

Apostisy

"In Account Of My Death"

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Spent every day living out a wasted dream
The chemistry was fantasy I hide my shadow,
I've burnt the image
In a fireplace built beneath my heart
The open scars prove your vacant remarks
Indulge over time well spent alone
Forget our Chaos, was passion in rage
Our rage is love piercing a beautiful pain

Shine this crown of vindictive victory
Bury this crown to a selfless grave
Crass in public, not easily embarrassed
Fashion is relic, though you compromise
Winning arguments brings your ego to a head

You get what you put forth
Get what you came for
You get what you put forth
Playback to the way it was before

Love is no incentive to her misery
Embodies that simple mind, guggle all the facts
Come to no conclusion
But you get what you can
I'll hide my smile to save face
In a sense it might bring new blood
I'll decide who carries my grace
In a sense it may change my luck

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