

The Bled

"My Cyanide Catharsis"

Visit "[My Cyanide Catharsis](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

This scalpel makes a map across my back.
Carve a short cut to your suitcase lips.
There's no saving us tonight.
Our pulse will flutter like a dial tone.
As you touch my hand for one last time, the car engine
hums us to sleep. The lies.
Your subtle teeth.

Tonight is the rest of our lives, a carbon monoxide
lullaby. Evacuate. Abandon this breath.
Pull myself apart. Just to feel something real.
I close my eyes I turn my back for one last time.
I hold my breath I fall asleep inside your arms. Your
eyes reflect my regrets. All the feelings you cant afford
and the ones I cant control have collided. Now I'm a
mess. I've tried my best to hide it. Now it's obvious. I
wear it in these wounds that never heal.

There's no saving us tonight.

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