

Dance Yourself To Death "Teenage Romanticide"

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Attacker at the bedroom window, push the ladder from
the windowsill.

Serenades me from the ground thirty feet below.
Am I hearing voices, telling me what I already know.
Don't you move now, I'm just in here reading.
Pages turning, spine is breaking, plot is unfolding.
I can't breathe because I'm trying to stop the bleeding.
Pressure, stop your shaking. Pressure stop your
shaking.

I was a victim of teenage romanticide, and in the
wrong.
I was a victim of teenage romanticide, but not for long.

Your voice across the tin can line is quiet.
Unromantic, I'm trying to find my nerve.
Snuff the fire, mark the mail return to sender.
Tattoo my name across your lips so you remember.

I was a victim of teenage romanticide, and in the
wrong.
I was a victim of teenage romanticide, but not for long.

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