

Black Dahlia Murder, The "To You, Contortionist"

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Your eyes push shards of glass to mince my defenses
I never thought I'd feel this way - memories haunting
every breath
it frightens me to know I can never be rid of you
after a year, you still stir something in me
the hate has faded but the disgust remains.
I recall when only warmth and acceptance filled your
eyes.
If I could understand - what turned you against me
if I could just understand - what hardened your stare
into scorn
what was it worth to you - to turn me inside out?
You became he that we hated - left me with scarlet
eyes
and an empty chest - its been a year and I still feel
nauseous
brown eyes cut into me - parting once friendly flesh
I burned your pictures away - but I can't stop remember
when
the city has not felt the same since
though your stare has hardened - this cold contempt
makes me wonder
could an ounce of guilt boil in your blood?
This blood we shared - seeps from an ever present
truth
a missing piece of my past - still makes me crawl the
other way
no I can't forgive - as you embody my regret
you are the living proof - that I'll never ever trust again
I never really told you what you had meant to me
ere my lungs met the ire of your voracious mouth.
So now I walk alone through the ashes of our ties.
My mind flooding with memories of endless summer
drives.
I'd love to talk with you to fully understand
what finally drove you to this choice - to smash my
heart
but some things are better left unsaid

