

Out Go The Candles

Ruiner

Broken knuckles- Bleeding Foreheads
Shirt collars I'm still grabbing
Accusations- rolling eyes
Reasons I'm still pulling my hair out
Those fucking cords stretched through broken glass never summed
up so much.
All of this to be raped of self esteem and expose my fucking self...
Tonight...
What could possibly go right?
What could possibly go fucking right?
To every toothless fucking grin
(You are the few)
I'm sick of saying
This is just not worth this shit.
For every kid that's waiting to die...
(You know our names)
I'm sick of saying
This is just not worth this shit.
No point in thinking this will all work out...
So many days I could do with out but the point of it all is to
never look back so I live for today and die by the night these
veins are burning fucking red and this is when I can't turn back.
What could possibly go right...