

Bleeding

Varials

You know life's a funny thing
But it's really just a bitch
So I salt another wound
Just to satisfy the itch
And these cuts become scars
With a line for every line
Buried in the past
No way to tell if it hurts

Bleed out of my misery
Invoke my wrath on my own self
To make you hurt
And there's something in the way
If I ever find the message
Is it for you or for me

What can you promise me
That doesn't leave, love, or lie
I couldn't imagine
That one is just too many
When a dozen's just a few
I watch you waste away

If I take my own hand
And I turn it against myself
Does that mean I have free will
Or am I just a fucking pawn

I don't think I have a fucking chance
That's how it is on this bitch of an earth
What are you waiting for

It's your move
Motherfucker