

Truest Shade Of Crimson

Through the Eyes of the Dead

Around your neck is where my hands are headed to prove my point
that love is what you make it
A rose petal for every time you scream
Sometimes I like to pretend you smile
My days consist of thinking of ways to bring you pain
My days consist of thinking of ways to hurt you to bring you pain
in to hurt you
Lying in her bed of roses waiting for some dream
Posing in some dead illusion
Waiting but not for me
Around your neck is where my hands are headed to prove
To prove my point that love is what you make it
It's not that I hate you
It's just that I love to hurt you
Posing with my halo on covered in her blood
Her screams are so lovely like the heavens singing to me
I told you I loved you and I'm sorry I lied to you
But I needed to see your pain and see your weakened cries
I don't hate you I just love to hurt you