

Showcase Heart

letlive.

Passion, ask this question to love, 'how tall is my faith?'
Since it's all been run out by this tear to the left of my chest

It was quickly occupied by a few of my old friends,
Who quickly express themselves in four letter words

Bad mouth in my taste, it's all for you

Introduce yourself hate, just remember you only get one chance
at first impression make it good
When you try your best and they're not impressed, take it like
you should
You stand in front of one of the greatest plans ever to be executed
And low and behold ironically posed behind it all was you

Bad mouth in my taste, it's all for you

The day I decided to wear my heart on my sleeve
I came home, shirtless, bareback wondering why it was so cold in here
With marks on my wrist from those swipes at the heart,
Or was it at the sleeve? Taking your own again, so cold in here
And I'll take you at the wrist
Those rather lion esque characteristics could result in death,
Those are the ones that can swipe at your heart

I'll take you, wrist at the wrist and we'll do it again

So cold in here