

Ruiner

"Out Go The Candles"

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Broken knuckles bleeding Foreheads

Shirt collars I'm still grabbing

Accusations rolling eyes

Reasons I'm still pulling my hair out

Those fucking cords stretched through broken glass

Never summed up so much.

All of this to be raped of self esteem

And expose my fucking self

Tonight

What could possibly go right?

What could possibly go fucking right?

To every toothless fucking grin (You are the few)

I'm sick of saying this is just not worth this shit.

For every kid that's waiting to die

(You know our names) I'm sick of saying

This is just not worth this shit.

No point in thinking this will all work out

So many days I could do with out

But the point of it all is to never look back

So I live for today and die by the night

These veins are burning fucking red

And this is when I can't turn back.

What could possibly go right

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