

# Violence

Frank Iero

You got so sick I thought I'd die  
You got so down I couldn't get high  
You make it harder and harder for me to know who I am  
So this time I gotta hear it, if you give a goddamn

Gimme, gimme, gimme, just a bit of your time  
Gimme, gimme, gimme, just a bit of your touch

Your violence feels like kisses to me  
Your silence makes it harder to breathe  
Your distance feels like I'm not enough  
I need your touch  
Your violence feels like kisses to me  
Your silence makes it harder to breathe  
Your distance feels like I'm not enough  
You're gonna be sorry when I'm gone

You got so lost I forgot who I was  
You got so loud, aww baby I shut up  
I get so scared and it gets you off  
The sound of hell in my ears when the fear takes hold of me

Gimme, gimme, gimme, just a bit of your time  
Gimme, gimme, gimme, just a bit of your touch

You're gonna wish I was never born

In another place, in another life  
Take another drink, it could be alright  
In another place, in another time  
Take another drink, it could be alright

Your violence feels like kisses to me  
Your silence makes it harder to breathe  
Your distance makes me feel all numb  
Give it up

Your violence feels like kisses to me  
Your silence makes it harder to breathe  
Your distance makes me feel all numb  
I crave your touch  
(Your violence feels like kisses to me)  
(Your silence makes it harder to breathe)  
I crave your touch  
(Your distance feels like I'm not enough)  
(Makes me think you're giving up)

You're gonna be sorry when I'm gone