

Too Beautiful

He Is We

What kind of man
lays his hands on the woman
he loves.
Calls her angel
and shows no remorse
and the blood.
He covers her body
in bruises and scars.
You don't understand
just how beautiful you are.

You are too beautiful.
Your heart
it wants something more.
Those shades of blue
on that face
you always hide
that smile that beats in your chest.

When he's done with her beating
he just stands aside
wipes the sweat from his brow
and yells over her cries.
You don't know what
I've been through
he yells and he says
You don't know what I've done for you
And hits her again.

You are too beautiful.
Your heart
it wants something more.
Those shades of blue
on that face
you always hide
that smile that beats in your chest.

And she stands in the mirror.
She looks less alive.
She lifts up her shirt
to see she has five
branded fingers on her side.
She's feeling it all now,
but she doesn't cry
she doesn't cry

You are too beautiful.
Your heart
it wants something more.
Those shades of blue
on that face
you always hide
that smile that beats in your chest.