

## **A Bloody Canvas**

# **"Blame The Doctor Not The Pills"**

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This sickness seeps over every cell and every pore  
Creeping up and down my veins, silent murder  
The face in the mirror shattered when it fell  
Maybe I'm too far gone to tell, this is the end  
All alone in my room with a crimson blade  
It's my private tomb in which I cannot be saved  
But I wouldn't have it any other way...  
... and with this lust for lacerations  
I don't trust myself, and every night I'll erase the pain  
with these pills that promise to take me away...  
... so let me close my eyes and fade away  
I'll compromise my life, my love  
I put my faith in what I don't believe, in the clouds  
above, soon I'll learn the truth behind the lies  
Will I ascend to the sky or remain in the ground?  
Well one things for sure, I'm not gonna stick around...  
... and oh my god, this pills promised happiness, and  
oh my god, I don't trust myself, oh my god, this pills  
promised happiness, and oh my god, how can I trust  
myself?...  
... this sickness prevents me from sleep  
I think I'm in too deep, I can't see my breath  
Oh my god I think I'm nearing death  
Petty perscriptions can't save me now  
You can't save me now...

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