

## From Autumn To Ashes "All I Can Taste Is What's Her Name"

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The tears suspend.  
Smiles are not more than (empty love)  
Locked doors can keep you alone  
Forever paint words (from your lips) in a house that's  
no longer your home  
Take the dreams I know (as my own) and it worsens  
weekends  
Thanks again for my misery. And you run with fake  
friends  
I'm sick of your sad songs and sing alongs.  
I kind of like it when things are wrong.  
Straight from left end,  
They'll shout corrections,  
And I'll decline, I'll decline  
A source of comfort or some protection  
And I'll decline  
Smiles are not more than (empty love)  
Locked doors can keep you alone  
Forever paint words (from your lips) in a house that's  
no longer your home  
Take the dreams I know (as my own) and it worsens  
weekends  
Thanks again for my misery. And you run with fake  
friends

I'm sick of your sad songs and sing alongs.  
I kind of like it when things are wrong.  
Straight from left end,  
They'll shout corrections,  
And I'll decline, I'll decline  
A source of comfort or some protection  
And I'll decline  
In your throat  
You will see  
Surface relocated  
Therapy.  
All I taste of today  
Is the shame (of) my whore pretty  
All I know are apologies  
Do you feel the shame?

