

I Killed The Prom Queen

"Your Shirt Would Look Better With A Columbian Neck"

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Rock

Once I've drawn my final painful breath
and disfigured any beauty my mind holds of you
This process of pain can be ended elegantly
With no distaste no fear of soul decay
I felt betrayed, for so long
I cant let go these failures dragged me down
I whither away

I will never forgive or forget
A constant reminder, Your lifeless heart on a rope
around my neck
A Keepsake from this rusted love

we are falling fast to the ground
we are falling, we are falling, we are falling,
fast to the ground

I'd bite into your face just to be close to your eyes
I've discarded so much beauty in a lifetime
I'll stitch my own insides to the highest tree
a keepsake of this rusted love that you wish upon me

this process of pain can be ended elegantly
With no distaste no fread of soul decay
I felt betrayed for so long i can't let go

I will never forgive or forget
A constant reminder, Your lifeless heart on a rope
around my neck
A Keepsake from, a keepsake from,
this rusted love

[Solo]

Everyone here, Everyone here,
who breathes will fucking die!
who breathes will fucking die!

