Razorblade

Strung Out

Got a feeling you were alone and on the run
with your suitcase filled with razorblades and turpentine
sad eyes of a scarlet glazed in promises made too divine to be real
a runaway too shiftless to know what is wrong don't make it right
and sometimes I wonder if I knew you could I change you
or would you be the same to me right now
your reason to live became a reason to die and now you're gone
I think about you in black in white faded news paint still life memory
of a broken body in a cheap perfume disguise
well I just wanna know you found some peace before you left this place
well it's alright to be afraid of what your eyes can't hide
with both hands tied
did you sink yourself
did you cheat yourself
how did you stray so far to end up here
to know yourself is to destroy yourself
and what you are you could not hide
a clue is all I have to understand
sound and bled instant fame in red
now you're in the spotlight again
a different tale with a darker twist
but for sure you knew that you would always be the star
no lost innocence because there never was just you and the world
no fairy tale could ever end like this its just another bad luck tale
all used up and on the run from you

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