

The Crimson(The String Quartet Tribute to Atreyu)

Atreyu

I feel it welling up inside and Robert Smith lied
Boys do cry and with blood tears in my eyes
I'm an Anne Rice novel come to life
I can't hide the monster anymore
One can only feel desolate for so long
Until one starts to change
Into something the mirror doesn't recognize
I metamorphasize
The darkness has been biding its time
To claim its latest victim
Fresh meat for carnal desires
To become what I became
I viewed the sun for the last time Will you still hold me when you see what I have done?
Will you still kiss me the same when you taste my victim's blood?
So crimson and red, I feel it flowing from your lips My heart is dead and so are you
And it pulses through, the desire to change
The desire to deconstruct all of my past failings
But where to begin because when you live in sin
It's hard to look at saints without them
Reflecting their jet black auras back on you
And all I have is hope, my inner burn's not fading
I'll wipe the blood from my cheek and get on with my day
And all I have is hope, and all I need is time
To bury in pine under six feet of time
The lies I told me about myself
Claw my way out, pick the splinters from under my fingernails
I won't lose hope, I won't give in
Just live and breathe and try not to die again

Songwriters

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