

Parkway Drive "Romance Is Dead"

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The incisions on your wrist were all for show.
Just like you.
The epitome of self indulgence.
Another farce, a charade and another set of crocodile
tears.
So serenade her with your last pathetic suicide love
song.

"Broken hearts never mend."
But fools never move one.
And now she's gone because of you.
And once again you're the epitome of pure self
destruction.

Cupid never found his mark.
As we await the insertion of blades on flesh.
You part the skin and tell of blades on blood.

So part the fucking skin.
So part the fucking skin.
To tell the blades on blood.
To tell the blades on the blood.
The blades on blood.
She said I love you.
She said, she said goodbye.

So cry me a fucking river bitch.
You wouldn't know love if it crushed you fucking chest.
Let go.
You wouldn't know love if it crushed your fucking chest.
"Razors, roses and a black tomorrow."
You wouldn't know love if it crushed your fucking chest.
"Razors, roses and a black tomorrow."
Yeahhh.

They never showed any affection to anything but your
ego.
A tragedy of errors at the best of times.
You are everything that's wrong with me.
You are everything that I despise.
You are everything I dreamed would die.
You are everything that fades away and slowly dies.

Will you bleed for me when suicide seems so
yesterday?
Will you bleed for me?
Will you fucking bleed for me when suicide.
So yesterday.
It's all so fucking yesterday.
So yesterday.

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