

## War Paint

I was starting to shake  
From the days I've been up  
There's a lot on my plate  
And the ones I loved stopped answering  
They left me to find my self  
In my own hate  
I work all alone with a cynical taste  
And the day I get out  
Is the day I'll be made

I was cut out of stone  
And carved with a blade  
Head down with all of my hardships  
There's nothing too strong  
That I cant face  
Don't stop 'till you finally have it  
It should be more like a habit

Come down,  
All the fighting's over  
I let you breathe your own air  
I will set my arms down in a corner  
When I turn around  
You will tell me how you're up now  
From your dream of clovers  
Said, "not a thing will compare  
To the sense you give me, and disorder  
When you turn around  
And I can't breathe"

There wasn't a trace  
Of the war letting up  
And the days went on late  
I struggled  
And I fell to solid ground  
It led me to my escape  
Now here I am outside of your gate  
I was hoping you could

Come down,  
All the fighting's over  
I let you breathe your own air  
I will set my arms down in a corner  
When I turn around  
You will tell me how you're up now  
From your dream of clovers  
Said, "not a thing will compare  
To the sense you give me, and disorder  
When you turn around  
And I can't breathe"

Well, I came to say sorry  
I shouldn't have left  
But my bitterness got to me  
Before you did  
And now I'm laying in gardens  
Where we start over again

## The Dangerous Summer

I know that you got me  
And this is it

Come down,  
All the fighting's over  
I let you breathe your own air  
I will set my arms down in a corner  
When I turn around  
You will tell me how you're up now  
From your dream of clovers  
Said, "not a thing will compare  
To the sense you give me, and disorder  
When you turn around  
And I can't breathe"