

One Dead Three Wounded "Thank God For Painkillers"

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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 wind.

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