

How does the dagger feel now when you're on the receiving end?
If this is what you call betrayal,
then this is what I call revenge.

How could I be so blind?
I guess I fell in love too quickly,
but I'm fine.

Imagine where you'd be now if you only knew (if you only knew)
the one you love is the one who's killing you.
(I trusted you too much.)
I know now that I should have kept my eyes wide open
the first time that we kissed.
I'll bury you for this.

Just say to me that this time is the last time
and I'll pretend that somehow I know we'll be fine.

Years spent watching in silence
as your illness spilled onto page.
Those were the last days I spend with you,
before you left, before he came.

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Just say to me that this time is the last time
and I'll pretend I'm fine.

Oh, is it my fault?
You fell into that illusion you've been living discretely.
Oh, should I blame you in the end?
Did you ever think the sketches would take over completely?

(Oh, is it my fault?
Oh, is it my fault?)

Die,
just die!
You are scum,
you are filth!
Choke on blood as your knife ends the show!
Writhe in pain you thought you'd never know!

I don't think they dig graves close enough to hell for the likes of you,
I don't think they dig graves close enough to hell for the likes of you!

I handed you a knife and my heart, oh,
I handed you a knife and my heart, oh,

and now the dream is over,
and now the dream is over.

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I handed you a knife and my heart, oh,
and now the dream is over,
and now the dream is over.

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