

## **Camilla Rhodes**

# **"The New England Holiday"**

Visit "[The New England Holiday](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Drowning in the beauty, I wish I didn't have to think  
about you anymore.  
These red cloth petals bleed.  
I'm whispering goodnight kisses on your cheek.  
Lately I can't seem to believe we are the dead.  
These windows with their promises seem to change the  
scenery before you fall asleep.  
And you'll never know, although I'll never your pale  
face framed by dark hair.  
And when it feels like rain, put the gun to your head.  
And when it feels like rain, drive these nails through my  
wrists.

And when it feels like rain, ask me to forgive you.  
Hey baby, don't you know, I'm doing alright these days.  
My blood, your hands.  
My hands, your throat.  
I don't believe in fairy tales any more and this glass  
casket of borrowed dreams will only open old wounds  
yet again.  
She's nothing but porcelain underneath her skin.  
Blessed are the heartless, blessed are you.

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