

Truest Shade of Crimson

Through the Eyes of the Dead

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Around your neck is where my hands are headed to prove my point that love is what you make it a rose petal for every time you scream sometimes I like to pretend you smile my days consist of thinking of ways to bring you pain in my days consist of thinking of ways to hurt you to bring you pain to hurt you waiting but not for me around your neck is where my hands are headed to prove to prove my point that love is what you make it it's not that I hate you it's just that I love to hurt you posing with my halo covered in her blood her screams are so lovely like the heavens singing to me I told you I loved you and I'm sorry I lied to you but I needed to see your pain and see your weakened cries I don't hate you I just love to hurt you

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