

Left 4 Dead

Papercut Massacre

seeing you here,
I'm sure that there's things left on your chest
I know I haven't been that much of anything
you should know that you raised me well

I cant pretend to have any friends
they all feel the same as you do

how can I make you
make you proud of me

all that you gave me, was meant to save me
from the sickness that's inside my head
how can I blame you
I'm not ashamed to
I'm better off left here for dead

you sent me away to a terrible place
perhaps its where I belong
I cant even lie its no big surprise
that you don't even want me there

how can I make you
make you proud of me

all that you gave me
was meant to save me
from the sickness that's inside my head
how can I blame you
I'm not ashamed to
I'm better off left here for dead

all that you gave me, was meant to save me
from the sickness that's inside my head
how can I blame you?
I'm not ashamed to
I'm better off left here for dead

Lyrics submitted by Brad.

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