

# Beneath the Skin (Acoustic)

## Memphis May Fire

Another day she sets foot in this prison, dreading what they'll say.  
So much to give, but no one ever listens.  
She dreams of running away.  
Crippled by the way they make her feel, she takes a look at her wrists & turns to the blade. It's not a cry for  
attention if she just wants to feel anything other than the pain.  
Everyone deserves to be loved, but they make her hate everything she was sure of!  
Every day feels like her against the world.  
Now she's afraid she'll never be enough. No one knows all the weight that she holds when she feels alone.  
The memories, they haunt her.  
No one sees all the pain she brings everywhere she goes.  
She feels they'll never want her. She dreams of a day when she won't have to cry herself to sleep.  
Staring at the scars on her wrists she knows this is not who she wants to be.  
Another night all alone with her thoughts, dwelling on the questions that race through her head.  
Scared to sleep, scared to wake up & face the day when she can't forget the things that they said. No one knows  
all the weight that she holds when she feels alone.  
The memories, they haunt her.  
No one sees all the pain she brings everywhere she goes.  
She feels they'll never want her. All she wants is someone to notice; so sick of feeling invisible.  
All she needs is someone to care.  
If only they could see that she's incredible.  
She dreams of a day when she won't have to cry herself to sleep.  
Is our generation too blind to see true beauty lies beneath the skin?  
So ignorant!  
Are they too cold, too numb to see the lifelong effects of the pain they inflict?  
Is our generation too blind to see true beauty lies beneath the skin? No one knows all the weight that she holds  
when she feels alone.  
No one sees all the pain she brings everywhere she goes.  
No one knows all the weight that she holds when she feels alone.  
The memories, they haunt her. No one sees all the pain she brings everywhere she goes.  
She feels they'll never want her.  
All she wants is someone to notice; so sick of feeling invisible.  
All she needs is someone to care.  
If only they could see that she's incredible.  
She dreams of a day when she won't have to cry herself to sleep.  
Staring at the scars on her wrists she knows this is not who she wants to be.

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