

Ashes to Ashley

Mac Lethal

For every hole I punched in the wall
Every piece of paper crumpled as we suffer in the
bloodiest fall
For every pulsating ego blistered
It's a moon writing nosebleeds
I nurse these festering wounds and drop rose seeds
But grow an orchid garden
Now the paint on your portrait hardens
With the face that resorts to jargon
Scribbled like a suicide note like I'll stop
I showed the beauty by a profile shot
Freeze, don't fret for the truth
Cause I prayed 'til I heard foot steps on the roof
I swear to God I don't believe in angels
Ask me, Athiest ashy, where's the wings in this
relationship?
Passions are past me, cast another spell
Mortified meloncholy madness to Michelle
Suicide Sarah, alliterate your fate
Worship the absence and demonstrate my faith

(I glance in the mirror on my bathroom door
I saw her dance in the rain of her summertime ?)
I saw her dance til the rain put the fire out
Burned at the stake, Joan of Arc
Little anxious saint
I illustrate the gates of Hell until my
notebook her flesh burns up in the furnace
Ashes to Ashleys, Earn to something Earnest
I slit my wrist and curse with the ink pen
Write a revelation, burn a stack of Bibles
Question my faith, get my churlish ass to smile
Find another subtle piece of confidence to muster
Her ministry echoes in this monolithic structure
Cremate the dying Christmas trees, the winter is full
of bitter ashey black blizzards
So When the superstition delivered, and it came down the
chimney
They found her in the fireplace with me
Ashes to Ashley

It's not going out, it's still half-dead
How many angels can you fit on a matchhead
Count 'em, try to start a fire
Do it, turn the volume down and write a song to her
movement
The fire's only half dead
How many angels can you fit on a matchhead
Count 'em, try to start a fire
Do it, turn the volume down and write a song to her
movement
The fire's only half-dead
How many angels can you fit on a matchhead
Count 'em, try to start a fire
Do it, turn the volume down and write a song to her
movement
I'm feeling like I'm half dead

How many angels can you fit on a matchhead
Count 'em, try to start a fire
Do it, turn the volume down and watch her movement

We walked a broken path where the sun was bleak
And we were holding hands on these rusted swings
Then I combed the sand

My

Love would sink underseas and we would drown underneath
When you would swim deep to catch my lipspeech
To try to catch drifts to catch what it means
And you found what would grow between us
So I thought about you while I roped the pheonix
And now my spine shivers from the notes that you speak
A perfect pitch, melodies, and emotions you seek
Then I'm composin a dream so you can see that I love
you
And I hold your broken dreams til I'm bleedin in
puddles

She breaks bones, engraves poems, engraves stones
(Text)

Pains quotes of pathos as pain grows (Next)

Rain flows became hopes of rainbows (When)

Angels with halos and saints spoke (Lets)

Dead to this world now we've given enough
I wanna hide you from the company that misery loves
And so I dry blood, refuse strokes, in our love, it
drew close

So you could draw attention with the pen that you hold
Reveal your energy and we'll just get to keep
The radioactive, I could feel your chemistry
When we gazed at sea waves, and freebased off replays,
That relay to cliches, to see fate would be grace
I find peace in our dance on night sheets
To bathe the silhouette in the tears the skies weep
Would burn bridges to find warmth from life's storms
Across roads at the point where lives meet
I'll show you memories I hate to reveal
If you'd just feel what I say then I could say what I
feel

I finally learned what it takes to confess
I'll take you to a place filled with grace and sunsets

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