

Radio Pirate Dj

"The 80's Were Born in 82"

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Now we sing out a song to the lonely
Listen up and we'll tell you a story
Frequencies in this dream to a nightmare
Crying hard, dying slow like you're not there.

Hands above your head I've got you now
Sorry, you're going nowhere.
Scratches on my back
They bleed with smiles
Expose my darkest secret.
Your skin is screaming to be touched
Oh God, I think you're bleeding.
But don't worry. It's just a mouthful for me to drink.

Like a portrait of angels killing me slow
(I want you to scream for a reason. I want you to
scream for right now)
Slice my wrists now, kiss me quick and watch me let go.
Resurrection, my heart will slowly explode
Collect my ashes, your tears will burn though the cold.

I hope you know I've got you figured out
The clues are all over me
These nights remind me of our memories.
You're never fair
You never cared.

What have I got myself into?

You think you're something special,
But I can see right through.
Your glass eyes are on fire
they're melting in the snow
Gather all the shards
toss them into space
watch as all the stars fall
to light your empty face.

