

My Juliet

Clever

This knife across her skin
Still fightin' with the pain she bears within
There's more than relief, I, I, I
What if she controls the anger
Bring to life what she can take and offer grief, I, I, I
She covers in the light
Tryin' to pain the bitter end
But the crayons are the knife
And the pages are her skin
But I wish she knew the picture
That she paints inside my head
To know that she was cutting me instead

Don't take your fuckin' life tonight
And leave me here bleedin'
I refuse to wash your blood off of my hands
Must I hide from all the rain
That will not wash away your stain
If I'm still bleeding
If you die, I die, we die, my Juliet

I kiss the scars, not yours, but ours
Just thankful you're alive and that you're mine, I, I, I
That blade turns cold, just like your soul
But I know when the light it has to shine, I, I, I
Cut my arm, cut my leg
If you must cut me, I beg
Please don't hurt yourself
Please don't do anymore

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