Used, The "Blood On My Hands"

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You felt the coldness in my eyes, And something I'm not revealing. Though you got used to my disguise, You can't shake this awful feeling.

It's the me that I let you know, And I'll never show, I have my reasons. I hate to say that I told you so, But "I told you so".

There's blood on my hands, Like the, Blood in you. Some things can't be treated, So don't make me, don't make me, Be myself around you.

Straight from your eyes, It's barely me, Beautiful, so disfigured. This other side that you can't see, Just praying you won't remember.

Feel the pain that I never show, And I hope you know, It's never healing. I hate to say that I told you so, But "I told you so".

There's blood on my hands, Like the, Blood in you. Some things can't be treated, So don't make me, don't make me, Be myself around you.

Straight from your eyes, It's barely me, Beautiful so disfigured. This other side that you can't see, Just praying you won't remember.

There's blood on my hands, Like the, Blood in you. Some things can't be treated, So don't make me, don't make me, Be myself around you.

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THERE'S BLOOD!!!

(Is it really that hard for you to bleed?)

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