

Dissarm you and your smile
And cut you like you want me to
Cut that little child
Silently in search of part of you
The letter's burned
The letter's burned

I used to be a little boy, now I'm so old, in my shoes
What I choose is it my choice?
It's a voice, it comes to you too
It's killing me, it's killing you, my love
To send a smile over to you

Dissarm you and your smile
And leave you like they left me here
To wither in denial
The bitterness of one who's left alone
The leader's burned, the leader's burned

I used to be a little boy, now I'm so old, in my shoes
What I choose is it my choice?
It's a voice, it comes to you too
It's killing me, it's killing you, my love
To send a smile over to you

To send a smile over to you
Killing me it's killing you
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