

Wake up
Grab a brush and put a little make-up
Hide the scars to fade away the shake-up
Why'd you leave the keys upon the table?
Here you go, create another fable
Grab a brush and put a little make-up
Hide the scars to fade away the shake-up
Why'd you leave the keys upon the table?

I don't think you trust
In my self-righteous suicide
I cry when angels deserve to die

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Farther
I'm goin' farther
Farther
I'm goin' farther

Fall into your hands
I commend my spirit
Fall into your hands
Why have you forsaken me?
In your heart, forsaken me
In your eyes, forsaken me
In your thoughts, forsaken me
In your heart, forsaken me

Trust in my self-righteous suicide
I cry when angels deserve to die
In my self-righteous suicide
I cry when angels deserve to die