

Bayside

"Alcohol And Altar Boys"

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There's a voice in my head telling me why I should hate you, but I hate myself instead

There's a pair of dead eyes in the mirror looking back at me

I guess it's wrong to live life

Chorus:

Scars are tearing open along my palms and knees

I guess that's what I should get for crawling back at your feet

And now I'm feeling so down that there's no god above

And no mercy for a soul that's just way to fucked up

There's a pain in my chest growing stronger with every heartbeat

Now there's nothing left of me

But empty bottles of pills and bacardi

As I guess it's wrong to live life

Scars are tearing open along my palms and knees

I guess that's what I should get for crawling back at your feet

And now I'm feeling so down that there's no god above

And no mercy for a soul that's just way to fucked up

Leave me here, die

Leave me here, to die

Scars are tearing open along my palms and knees

I guess that's what I should get for crawling back at your feet

And now I'm feeling so down that there's no god above

And no mercy for a soul that's just way to fucked up

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