

# If You Live By the Sword, You Die By the Sword

## Jamestown Story

I open my eyes  
But still manage to dream  
And this cold bathroom floor  
Now just feels like home to me  
I stumble to the mirror  
And I naturally start to clean  
But my body's scorned with marks that say  
"these aren't the last lines that I'll see"  
So please cut this string  
Attached to my wrists  
And buried in my shaking palm  
I hold this evil in my fist  
I relive my pain  
With every scar  
It's a battle field of memories  
That just won't go away from me  
This world has tied me down  
And the knot keeps tightening  
Cause I'm just a puppet  
Dangling from this breaking string  
And maybe I'll turn this  
blade the other way

And roll up my sleeves  
To let the scars show my mistakes  
So please cut this string  
Attached to my wrists  
And buried in my shaking palm  
I hold this evil in my fist  
I relive my pain  
With every scar  
It's a battle field of memories  
That just won't go away from me  
You couldn't make the cut  
So now you'll make this cut  
You couldn't make the cut  
So now you'll make this cut  
You couldn't make the cut  
So now you'll make this cut

You couldn't make the cut  
So now you'll make this cut  
I can't breathe, I'm in need  
Where's my crimson savior?  
No I won't go back just to bleed  
Forgive me, I promise I'll stay clean

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