

I could be the villain in your  
Little book of break-ups  
So spinnerule but even now  
I could be your page in your  
Little book of break-ups

I'm never letting go.

I'd tear into myself again.  
(Myself, myself)  
My skin rips like paper.  
I'll never touch myself again.  
(Myself, myself)

Your heart breaks like glass.

I should have been the hero in your  
Little book of make-ups  
But that anyone should say to you  
I should have been the figure in your  
Little book of make-ups

Your heart breaks like glass  
Still I find a way  
To fight the brilliance of your inside in this lifetime  
I won't regret  
I won't regret it.