

I Can Revive Him with My Own Hands

Still Remains

If love was this door,
then I've slammed it in your face,
ran out to the
balcony and jumped to the ground.
I've sponged the place in gasoline
before igniting the foundation
and burning it to ashes.
If love was a plane,
then I've flown it to the highest point,
only to let it come crashing down to the Earth.
Fasten your seatbelts,
we're going down,
we're going down now.
If love was a child,
then I've scolded him to no end.
He's been filled with nothing inside.
Until the day when bullets filled
the emptiness inside him.
From his own gun, from his own hands.
Love became the pill
that stopped his shakes.
He's never crossed a man's face so hard.
Love became the pill that put him under,
he's never scratched a man's heart so deep.
If love was born to die.
Then I've buried him six feet under.
If love was born to die then
I've buried him six feet under.
If love was a child,
then I've scolded him to no end.
He's been filled with nothing inside.
Until the day when bullets filled
the emptiness inside him.
If you take the one and minus Him by two,
you've got the end of the world,
before it's even begun.
Although I've murdered his heart,
I can revive him with my own two hands.