

In Dying Arms

"Second Best"

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I refuse to be second best

I've been picking these bullets out my chest

I can't die

I can't die

But you suck the life out of me

Fuck you

I can't breathe with your guilt wrapped around my neck

I can't breathe with your guilt wrapped around my neck

You lie so elegant as the dress falls from your waist

Your lips touch my fingertips

Can I get a taste?

Your dress hits the floor

This is me asking for more

Clinching my fist

I'm holding back but I can't resist

You say that I'm the one?

You've been added to the list

Choke on me

As your dress hits the floor

This is me asking for more

I refuse to be second best

I refuse to be second best

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