Reach And Touch

American Head Charge

Ive seen it turn from white to red
Ive heard you talk about how
you bleed and it doesnt mean shit
until I see some action a hint of
rose and a mountain of garbage
leaves me for dead and nothing drags me from
breaking myself
breaking myself to try to keep everyone
from walking over me
smell the burning wreckage of even you
all of your perfection lets get inside
the bag turn it 180 degrees
forget we even met cause it all comes
down to this the good ones always

leave in the end
breaking myself
breaking myself to try to keep everyone
from walking over me
I see the world and it all looks blue
I kiss the world and it all tastes true
The blurry eyes make me appealing
In a normal fashion another 2 or 3
you will become very friendly
your liquidation is a siren song
you swim I follow Im feeling my head sink
so as to reach and touch what hurts me
still I try to reach and touch what hurts me

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