

## 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