Seven

David Fincher

I threw your ring into the sea
Splashes reaching to heaven
To tell you the truth I won't miss it much
I threw my soul into the sea
Pretty girls make graves
Pretty girls make graves
I started to dream in the 3-D
Derail, discard, and drowning
Woke up to feel my stupid heart beat
I tore it out, it's just a piece of meat
Pretty girls make graves
Pretty girls make graves
If my feet could just get back on
The ground where they belong

I could walk back into my life
But I'm drifting through the darkness
Of a burnout every night
I just need to find someone
Who won't cost me my life
Atom bomb bikini
Soldiers marching through the waves
Towards another beached messiah
While pretty girls make graves
Pretty girls make graves
Pretty girls make graves
Pretty girls make graves
Pretty girls make graves

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