

Broken Hearts Are Blue "Because I Am"

Visit "[Because I Am](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

The calligraphy of the amputee is a sketch of you
holding

Me.

July's four thighs, engaging eyes, vacancies of
dynamite.

Lured you in, I've got you whole.

So you can feel me half alone.

The other half is an ol' has been, an antihero Errol
Flynn.

Pretty things.

The serenity of passivity.

A horror like evil's banality.

Moons, cocoons, and Claire de Lune, unrequited telling
Tune.

Lured you in, there's nothing to hold.

The other boy is still in me, the amputee's calligraphy.

Pretty things.

When passion, kisses... O no more.

And "O no more" is all that's left, to once again second
Guess.

Pretty things.

Visit [Broken Hearts Are Blue](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.