

# Without Stains

## Amaran

Somehow in it for the chase  
so I run away  
I run like hell, don't think  
for a second that I wasn't prepared  
Strange you never did do ask  
why I always wore my winter coat  
For times like these when  
I'm forced out running in the snow  
All I asked for was the naked truth  
Was too much for you to handle  
Was too much for me to ask  
Every time that you fake a smile  
Play the martyr in the play  
Of the story about you and I  
Some days everything is  
red like roses without thorns  
Loves me loves me not,  
soft petals slowly hit the floor  
Are we supposed to spit it out  
until there's nothing left to break  
It's over now this is the end  
and you better understand  
Are we supposed to spit it out?  
Until there's nothing left to break

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