

Demonology and Heartache (Instrumental)

[Atreyu](#)

So unaffectionate, so insecure
You claim to know a thing or two about heartache
And what it's like to have your insides torn out
And I believe you, I see it every time
Your pallbearer's pallor is obscured by the darkness Dancing across your face
And when the blackness veils your eyes in pain
I know what it's like when memories make you wince
And love letter read like obituaries
And photo albums are the books of the dead
I need no reminders, I'll forget the past and lay it to rest If I had my way, I'd cut
The calluses off your, of your breaking heart
If I could get past the sternum
Cauterize those wounds with every kiss I could give to you
I'm holding your heart in my hands
The reason it still beats Am I being too cryptic? It might be too obscure?
Am I being too cryptic? It might be too obscure? Love kills, romance is dead and I don't even trust myself
But I love you and you can pull my wings apart
And pin me down under glass until the end of days
If it can help you discover that we share the same pain
I just hope you write your thesis before
Your subject is dead, no life after death If I had my way, I'd cut
The calluses off your, of your breaking heart
If I could get past the sternum
Cauterize those wounds with every kiss I could give to you
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