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American Nightmare "Hearts"

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Dear eastern prom I know what's wrong... But it's suicide eyes That wrote this song For all I'm worth Writer's block is a bitch Words falling like bricks For a New England wish... I was an easy male fuck In the town of "naive-fly" All I wanted was a shot in the dark

But like a knife through the heart I choke on spit covered words... Oh my god - It happened again What's wrong with me? Screaming gets you nothing One more night in this town And I swear that I'm dead... I drew a heart Around the name of your city...

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