

Stories And Comets

"A Pox, A Plague, A Poison"

Visit "[A Pox, A Plague, A Poison](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Every word that spills forth from your lips
Is staine with the memory of every word you said
And every move you made
Your're bleeding as your breathing
Slowly choking on the blood
As it fills your lungs
Your lips are turning blue
Your papercuts are weeping gently
Soaking through the sleeve
Have you dressed them like they're real?

Every word that spills forth from your lips
Is staine with the memory of every word you said
And every move you made

A handshake as we're leaving and a nod to say
Goodnight won't help you to suture
Every wound you made
Do you sometimes think as I do: Always loud
Always loud, but never truly clear: Until tonight

Maybe you're
Just a chardonnay
Casualty

Visit [Stories And Comets](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.