

One Dead Three Wounded "Thank God For Pain Killers"

Visit "[Thank God For Pain Killers](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I bite my nails until they bleed. I close my eyes, I disappear. She was my heroin; she was my love and hate. She was perfection in a pill that takes me away. This is life as addiction. This is love without a gun. This is my heart in ink as bold and black as the night we ended and as weak as your skin deep smiles. And this pen digs me into holes I can't write out of, I can't climb out of. These are the hands that will bury my face. There's the floor I retreat to every time my world caves in. These are the palms that capture tears; they never saw the light of day. And it feels like we're fighting uphill and it feels like we're pissing in the

Visit [One Dead Three Wounded](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.