

Trashed

Skin

I'm like a soldier
With no cause to fight
Playing with bar boys
To test you just right

I watch your features
I check for a sign
Of some kind of failure
Then I feel sublime

Now I know I have to live without you
I can only bend so far
Guess it's time to make some moves
without you
Now you've gone and trashed my heart

Solid demeanor
I look good a feat
Still I'm too vicious
To take on defeat

Yes I hear
You don't feel this any more
I see
There's nothing to believe in anymore
Just two snitches on heat
Still avoiding the grief
Because it felt so hard