

The Banner

"Venom And Hope"

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So little, so loud, is this murder or suicide? Who cuts
who kills, whose killing me?
I could, I could crush you, I could never. You haunt me
breathing,
You would break me dead. I would never even pray for
it.
You only hurt the ones you love and I can't stop, I'm
killing everything I love.
Is it that I hate myself that I keep crawling back to hell?
And I hope that the ink rots the lips right off your mouth
And poisons the heart I'd like to cut right out.
So lean back on the fact that you know all the crap
about the song I wrote,
And perhaps they'll read the words, and maybe then
they'll know.
Perfume, cigarettes and gin, was this murder or
suicide?
Run your fingers through my hair as you whisper in my
ear.
I hope you're not well, I hope things aren't fine.
I hope your body dies, long before your mind.
I hope you reach for help with hands that refuse to
reach.
I hope you try to scream with a voice that just won't
scream.
I sincerely hope your last breath is mine.

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