Kiss Me

Sick of Sarah

Taste this breath It vaguely reeks of cigarettes And in my place A memory you won't forget

Drink this wine My favorite flavor cyanide And truth be told My heart is warm, my fingers cold

And the hardest part is waking up Followed by pride and confident You pinch me now 'cause I don't know if I'm real and I might run home and kill all my friends

You know I held it from the start I thought that we could make it better Now help me heal this broken heart Help me, heal me

It's crystal clear My reflection through chandeliers And this I sense I lack much more than innocence

And the hardest part is waking up Swallowed by pride now cough it up You pinch me now 'cause I don't know if I'm real and I might run home and kill all my friends

You know I held it from the start I thought that we can make it better Now help me heal this broken heart Help me, heal me

Lala-lala-lalala (repeat)

Taste this breath It vaguely reeks of cigarettes And in my place A memory you won't forget

And the hardest part is waking up Fallen of pride, now cough it up You pinch me now 'cause I don't know if I'm real and I might run home and kill all my friends

You know I held it from the start I thought that we can make it better Now help me heal this broken heart Help me, heal me

Lala-lala-lalala You know I held it from the start Lala-lala-lala-lalaa I thought that we can make it better Lala-lala-lalaa Now help me heal this broken heart Help me, heal me