This Is Love, This Is Murderous

Bleeding Through

Midnight, we kill.
We slaughter the tongue of revolution.
To our graves, we are marked by the stain of lust.
How many times can I trust in you, my beloved friend?Because every time I trust, I lose.
So I believe in nothing, nothing.
Because of you, I still believe in nothing.
Because of you, I still believe in nothing.I'll always know my place in this world.
No longer fit in your fucking world anymore.
Your lust ruins everything.
Like a growing target on my back, I feel the knives are chasing.See my eyes are no longer blind.
See my eyes are no longer blind.
There is a purpose in life today.
Destroying you every step of the way.From this point on - no more friends.
I know my role in this world.
Don't fit in your fucking world.
This once meant everything to me.Now another forgotten effigy.
Because only scars remain.
Broken bones form a hope that's been left grey.
I die every time I hear your fucking name.Been left grey.
Been left grey.
And there is a purpose in life today.
Rise to your feet, as we march to our graves.Fight back.
There is a purpose in life today.
Rise to your feet, as we march to our graves.
I can still feel your thoughts ripping me apart, tearing me apart.
Ripping you apart. tearing us apart.

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