

Ryan Biracree

"Funeral For A Lone Guitar"

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I bleed to see you
I bleed to feel you
I bleed, I need you
Across the universe the crimson tears to fill an ocean
up and wash away the wash away the rust off all the
armor that swords of sorrow thus have scarred
knowledge speaks but wisdom hears the borrowed
words of slain guitars
I bleed to see you
I bleed to feel you
I bleed, I need you
Troubled women red light district speaking without
moving lips whose touch has spurned a thousand men
to take up arms against the crooked paths they choose
they lose the universe
I bleed to see you
I bleed to feel you
I bleed, I need you
Careful careless bloody hearts won't care about the
summer heat which like the knives will pierce the thinly
veil as jesus' wearied toes had pierced the water of the
sunlit skies
Caressing and soaking up the tears of heart the dying
cry as their eyes too tired to congratulate oneself from
dreams
I bleed to see you
I bleed to feel you
I bleed, I need you

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