

I can't deny the way your fingers make my blood shiver
and that I almost did surrender to what was easy in a way
but I know it's all over, it's the last page of the book
'cause you're the knife that cuts my wrist, the open sore to wh
ere I drift
and it's the price for being weak and it's the price

But I know it's all over, it's the last page of the book

But I won't go and I won't cry 'cause you'll be gone when I arr
ive
and if the clouds cover the sky then let it happen