

James Gruntz

"Killing You"

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I turn around from in to outside
the smell of dethrone in the blood
disfigured lungs have stopped to breathe in
the air enriched with things I've given up
the skies have changed it's all arranged
there is no ping pong in the rain
your hair caught fire in the sun
I am used to suppress the pain
but my immoral mind can't leave it all behind

WHY DO YOU KEEP COMING OVER
WHEN YOU KNOW YOU SHOULD BE GONE

HOW DID YOU MAKE ME STOP LOVE HER
SHOULD HAVE KILLED YOU LONG AGO

when I close my eyes in summer
there's children playing in my head
I set up a perfect picture
I thought suicides are dead

REFRAIN

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