If Only

Systematic

Red on her hands
Remembers the blood they used to share
Bleeding again
Too many wounds she could not mend.

Bullet in hand
It's just not the gaze without the stare
Washes her hands
and nothing remains the same in here.

If only you could be
Some where else inside of me.

Wake me up I'm dead
Is it something that I said?

Head in your hands
Know that I could just not pretend
Bleeding again and again
Too many wounds she could not mend
Bullet in hand
and nothing remains the same in here.

If only you could be
Some where else inside of me
If only you could be
Some where dead inside of me.

Wake me up I'm dead
Is it something that I said?

If only I could be somewhere else.
Wake me up I'm dead
Is it something that I said?