

## **Bride**

# **"An Artist's Impression"**

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A stab in the back never looked so familiar.  
The time has kept track of me for days on end.  
It seems as if my plans have made plans of their own.  
I watched them burn at the stake, at the foot of their  
own demise.

I'll be here waiting for my friends, even the best of  
them,  
Will fade away.  
You must have slipped through the cracks.  
Yeah.

The night will change to reveal every imperfection on  
your face. (On your face)  
What's the point of your exterior if it's empty beneath?  
(Empty beneath)

Guns aren't for playing around.  
You don't look so tough now.  
I'll take what's left,  
And rip it from your chest.  
Dim the lights, to hide the beast,  
Yeah, and now,  
YOU'LL ROT AWAY FROM BENEATH MY FEET.  
Oh.

I'll be here waiting for my friends,  
Even the best of them will fade away.

The night will change to reveal every imperfection on  
your face. (On your face)  
What's the point of your exterior if it's empty beneath?  
(Empty beneath)

Mark my words, when you return,  
This room won't be as warm as before.  
(x2)

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