With These Hands

Across Five Aprils

I want everything. You don't mean a thing to me.I won't just tur n the other cheek. And when you pray to be set free it won't mat ter.It doesn't matter.I can't wait for the day you'll look to me and say it's over now. How sweet that day will be when you say to me, it's over now. I won't believe one single thing your lying lips will say to me.I hate every thing that you say to me. You 're the one who killed it all. Sleep safely... sleep safely