

Turns Cold to the Touch

Bleeding Through

The surface of a broken hand,
a credent hand with nothing to hold
face turns cold to the touch.
My face was white, laying on the cold tile floor the floor.
When i entered your room last night, your face left me as coward.
Now I'm left with nothing but your stare that's burning me.
I don't try because I'll fail.
I'm just in line with the rest of admire.
The surface of a broken hand, a credent hand with nothing left to hold.
face turns cold to the touch.
My face was white.
Left alone in desolate dreams.
Why can't I be beautiful, so you'd want to save me.
But you're the angel with the perfect wings that I'll fucking break and take you with me.
Take you with me.
Those words left as stain.
I must make you see the ugliness.
You left your light on.
You turned my will again.
Just look what you've created.
A sick frail man scared to look at his shadow.
I'm sorry that you're part of this,
but I can't be left alone tonight.
I can't be left alone tonight.

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