

# Let the Bastards Come

Suis La Lune

(We're still waiting for a farewell to broken sentences  
Sore lungs and empty hearts  
We all fade with the seasons)

My heart wants to help her see  
Because her eyes were like damaged glass  
The scars on her arms won't leave  
They'll remind her on what she was

I take those memories with me on my trip with broken glass  
It hurts so much, still it's nothing compared to the inside  
Why... Your face... So delicious?  
Remember the time, the memories so bright  
Why... Your face... So delicious?  
Remember the times when you cried in my arms  
Why... Your face... So delicious?  
Remember the time, the memories so bright  
Why... Your face... So delicious?

Your parents affected your mind  
I remember when your father said

"How can happily fit in pills?"  
It was so sad  
The words, they were never enough  
The comforting words that I told  
You said it was meant to be  
You wrote my name with blood  
You wrote my name with blood

Your cry for help  
Everything's just like... just like then  
Your cry for help  
Everything's just like... just like then

Don't you see where you're heading?  
You're up to become what we swore to hate  
Don't you see where you're heading?  
You're up to become what we swore to hate  
Don't you see where you're heading?  
You're up to become what we swore to hate  
Don't you see where you're heading?  
You're up to become what we swore to hate