

# If I Could Write It in Blood

The Spill Canvas

I found fountains of imagery that are passing  
through me like a knife  
From a group of friends that prefer to attack from the back  
I'm trying to grasp concepts of your dimensions  
While my universe is laced around your wrist  
I am the bracelet you sport  
I am everything (everything)  
that you have ever missed, and more

I was hoping I could tell you this with two feet on the ground  
But I don't think I can talk,  
because I'm not very stable right now  
Yeah (yeah)

In this dream that I had....  
"You can't kill heroes"- that's what we said to them  
"You can't kill us"  
With our instruments broken before us  
and the boys in the line they begin to count to five

And the trigger pulls  
The bullets pepper (pepper) the brick wall behind our heads  
and the smoke, it fills the air (smoke, it fills the air)  
The captain yells to cease fire  
and the squad begins to wait and stare  
as the dust clears the air, and we're still standing  
With smiles on both our faces  
we spit their faulty ammo to the ground  
and remind them once again  
With smiles on both our faces  
we spit their faulty ammo to the ground  
and remind them once again  
that you can't kill heroes

I was hoping I could tell you this with two feet on the ground  
But I don't think I can talk,  
because I'm not very stable right now  
No, I'm not very stable right now, yeah  
No, I'm not very stable right now