

If I asked you for one last kiss
As the life leaves my wrist
Would you give it to me
Or lay my neck on the guillotine

But I've been wrong before

How many times
How many fucking times
Have we done this before
Have you walked out that door
And I'm at your heels asking for more

I am the giver of the pill that is bitter
That I deserve better you evil motherfucker
What was I expecting
What reason does a bird need to fly or to sing or to do what comes naturally
I thought things could change

But I've been wrong before

My cheeks are red with blood you always knew how to make me blush

Remember when you said that you would die with me tonight
You were only being polite