificed, Sadly it takes years for her to realize,  
darling. x2 Now just turn it off, she screams.  
Turn it off please, She kicks and she pounds and the door,  
until her knuckles bleed, She never recalls the time.  
she made her mother cry, They say she'd be still if we realized before,  
Darling.

Lyrics provided by

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