

Bleeding Perfection

Dawn of Ashes

Will you kill yourself to be beautiful?
Will you kill yourself to be beautiful?
Will you scrape it away?
Will you scrape it away?
Will you kill yourself to be reborn?
Will you kill yourself to be reborn?
Will you scrape it away?
Will you scrape it away?

Defect by obsession and flaws.
Staining the flesh when failure turns again yourself.
You feel no hope!
And despair becomes rejection..
Always trying to shed into a new twin while damnation takes control.

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Will you kill yourself to be beautiful?
Will you scrape it away?
Will you scrape it away?
Will you kill yourself to be reborn?
Will you kill yourself to be reborn?
Will you scrape it away?
Will you scrape it away?

And you will bleed for perfection.
And you will starve your ugliness.
Cut and sow, rejuvenate.
Wash it away and make it go away.

Paint your mask thick and embody your power.
Scrape away the sores from every obsession.

We are all fallen angels reflecting on our own mental disorder.
Shedding self abuse while infecting the power of a new order.
Favor the rot while caressing your own imperfections.
Stabilize freedom from burning the truth.
Within ourselves.

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Wash it away and make it go away.