

Hella Vegas Kids Say Hella

Curl Up and Die

I have fallen for you. I never got the chance to tell you 'tear these feathered wings from my back.' I couldn't hide this internal bleeding. Smiles of my filth on my dripping second. Seconds counting, I fade away with the wind to deny me freedom. Please let me go. A child bearing his final sign. Lying in sheets tainted with splattered blood of what was once me, but things aren't so beautiful anymore. Now I am death. These voices I draw are direct, seemingly undecieving. Nothing comes out so simple. I notice I tore these wings with my own hands. Everything separating me from what is life. Entwined in messages of inexistence and missing memories dissolving like my one love, my only love. I will never feel your touch while I hear my name from your lips again. My sunrise is the darkness. I will miss you.

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