

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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