

The Dangerous Summer

"War Paint"

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I was starting to shake
From the days I've been up
There's a lot on my plate
And the ones i loved stopped answering
They left me to find my self
In my own hate
I work all alone with a cynical taste
And the day I get out
Is the day I'll be made
I was cut out of stone
And carved with a blade.
Head down with all of my hardships
There's nothing too strong
That I cant face
Don't stop 'till you finally have it
It should be more like a habit
Come down
All the fighting's over
I let you breathe your own air
I will set my arms down in a corner
When I turn around

You will tell me how you're up now
From your dream of clovers
Said, "not a thing will compare
To the sense you give me, and disorder
When you turn around
And i can't breathe."
There wasn't a trace
Of the war letting up
And the days went on late
I struggled
And i fell to solid ground
It led me to my escape
Now here i am outside of your gate
I was hoping you could come down
Well, i came to say sorry
I shouldn't have left
But my bitterness got to me
Before you did
And now i'm laying in gardens
Where we start over again
I know that you got me
And this is it

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