

With the absence of eye, I can start to bleed again...
With the color of hearts it seems like you wear right thin
And as it falls from your mouth, it seems like you
needed it more
Well I can still ask for more, I will still ask for more...

Get the fuck out, stay the fuck out
It makes me sick (I'm alright)
Slit wrist theory, stains us all...

Lace me up, lace me up
I'm still looking for these angels in the snow
Lace me up, lace me up
I'm still looking for these angels in the snow

It seems like a runaround
Words that won't matter
And as it falls from your mouth it seems like you
needed it more
And I will color you all red, I will color you all...red

Get the fuck out, stay the fuck out
It makes me sick (I'm alright)
Slit wrist theory, stains us all...

Lace me up, lace me up
I'm still looking for these angels in the snow
Lace me up, lace me up
I'm still looking for these angels in the snow

Braided conversation

Get the fuck out, stay the fuck out
It makes me sick (I'm alright)
Slit wrist theory, stains us all...
And caved the fuck in, and bashed the fuck in, it's so old
Slit wrist theory, stains us all...

Slit wrist!

Lace me up, lace me up
I'm still looking for these angels in the snow
Lace me up, lace me up
I'm still looking for these angels in the snow

Lace me up...