

Scarlett O'Hara "Welcome To The Brodeo"

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Carve at my skin
There's no room for regret
Just speak through others' teeth
That silhouette is hung from it's neck.
Without teeth you're nothing to fear
There's nowhere to run from me,
Without teeth you're nothing to be afraid of.
Take that envy to it's grave,
You're peeling at your throat.
Take that envy to it's grave,
You're peeling at your throat.
Spit your name to the floor,
I'll rise twice to make you remember.
This war is done.
This war is done,
Get up.
You're standing on the edge of salvation,
Without teeth you're nothing to fear.

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