

Lip Gloss and Black

Atreyu

YEAH!If I gave you pretty enough words
Could you paint a picture of us that works
With emphasis on function rather than design
Aren't you tired?
cause i will carry you
On a broken back and blown out knees
I have been where you are for a whileAren't you tired of being weak?
Such rage that you could scream
All the stars right out of the sky
And destroy the prettiest starry night
Every evening that I die
I am exhumed just a little less human and lot more bitter and cold
I am exhumed just a little less human and lot more bitter and cold
I am exhumed just a little less human and lot more bitter and cold
I am exhumed just a little less human...After all these images of pain
Have cut right through you
I will kiss every scar and weep
You are not alone
Then I'll show you that place,
in my chest where my heart,
still tries to beat;
It still tries to beatAren't you tired of being weak?
Such rage that you could scream
All the stars right out of the sky
And destroy the prettiest starry night
Every evening that I die
Live, Love, Burn, Die
Live, Love, Burn, Die
Live, Love, Burn, Die
Live, Love, Burn, ... Die!

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