

Bent

"Like Portraits On Walls"

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This guilt hangs around your neck like portraits on walls but i swear i can't recall the last time i saw you smile it's been a while run away, cause this makes no sense with hollow hands kissed by hollow lips run away, cause you've seen him cry you've cut apart his heart with your knife hollow, hollow, hollow, just like you're pretty, pretty, now breath now i've said too much again with hollow lips touching hollow hands over time this will end oh, is this wrong we knew this all along sometimes my life has got me down but guilt beats hate and you turn it all around sometimes my life has got me down but guilt beats hate, now you've won

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