

Salt in the Wound

Theory Of A Deadman

You can let it be
You can let it be
But still you keep rubbing and salting in the wound

You could have let me heal
I hate the way it feels
Now I suffer still and you're rubbing and salting in the wound

I'm being dead
It must be better than this
Already hurts but you couldn't resist

I'm running way too quickly
And I'm not expected to get into it
Like a board that couldn't get through
On a tide, just like you

Making me angry, but you always do
And if I see them like we were nothing

You couldn't let me reach

You couldn't let me breathe
You couldn't stand see me
You're rubbing and salting in the wound

You couldn't let me near
I hate the way it feels
Now I suffer still
And you're rubbing and salting in the wound

You're lookin' at my scars
My world was torn apart
My world was torn apart
You make me angry, you must hate me

There's nothing else
And I take my last breath
Will I be finally okay
When you're not, I hope you be happy

You couldn't let me reach
You couldn't let me breathe
You couldn't stand see me
You're rubbing and salting in the wound

You couldn't let me near
I hate the way it feels
Now I suffer still
And you're rubbing and salting in the wound

It's burning, I can't take the pain
I said it's burning, I can take the pain
When you're rubbing and salting in the wound
Rubbing and salting the wound

Rub it here, rub it here
Rub it here, rub it here
Rub it here, rub it here
Rub it here, rub it here

You couldn't let me reach
You couldn't let me breathe
You couldn't stand see me
You're rubbing and salting in the wound

You couldn't let me near
I hate the way it feels
Now I suffer still
And you're rubbing and salting in the wound
Salting the wound

Rub it here, rub it here
Rub it here, rub it here
Rub it here, rub it here
Rub it here, rub it here