

There you lay, in my sheets of pain now
Waiting to get me home.
I feel sore. This wasted mock love
That feeding on tears

A little piece of angriness inside of me
Never hurt the shine of it
The crushing word of craving me inside of you
Like new, The catastrophe

I know I want to see you, and that is what I like.
And now you're looking picture perfect now... In the sun.

Lying shame, lament your true hope
Of my importance.
Loneliness, the drug that fuels those
In which you come in

{Repeat Pre-Chorus}

I know I want to see you, and that is what I like.
And now you're looking picture perfect now... With a Gun

Now you're perfect...

{Repeat Chorus 1 and 2}