

If You Live By The Sword, You Die By The Sword

And Then I Turned Seven

I open my eyes, but I still manage to dream
This cold bathroom floor, now just feels like home to me
I stumble to the mirror, and I naturally start to clean
But my body's scorned with marks, that say "these aren't the last lines that I'll see.."
So please cut this string, attached to my wrists
Buried in my shaking palm, I hold this evil in my fist
I relive my pain, with every scar
It's a battle field of memories, that just won't go away, for me....
This world has tied me down, and the knot keeps tightening
Cause I'm just a puppet, dangling from this breaking string
But maybe I'll turn, this blade the other way
And roll up my sleeves to let the scars show my mistakes
You couldn't make the cut, so now you'll make this cut....
I can't breath, I'm in need, where's my crimson savior?
No I won't crawl back just to bleed,
Forgive me, I promise i'll stay clean