

War Paint

I was starting to shake
From the days I've been up
There's a lot on my plate
And the ones I loved stopped answering
They left me to find my self
In my own hate
I work all alone with a cynical taste
And the day I get out
Is the day I'll be made

I was cut out of stone
And carved with a blade
Head down with all of my hardships
There's nothing too strong
That I cant face
Don't stop 'till you finally have it
It should be more like a habit

Come down,
All the fighting's over
I let you breathe your own air
I will set my arms down in a corner
When I turn around
You will tell me how you're up now
From your dream of clovers
Said, "not a thing will compare
To the sense you give me, and disorder
When you turn around
And I can't breathe"

There wasn't a trace
Of the war letting up
And the days went on late
I struggled
And I fell to solid ground
It led me to my escape
Now here I am outside of your gate
I was hoping you could

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And I can't breathe"

Well, I came to say sorry
I shouldn't have left
But my bitterness got to me
Before you did
And now I'm laying in gardens
Where we start over again

The Dangerous Summer

I know that you got me
And this is it

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