

Hate In The Box "Bloody Ballerina"

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Bloody ballerina, scrubbing at the stains that won't
fade,
Tattered silk of your dress is...an odd shade of gray.
Bodice ripped and torn down, shredded strips of your
dress decay,
Spinning round and round, velvet lands on the ground
with the delicate steps you take.

Ballerina, those two perfect slits on your wrists are
bleeding.
Ballerina, wound you up with an old and rusty key
Do a pretty pirouette for me,

Slit lips make you smile so pretty.
Satin cinch your waist in tightly.
And I've watched your brilliance fade, cheeks dulled
and cracked with age.

Old gears still an-i-mate, make you dance with a stilted
grace.
Piece by piece has been replaced, porcelain now twigs
and string.
Watch the light shine through the lace, worn thin with
years of dancing.

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