

11.24.11

36 Crazyfists

I feel abandoned by the look on my face, suffering the blame
I've laid in graves of the rains
Weight of hollow breath
Swallowing the darkness, the only thing I've left
So much passion from driving nails in my lungs
The darkest hour when my life is in ruins, I scrape the walls with
broken flesh from above
I've taken daggers in my back and replaced. fading out again
I pull away from the pain, sucking out the death
And we stood in that room and watched it cover all of us
Like the plague it covered us all
And I loved loving you was the last thing she said
And I loved loving you was the last thing I said
The sky went red, turn your back and run
With broken flesh from above, I light fire to this hell
And with broken flesh from above. I cut it's fuckin' head off