

## Scar Culture "Color Returns"

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Breathing just didn't feel worthwhile today.  
I swallowed the taste of dead sex off her tongue,  
She screamed in technicolor.

She's still screaming the color of her confusion.  
I can't see the color of my screams.

They erased color from my mind, erased color from  
my heart.  
Swallow the taste of dead sex off my tongue.  
She screamed in technicolor.

She's still screaming the color of her confusion.  
I can't see the color of my screams.

I bare my wrists with hope (that someone will slit them  
for me)  
I couldnt deal with the burden (of slicing the veins  
myself)  
But I would fall to my knees (and smile up at that  
savior)  
I see too much in my blood....  
Too fucking much, too goddamn much, I've seen too  
goddamn much

Sometimes while I breathe color returns, but it wasn't  
worthwhile today  
I thought you never died (I lost that perfect color) (8x)

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