

## Cruel

MS MR

Fresh starts from burnt ends  
My body can't stand strong, to reminisce is to give in  
A hand in the present, a foot in the past  
A thirst to move forward, but your demons keep holding us back

Melt away, become estranged  
Waiting on a sign, a reason to remain  
By your side, by your side

And I know that I can't hide behind words  
Are you just being cruel to be cruel?  
Blue was the color I thought I knew  
But every kiss hits like a bullet, it pierces through  
Sorrow like the lines on your palm, I stood by as it grew

Whispers in the attic  
A green glow spills and colors this place  
One step closer to the edge, nowhere feels safe  
The mechanics of disdain will only fail you

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Sorrow like the lines on your palm, I stood by as it grew

Crises of faith, I won't hide in the folds  
Scratch at the walls to get to the core  
Comes as you were, as I want you to be  
Fire to the fall to get to the core

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