

Bleeding Mascara (Instrumental Version)

[Atreyu](#)

A wraith with an angel's body.
A demon with a smile of gold.
You soul-sucker.
I won't become like you. A killer with the perfect weapons,
Crystal eyes and a heart of coal.
You soul-sucker.
I won't lose myself in you. Look how pretty she is, when she falls down.
Now there is no beauty in bleeding mascara.
Her lips are quivering like a withering rose,
She's back again. What the fuck do you think love means?
It's much more than words and feelings
Sucking me dry.
Is my marrow that sweet? Your dead lovers have left a trail of
Broken hearts and misspent hopes.
Sucking them dry.
Does their marrow taste of sweetness, sweetness,
Sweetness? I hope you choke.

Songwriters

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