

With fists raised high in tightened knots
The room explodes and now this blood is on your hands
And there is no time for a second chance
To paint my face with blood and tears and cover up
In an open book that no one reads
A misspelled word that no one know
You stole the rain
Then you turned around and tore my life in two
Just like the picture that once hung on the wall in the room th
at we used to share
So fold me up and put me back in the place where you used to ke
ep your heart

You think its getting smaller?
It's been that way for quite some time now

The cadence beats down on the tar
It sounds the same as your fists raining down
(if you wanted to change the way I look at you...)
We've got to leave before the sun sets
Or maybe we don't have time(time to waste.)
It won't be long until you're gone into the night
You won't have time to paint my face with cover-up