

Victims

New Years Day

The night falls a black veil on a porcelain doll
Getting closer to the moment I break apart beyond repair
What is sleep when all I have are these tortured dreams
Throwing up the taste of razors that cut too deep
That's the price I'll pay

You would see a change in these eyes
But you've sewn yours closed

I'm not your heroine
I'm a victim to your ways
You're not so innocent
You're the one that made me feel betrayed
I'm not your heroine
I'm a villain in your veins
We can be enemies
You can hunt me down if you're not dead

Oh, it's heightening
I can feel the change inside
They will be terrified of what comes next
I claw straight into the ones that deceived me for so long
They dug their graves, I pushed them in

You would see a change in these eyes
But I've sewn them shut

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This desperation leads to hands unclean
So let's own our vices, screaming out "Come get me"
We all have debts unpaid with crimes we haven't even made

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If you're not
If you're not dead

If you're not dead