Bloody Poetry

Grieves

I guess it started when the lights went out and everybody started running round in circles tryin to figure it out

I could feel it

wedged in my ribs it felt freezin

as my cold air blew out

dance through the evening, paranormal

slowly being called to the green

where the ghosts gather nightly and sell the devil their dreams, i observe

hails from the other side of the curb

hold the concrete notepad

scribble down my words in the limelight

this is what it's like to bleed ink

put your fingers in it paint me a picture of what you think

make it beautiful and make it look like love

make it hang from the heavens

make it break my trust

make it real

make it dangerous

make it out of the rust

make it passionate and impossible to touch

it's forever

slowly resurrected from the dust

when you understand its everything inside of you, its us.

You're all I've ever known

So to my sleep

You always got me running home

Count for the roses

You're my blood and brittle bones, my soul and open throne

You're all I know

Ive spoke a whisper in the dark one night

watch it take form in front of me and mimic my life

it seemed natural specially watching its last breathe like poetry

watch as it clung to its own chest with a smile

made out of broken pieces of tile

you can see the thoughts running chase em around for miles

if you want it people say that old road is haunted

if you travel on it long enough you'll never get off it

you believe it cause everything is skewed when you see it

then you process automatically think that you feel it

and automatically sticks to the brain when the truth of it is standing outside playing cards in the

rair

you will never beat the game it plays

you can only turn around and lick the blood from your own switchblade its forever slowly resurrected from the dust when you understand its everything inside of you, its us.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/