

Boysnightout

"Victor Versus The Victim"

Visit "[Victor Versus The Victim](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

This is the sound of tooth against bone
Against cheering crowds and broken homes
This is the sound of tooth against bone
Against cheering crowds and broken homes
This is the end of my rope

So bite down
Tell me how this concrete tastes
And tell me for the last time that you're sorry
So I can laugh out loud as I watch you
Struggle; broken, bloody, barely breathing, yeah
The truth is, there's been an autumn in me
And it's been that way since May

Yeah, I've hoped forever
Diminishing myself with my unconscious

This is the sound of tooth against bone
Against cheering crowds and broken homes
Yeah, this is the sound of tooth against bone
Against cheering crowds and broken homes
This is the end of the line

And my shoes, ripped and ruined from running,
Have finally found their final resting place, yeah
At the base of your skull and once again
Someone's left to clean up your mess

Once again someone's left to clean up your mess
Once again someone's left to clean up your mess

Visit [Boysnightout](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.