

Honorary Title, The "Petals"

Visit "[Petals](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Petals broke from tips of roses hidden underneath my
arm,
All the framed, different poses of places I'll soon
forget,
That I'll soon forget.

Tell me again the part how you didn't feel a thing,
The part how you never actually really ever did,
And lift yourself from my grip,
But don't fall asleep.

Nothing you say can or will ever penetrate,
These walls that I create,
When you spew that barrage of insulting words.

And no that is, no it isn't all,
That is, no it isn't all
Baby it isn't all.

And nothing you say can or will ever penetrate,
These walls that I create,
That I create,
That I create.

Five stitches seal the crease,
From the fit fueled by your aching,
You're so temperamental darling,
With your little disease, oh how sweet.

Petals broke from tips of roses hidden underneath my
arm,
All the framed, different poses of places I'll soon
forget,
That I'll soon forget.

And no that is, no it isn't all,
That is, no it isn't all
Baby it isn't all.

And nothing you say can or will ever penetrate,
These walls that I create,

No, that I create.

I'm happy for you baby, but I don't wanna know.

Visit [Honorary Title, The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.