

# Sing to Me

Delain

Happy tears fade fast  
Sad tears tend to last  
You've got your blood-stained heart  
In your nicotine-stained hands  
And your twenty-nine years  
Did not help you pass  
Oh, the roadkill, cheap thrill  
Obstacle filled path

White lies, black dress  
Brightest of darkness  
You close your tearstained eyes  
To your silver lined madness  
After twenty-nine years  
You might want to confess  
That we have made  
A fucked-up place  
That I can not erase

Sing to me

White lies, black heart  
tearing us apart  
You breathe the frost-filled air  
From my lungs to your lungs  
After twenty-nine years  
How much more to come?  
Now, we have made  
A fucked-up place  
That I can not erase

Sing to me

Happy tears fade fast  
sad tears tend to last  
You've got a sad, sad song  
And it's stuck in your aching head  
And your twenty-nine years  
Did not teach you that  
Changing melodies  
will change your destiny at last  
Now, we have made  
A fucked-up place  
We're trying to erase  
Erase