

Used, The "Cut Up Angels"

Visit "[Cut Up Angels](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

If we cut out the bad
Well then we'd have nothing left
Like i cut up your mouth
The night i stuffed it all in

And you lied to the angels
Said i stabbed you to death
If we go at the same time
They'll clean up the mess

I lost my head
You couldn't come
This lust to my brain almost feels like a gun

Watched you bite into the bottle
Watch me kick out the chair
Let you chew up the glass
And laughed as you just hung there

I have thought of rose petals
Most perfectly pure
Then I thought of your petals
And the abuse they've been through

I lost my head
You couldn't come
This lust to my brain almost feels like a gun

You lost your head
I couldn't come
This lust to my brain almost feels just like a gun YEA

I told the angels
Can't stay in heaven
I asked the devil, the devil, the devil.

If we cut out the bad
Then we'd have nothing left
Like i cut up your angels
Yeh you stabbed me to death

I lost my head
You couldn't come
This lust to my brain almost feels like a gun

You lost your head
I couldn't come
This lust to my brain almost feels like a gun

I lost my head
You couldn't come
This lust to my brain almost feels like a gun

I lost my head
You couldn't come
This lust to my brain almost feels like a gun

Feels like a gun.
Feels like a gun.
Feels like a gun.
Feels like a...

Visit [Used, The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.