A Stranger To Remorse "Waves"

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Why do I stand in dark allies
With sunglasses
Maybe its cause, I don't wanna see you
The hard part is getting you out of my head
You're already dead to me
You're already dead to me
Your black lies turn into red
They bleed through your white dress
Now your dead, so who do you have to impress
Murderers of the past,
Victims of the future

The past may be over
But everyone remembers the creatures
Your black lies turn into red
They bleed through your white dress
Now your dead, so who do you have to impress
The hard part is getting you out of my head
You're already dead to me
You're already dead to me
Quiet lonely dreamer
You have no control

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