

## The Crüxshadows "Regrets"

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This beautiful saint is bleeding, fall poi-  
son words as arrows fly, while distant  
Thoughts intrude like poetry, some  
Apprehension...and some regret.

Why can't it be like it used to be?  
Why can't it be like it was?

Here i am thinking about you- whenever  
I close my eyes i'm dreaming of you.  
And if i have to live my life without  
You forever, i can close my eyes and  
Dream of you

Life can be so cruel- take away these  
Regrets

A shiny insect, just a plaything? have  
You ever heard the butterfly cry?  
Would you sacrifice beauty for the  
Adreneline? and would he hate you if he  
Died?

Why can't it be like it used to be?  
Why can't it be like it was?

Here i am thinking about you- whenever  
I close my eyes i'm dreaming of you  
And if i have to live my life without  
You forever, i can close my eyes and  
Dream of you

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