

## Showbread "Killing Myself"

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Murder, seizing my arm,  
to puppeteer direction to kiss these sweet sinful lips of  
my demise  
I want to drive nails into the hands of my will,  
and trade it in for yours

Falling in love with a fantasy  
to watch my life slip slowly out of me  
to bathe in the crimson that forgives me for being me  
Father teach me to care,  
guide your hands over these pale stitches in my heart  
the evasions of death impaling me like a bleeding lover  
that is calling after dark

Twisting this dagger of shame further into my chest  
these tears turn to scarlet,  
I haven't given him my best sobbing over scalpels,  
invite this slow blood letting for a way to think of what  
I've been forgetting,  
is goodbye all there ever is to say?  
Goodbye  
I am tired of picking up the pieces.  
and dragging this glass across my throat  
will you hold me after I have let you down so much?

They want to peel the spine up from my back  
and this is the culture that wants me to forget how to  
care,  
or feel, or bleed, or die  
they don't want to believe in love, they're ashamed of  
the truth  
they don't want to believe in hope, they're ashamed of  
the truth  
but I believe, I believe, I believe, I believe  
twisting my head around backwards and breaking the  
vertebrae all apart  
I want to take my own life so that you can give yours to  
me  
Father, kill me, rebuild me

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