Surgical Tools

Vanna

Damager, oh damager (with glass in your eyes)
How do you see?
How do you feel? (with your hands so posed)

Let's talk numbers.
Let's talk themes.

You leave me ruined, see you next week.

(Oh no!) I missed the meeting!

(Oh no!) I fade away!

(Whoa!)

Lets be reborn!
(Oh yeah!)

Let's dig out graves and make them deep.
(Oh god its a fashion trend)

Fortress lock your plague.

Damager, dig your grave.

Though your pages are torn and tattered, they still read you like a book.

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Just close your eyes and walk away.

(Just close your eyes and walk away.)

We laid her down, opened her with the sharpest blade we found.
Hoping inside, we'd find the cure to our condition.
But as graceful as the lady may have been, she still bled the blood that made her human.
(She shed roses on her bed)
She spoke in a winter wilted language, "I've sold my gold for blood red."

(She'll never cry another tear again)

Lyrics submitted by Chris.

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