

Lower Class Brats

"Her Last Winter"

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As the trigger tip toed close behind her back, her heart pumped faster as the sweat rolled her neck. She waits and now they're coming faster through her dreams and now you wish you never left me.

They wanna watch you scream. These twisted dreams are so pristine. They'll sneak into your dreams and take you for everything you never really had.

I lost my beat in a sea of shapes and sounds and I lost my mind in the color of your eyes. Bury me? Bury you! Beneath our first kiss and in those twisted dreams is where you'll finally rest.

We plead for mercy. Your fingers point like knives thrown across the room, and as she gives a blank stare in the midst of the storm, her heart starts pouring from her wrists.

With these IVs deep inside my skin I'll do this with a grin and happily I'll state this is the only way.

Don't you cry anymore as the weather grows colder and we shatter like glass of an influenced hand with the red pouring chest on the ivory where I rest. It's a mess and I'm swept away with your breath.

I lost my beat in a sea of shapes and sounds and I lost my mind in the color of your eyes. Bury me? Bury you! Beneath our first kiss and in those twisted dreams is where you'll find me choking on all of the things I should have said to you... should have done to you.

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