

If You Can't Leave It Be, Might As Well Make It Bl

Dashboard Confessional

What you found sure upset you,
Never saw it coming did you?
It's easy to be surprised
With both your eyes sewn closed.Handled with great precision,
Another faultless execution,
You're the subject of this exhibition,
A willing cadaver, a willing cadaver.Scalpled, sutured, made whole again.These cuts are leaving creases.
Trace the scars, to fit the pieces,
To tell your story, you don't need to say a word.So call off the cavalry,
You can't save a wretch like me.
Clean this with kerosene,
If you can't leave it be, might as well make it bleed.Scalpled, sutured, make whole again.You're wires are
frayed, can't fire right,
You look better when out of sight,
You were not made to stand and fight,
There's something better wrong with you.You're pulse is anemic, you're tired of the fire,
You're bruising too easy, and falling behind,
And no one is waiting for you,
And no one is waiting for you.So call off the quarantine,
You can't save the rest from me.
Clean this with kerosene,
If you can't leave it be might as well make it bleed.Scalpled, sutured, made whole again.You're wires are
frayed, can't fire right,
You look better when out of sight,
You were not made to stand and fight,
There's something better wrong with you.And no one is waiting for you.
And no one is waiting for you.

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