Daggers

The Flatliners

Take out the knife deep in my back
We'll drown here in my blood
It's either this or a heart attack

Spent our years lighting up the black
Corners of our love
Only to fall victim to your dagger

They say

And when you're playing that guitar
You're really playing me
Its six strings stretched out are my heart

I hope the wood will stain your hands
So you don't forget
All I had to endure and I'll never understand

They say friends, they come and go
And you can't depend on them, you know
I said stop this bleeding; I'm a wreck
Take your dagger and roll

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