

Personal Cross

Vanna

How do I start?
Well here it goes.
I'll write it all down so that everyone knows.
Dragged out and low.
And feeling lost, with no one to save me.
I need a personal cross.
Personal cross.
Cut across my heart.
I hope I die.
This love will make me go blind.
I got swords for hands and fucking hearts for eyes.
This love will make me go blind.
Dig out my eyes and put my eyes inside.
This love will make me go blind.
Swallow the sight.
Consume the light.
This love will make me go blind.
I've never felt more alone.
Forgotten son left out on my own.
Dragged out and low and feeling lost with no one to save me.
I need a personal cross.
Cut across my heart.
I hope I die.
This love will make me go blind.
I got swords for hands and fucking hearts for eyes.
This love will make me go blind.
Dig out my eyes and put my eyes inside.
This love will make me go blind.
Swallow the sight.
Consume the light.
This love will make me go blind.
If emptiness is loneliness and loneliness is cleanliness and cleanliness is godliness then I'm a filthy fucking mess.
Yeah, I'm a wreck.
I've never felt more alone.
Forgotten so he left out on my own.
Dragged out and low and feeling lost with no one to save me.
I need a personal cross.
No like no peace just sadness.

Intoxicated by madness.
No love no peace just sadness.
No love no peace just sadness.

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