Silver

Ride

Who said time heals all wounds?
I think it was me before I met you
Your silver chains have slit my wrists
When I fell in love, I never asked for thisAll this time and I still can't see
How your poisoned mind still poisons me
The silver chains around your neck
Cut my throat when you turn your backI've tried so hard to keep control
But the thought of you
Keeps tearing at my soulI've tried so hard to keep control
But the thought of you
Keeps tearing at my soul

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