This Is It

Bars

Dripping blood on your sunday dress
So much baggage, a fucking mess.
Day after day, a life on the ropes.
No use waiting for any hope.
You're just a waste of my breath.
Hope you dig the flowers I wont send.
This time baby, you can't leave.
Pray to that god you'll never see.
You're going to scream when you burn.

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