

If You Live By The Sword, You Die By The Sword

Jamestown Story

I open my eyes
But still manage to dream
And this cold bathroom floor
Now just feels like home to me
I stumble to the mirror
And I naturally start to clean
But my body's scorned with marks that say
"these aren't the last lines that I'll see"

So please cut this string
Attached to my wrists
And buried in my shaking palm
I hold this evil in my fist
I relive my pain
With every scar
It's a battle field of memories
That just won't go away from me

This world has tied me down
And the knot keeps tightening
Cause I'm just a puppet
Dangling from this breaking string
And maybe I'll turn this
blade the other way

And roll up my sleeves
To let the scars show my mistakes

So please cut this string
Attached to my wrists
And buried in my shaking palm
I hold this evil in my fist
I relive my pain
With every scar
It's a battle field of memories
That just won't go away from me

You couldn't make the cut
So now you'll make this cut
You couldn't make the cut
So now you'll make this cut
You couldn't make the cut
So now you'll make this cut
You couldn't make the cut
So now you'll make this cut

I can't breathe, I'm in need
Where's my crimson savior?
No I won't go back just to bleed
Forgive me, I promise I'll stay clean