

## Turns Cold to the Touch

### Bleeding Through

The surface of a broken hand,  
a credent hand with nothing to hold  
face turns cold to the touch.  
My face was white, laying on the cold tile floor the floor.  
When i entered your room last night, your face left me as coward.  
Now I'm left with nothing but your stare that's burning me.  
I don't try because I'll fail.  
I'm just in line with the rest of admire.  
The sruface of a broken hand, a credent hand with nothing left  
to hold.  
face turns cold to the touch.  
My face was white.  
Left alone in desolate dreams.  
Why can't I be beautiful, so you'd want to save me.  
But you're the angel with the perfect wings that I'll fucking break  
and take you with me.  
Take you with me.  
Those words left as stain.  
I must make you see the ugliness.  
You left your light on.  
You turned my will again.  
Just look what you've created.  
A sick frail man scared to look at his shadow.  
I'm sorry that you're part of this,  
but I can't be left alone tonight.  
I can't be left alone tonight.