

Pink Roses And The Graveyard

Glassjaw

Yesterday you threw a spear
and now you think you're getting it back?
Yesterday you threw a bloody mess with a cross through my face
and now you think you get it back?
Yesterday you threw a spear
and now you think you're getting it back?
Yesterday you threw a bloody mess with a cross through my face
and now you think you get it back?
London's sin of a brain.
I fucking needed it this way.
Oh, not you. Nothing, not you.
Not you, nothing not you.
London's sin of a brain.. I fucking needed it this way.
Driven from the pink rose petals inside my head
I'm shining tombstones, trying to raise the dead.
Didn't you try to shave with one hand?
Didn't you try to shave once, shave once?
Didn't you try to shave with one damn hand?
I wanted it this way. I needed it this way.
I fucking wanted it.
I fucking needed it.
I wanted it this way.
I needed it this way.
I wanted it.
I needed it.
I want it.
I fucking wanted it.
I needed it.
I wanted it.
I fucking needed it this way.
I fucking wanted it. I needed it. I wanted it. I need it. I want it.
I wouldn't die would you be my savior?
I wouldn't die would you be my kind?
Nothing's dead in my bed.
In my.. I wouldn't die would you be my savior?
I wouldn't die would you be my kind?
Nothing's dead in my bed.
In my.. I raise the dead.
London's sin of a brain.