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 snowAll 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 ISome 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 understandAre we supposed to spit it out?
Until there's nothing left to break

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