

Lip Gloss and Black

Atreyu

If I gave you pretty enough words
Could you paint a picture of us that works
An emphasis on function
Rather than design

Aren't you tired 'cause I will carry you
On a broken back and blown out knees
I have been where you are
For a while

Aren't you tired of being weak?
Such rage that you could scream
All the stars right out of the sky
And destroy the prettiest starry night
Every evening that I die

I am exhumed just a little less human
And lot more bitter and cold
I am exhumed just a little less human
And lot more bitter and cold
I am exhumed just a little less human
And lot more bitter and cold
I am exhumed just a little less human
...

After all these images of pain
Have cut right through you
I will kiss every scar and weep
You are not alone

Then I'll show you that place
In my chest where my heart
Still tries to beat
It still tries to beat

Aren't you tired of being weak?
Such rage that you could scream
All the stars right out of the sky
And destroy the prettiest starry night
Every evening that I die

Live, love, burn, die
Live, love, burn, die
Live, love, burn, die
Live, love, burn, die