

M

"Bruises"

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I can't stop thinking about cutting myself up
Visual bruises can be covered with makeup
But down to the core I'm all bruises
My little whore gives these excuses

How can this be rationalised?
Your brain's programmed all of those lies
What do you tell yourself about our situation
How can you look at yourself
Without having some sort of revelation

How do you live with yourself?
How could you possibly hurt someone like myself?
The saddest part though, is, I would take you back
You've turned me into some spineless hypochondriac

Now I tend to every last emotion
I'm just so caught up in this I cannot
Grasp this hazed proportion.

Alright now I'll be fair
I'll just pull you by your hair
I just kick from time to time
And then I'll love you in the meantime
It'll be just like before
I'll be your girl you'll be my whore

I am not an angry child
I don't run hot nor mild
But for some reason when it comes to you
I smile at the thought of hurting you

I smile at the thought of watching you die
I strive off the image of making you cry
I feed off the feeling of, of having you need
I lick the illusion of watching you bleed

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