

Dead Swans "Dead Until Dark"

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I lost my day to a ceiling view,
With the same thoughts running through my mind.
Why do I do this to myself each day beneath blue eyes?
I cut myself to pieces, every time I hear her voice.
She whispers disappointment as my heart begins to
slow.

I've been here to many times,
I'm snapping all my fingers to the promises I break.
So many wasted nights, when did I go wrong?

The first few times felt so fucking good,
But now I hate myself more everyday.
Shards of glass drop through my veins,
I can't pretend everything's ok anymore.

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