

The Cut

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We were the ones
We are the waiting
Now we're painting the sky blind
A fossil dream
Thoughts are so clean
You always have the taste you had

You just can't blame
The way time goes by
And don't try

I know
Karma's a moaning
Your so deserving
Put one in the gun
So slow
Revenge is burning
Your so deserving
Put one in the gun

You always
BLAME ME!
Like I was written for the past tense
BLAME ME!
The feeling for the fallen curtains
BLAME ME!
You always have the taste you had

You just can't blame
The way time goes by
And don't try

I know
Karma's a moaning
Your so deserving
Put one in the gun
So slow
Revenge is burning
Your so deserving
Put one in the gun

Now your rain going by
Now your rain going by
Now your rain going by
Your lies you hide

I know
Karma's a moaning
Your so deserving
Put one in the gun
So slow
Revenge is burning
Your so deserving
Put one in the gun