

## Demonology and Heartache

Atreyu

So unaffectionate, so insecure  
You claim to know a thing or two about heartache  
And what it's like to have your insides torn out  
And I believe you  
I see it every time your pallbearer's palor is obscured by the  
darkness  
Dancing across your face, and when the blackness veils your eye  
s in pain  
I know what it's like when memories make you wince  
And love letters read like obituaries  
And photo albums are the books of the dead  
I need no reminders, no more reminders  
I'll forget the past and lay it to rest

If I had my way  
I'd cut the calluses off your breaking heart  
If I could get past the sternum  
Cauterize those wounds with  
Every kiss I could give to you  
I'm holding your heart in my hand  
The reason it still beats

Am I being too cryptic?  
Am I being too obscure?  
Love kills, romance is dead  
And I don't even trust myself  
But I love you  
And you can pull my wings apart  
And pin me down under glass  
Until the end of days if it can help you  
Discover that we share the same pain  
I just hope you write your thesis  
Before your subject is dead  
No life after death